Saturday Review

March 14, 1964 25c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR ISLAND OF FUN FOR 5 LEISURELY DAYS

JOIN THE WELL-TRAVELED PEOPLE WHO SAIL TO EUROPE ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP

The incomparable Hildegarde, chanteuse of the world's smart supper clubs, loves to sail on the s.s. America.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cart enjoy life on s.s. United States. He is Chairman of Atlantic Products Corporation.

Mrs. Reed Albee, well known in the theater world, is a regular traveler on the elegant s.s. United States.

Mr. Leon Cherksey, Chairman of Amchem Products, Ambler, Pa., has made many crossings with us.

Imagine yourself on the deck of the s.s. United States! You came aboard to the tinkle and gaiety of a bon voyage party. You waved goodbye and watched this great ship move out from the pier . . . and slowly turn toward Europe.

You lingered over a superbly prepared dinner last night. You danced in a softly lit ballroom. You slept late in a bed that felt as though it were made for royalty. This morning you're refreshed by a
that a game

finest tonics. And these are only a few of the pleasures that make s.s. United States the meeting ground of some of the most traveled people on earth.

The s.s. America is equally popular and lets you spend two extra days at sea. Whether you are going to Europe on pleasure or business, there is no more luxurious or restful way to travel than on one of these two great ships.

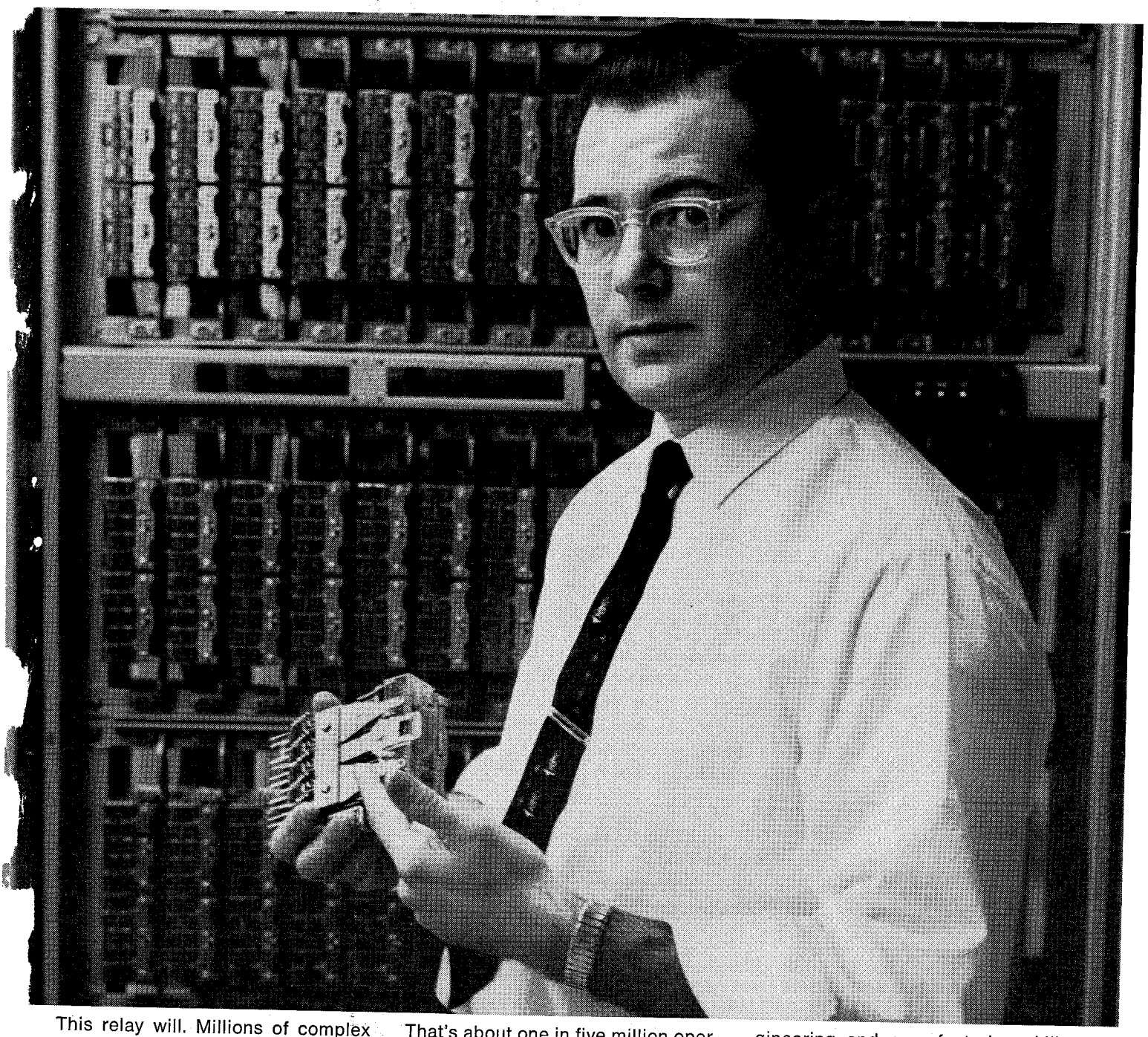
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. Fares are lowest in the Thrift Season with additional 10% reduction on round trips, even if one way is by air.

S.S. UNITED STAT
S.S. AMER

ATES LINES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will you still be working in 2004 A.D.?



This relay will. Millions of complex switching devices like it help relay your calls through Bell telephone central offices across the country. In making them, Western Electric has set itself an exceptionally high standard. Each one is made to work so flawlessly that a single failure in 40 years is considered below par. That's about one in five million operations. And some of these relays will actually perform a billion switching operations in their lifetimes.

Assuring such quality performance is a team job. Bell Telephone Laboratories develops communications equipment with emphasis on reliability. Western Electric's unique engineering and manufacturing skills produce it to the same uncompromising standards. And your Bell telephone company uses it to provide you with fast, efficient service. You enjoy the world's most dependable telephone service at the lowest possible cost because we work together toward this single goal.

WESTERN ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

I knew something of Borden Deal's literary reputation, of course, before he came to publish with us at Doubleday. What I didn't know is that Deal is one of those rare, not to say almost non-existent, serious writers who has strong narrative powers. In other words, as publishing parlance has it, he knows how to tell a story.

Deal's powers of characterization are considerable, too; his sense of language that of the honest, clear, masculine American writer. But to have these gifts *and* a story to tell is a publisher's—that is to say, a reader's—dream.

The story is rich, so much so that as in all good books you do not know just how rich until you've read it, and then you know the subject had it all the time. His novel, *The Loser*, is about people in politics. But though the Presidency and the Senate seem to dominate our political consciousness, he deals (which seems a nice verb in the circumstances) with a world which has an effect on all of our lives: state house politics.

The story is of a young attorney who agrees to run for governor—and lose. Though the setting is the south, I suspect that there is much that is universal here, much that applies in Albany, Sacramento, and Springfield.

Deal lives in the south, in a house of talent—his wife, Babs H. Deal is a novelist also. Their three children are marvelously titled: Ashley, Brett, and Shane. Read his novel. His *The Insolent Breed*, *Dunbar's Cove*, and other books are adding up to an important bloc of modern fiction.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Loser ($5.95) by Borden Deal is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Blvd., Clayton 24, Missouri.

Saturday Review

March 14, 1964

SR: Ideas

10 Salt Crystals, Spider Webs, and Words, by Paul Engle

14 A Rendezvous with Pegasus: An Editorial

SR: Travel

35 Spring and the Traveler: A Special Section with articles by Horace Sutton, David MacNeil Doren, Trevor L. Christie, Neville Braybrooke, Robert Meyer, Jr., Fred Sparks, Patricia K. Brooks and Henry C. Wolfe

SR: Communications

121 Day of the Documentary, by Richard L. Tobin

124 "The Whole World Inside," by Wilson Sullivan

SR: Books

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

23 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Next, by Martin Levin

8 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.

15 Letters to the Editor

16 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *The Deputy*

17 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert reviews *The Servant*

18 Manner of Speaking: by John Ciardi

21 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace

22 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on elections by electronics

26 Literary Crypt

28 Literary I.Q.

114 Mid-Month Recordings

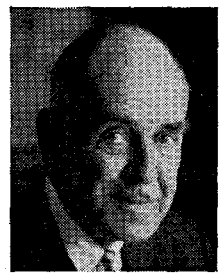
144 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1562

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 11. March 14, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Supscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.**
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr. 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

Meet R.S.Williams, Esq., 'Mr. Havana Cigar'



SCION of a family whose roots date back to early Colonial days, Ralph Schuyler Williams is steeped in the American tradition. Yet he has won such wide recognition as a cigar expert that for almost a half century he has been known as "*Mr. Havana Cigar.*"

It was Mr. Williams who, in late 1961, conceived the idea for that aristocrat of cigardom, the incomparable Shakespeare *Habana.* Drawing on the precious reserve of rare vintage Havana tobacco now stored at Factory No. 1, Tampa, he carefully supervises every step in the crafting of the fourteen distinctive Shakespeare shapes and sizes.

Fashioned for the true Havana cigar *aficionado,* the Shakespeare has firmly established itself as *America's great prestige cigar.* There is, literally, no other cigar in all the world to match it for true Havana flavor and aroma.

Available in a spectrum of Havana wrappers, from the mild, mellow light-green "claro" to the rich dark-green "maduro." At important tobacconists, clubs and hotels and at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.

Or write: Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.

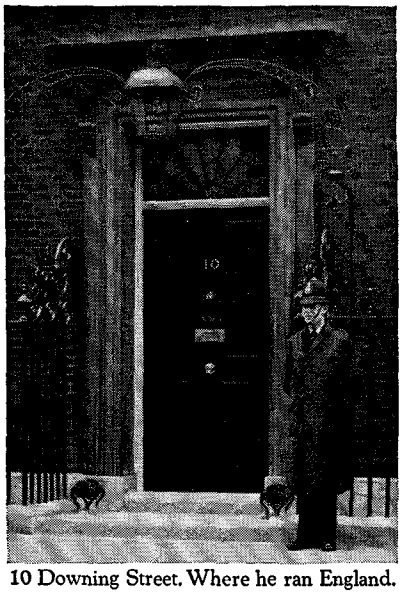
WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.

SHAKESPEARE
William Shakespeare
HABANA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Disraeli closed his door, England made history.

Thoughts on First Class travel—a series by American Airlines.



10 Downing Street. Where he ran England.

The new prime minister was an enigma.

The gregarious manner which had made him a favorite of society vanished when he went to work.

He kept his door shut.

Alone, with the full use of his mind, he seized the opportunities his rivals missed.

[He rebuilt his party, bought England the Suez Canal and had Queen Victoria crowned Empress of India.]

Now, we think businessmen will understand this. It is why they have doors on their own offices.

And why, when they travel on business, they so often fly first class.

The extra privacy, the roominess, the over-all environment ease the burden of travel for men with work on their minds.

If it's not exactly a closed door, it does have the same effect.

[Incidentally, first class is now within reach of any businessman. Coast to coast, for example, it is only $15.80 more than coach.]

We should add that every American Airlines Astrojet is a fan-jet, with 30% more power than ordinary jets. All have a first class section. In case the work can't wait until you come back down to earth.

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sea Stories

Edited by Martin Levin

Schedule A—Page 2

I never swallowed drug or pill,
And felt quite indestructible;
But now I do for every ill—
Because they are deductible.

—KITTY PARSONS.

The Awful Thing Indeed

ONE of the most famous short stories in English is Max Beerbohm's "A. V. Laider." Max meets Mr. Laider, recuperating from influenza in a seaside hotel; Laider tells him an awful story about his reading the palms of the occupants of a railway carriage compartment; every palm shows a break in the life line, occurring at the apparent age of the subject; while A. V. Laider tries to summon courage to pull the emergency cord, the crash comes, and he alone survives. Then comes the reversal, the destruction of the fiction by a second fiction, the whammo. A. V. Laider confesses that under the effect of influenza his imagination carries him helplessly away. The conversation turning to sea gulls. He shudders, remarking that "they always remind me of something—rather an awful thing—that once happened to me . . ." and Beerbohm concludes: "It was a very awful thing indeed."

Many a reader has wondered what that very awful thing about sea gulls could be.

I think I have discovered the source of A. V. Laider's sea gull story in a manuscript in the Cornell University Library. It is entitled *Voyage en France* and is an account of a holiday tour in 1669 by the author, Jean de Gomont, with three eminent friends. (One was Claude Perrault, later architect of the Louvre colonnade.) They come to Royan, on the Atlantic coast, where the Gironde, carrying the sea-borne commerce of Bordeaux, empties into the ocean. At Royan the touring gentlemen hire a boat with oarsmen to visit the Phare du Cordouan, a lighthouse eight miles offshore.

The lighthouse, not greatly altered today, stands on a tiny islet of solid rock. It is to be visited only at low tide and in calm weather. The boatmen spring into the water and carry the tourists ashore on their backs. One marvels at the masonry tower rising over two hundred feet from its bare and stony foothold. Pausing to admire the statuettes of Mars and Victory over the entrance, one climbs to the lantern and contemplates the mighty view before yielding to calls of the boatmen, anxious to be gone. One is impressed to learn that the first beacon was established here in 1256 by St. Louis, that it was tended by pious hermits, and that the core of the present structure was built at the end of the sixteenth century by the architect of the Escorial. It was an extraordinary engineering feat, twenty years in the doing.

The Sieur de Gomont tells in his manuscript record that shortly before his visit the light was tended by a man and his wife. Their chief duty was to feed the beacon with charcoal. (How the burning charcoal was converted into a bright light is not clear, at least to me.) They had also to carry the fuel up the winding stair to the tower's summit, to keep the windows clean, and to remove the bodies of birds that dashed themselves against the gleaming panes. No doubt the migrating land birds made dainty morsels, a welcome change from salt fish and meat. Fuel and provisions were brought from Royan by tender, in principle once a fortnight, but what with storms, inconvenient tides, and the usual delays of officialdom the keepers were often unvisited for a month or more.

Their work was lonely, unsettling even to hard peasant hands. By day the sea gulls screamed in perpetual anger against the beacon that lured their fellows to death; by night the wind howled, the waves crashed, and the bodies of distracted birds plopped against the perfidious light.

Shortly after one of the calls of the tender, the wife died. We are not told how. Perhaps she fell at her high housekeeping; perhaps she succumbed to one of the infections of the time.

The husband tried to bury her decently. At the foot of the tower he laid her body on the spray-wet rocks and labored in vain to break a grave in their surface. The gulls gathered, screaming and cursing; the husband had to keep turning his pick against them to chase them from his wife's body.

He carried her back to the tower and laid her, sheeted, before the tiny altar provided for his devotions. The gulls came and beat at the window, shouting their anger and their threats. The keeper shouted back at them. Sometimes he heard his wife's voice in the medley, complaining or supplicating.

He could not bear it. One day he carried the body to the water's edge. He knelt, reciting all the prayers he could remember, and consigned the body to the sea. The hovering gulls swooped and settled on it, with harsh cries of exultation.

The capricious tides and currents seized the body and for several days carried it round and round the rock. In its circling journey it bore always a cluster of quarreling sea gulls.

GRADUALLY the cluster diminished and the body disappeared. The gulls returned to the islet, screaming in triumph. When the keeper emerged from his tower they would fling down at him and follow him at his work, with hoarse cries that sounded like messages and threats.

Of course the proper ending would be that the crew of the tender found the keeper insane and screaming like a sea gull. Unfortunately, Jean de Gomont gives us no justification for such a conclusion. But it may have appeared in the version A. V. Laider told to Max Beerbohm. A. V. Laider must have heard or read the nucleus of the story somewhere—perhaps even in the present Cornell University manuscript. No doubt he developed the sea gulls' role a good deal; for we are cautioned that A. V. Laider was easily led astray by his imagination. We must beware of writers whose imagination leads them astray.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's more fun to be No.2. You've got someplace to go.

Avis Vice Pres., Bud Morrow

"A disease is sweeping the country today. I call it Corporationitis.

Big companies catch it.

The danger signal is when you try to get a box of paper clips and four vice-presidents have to okay the requisition. Working in slow-motion is no fun.

At Avis we get things done fast. Our cars are washed before they're rented. Our gas tanks are filled to the top. Our ashtrays are empty. The car we give you is a new car like a lively, super-torque Ford.

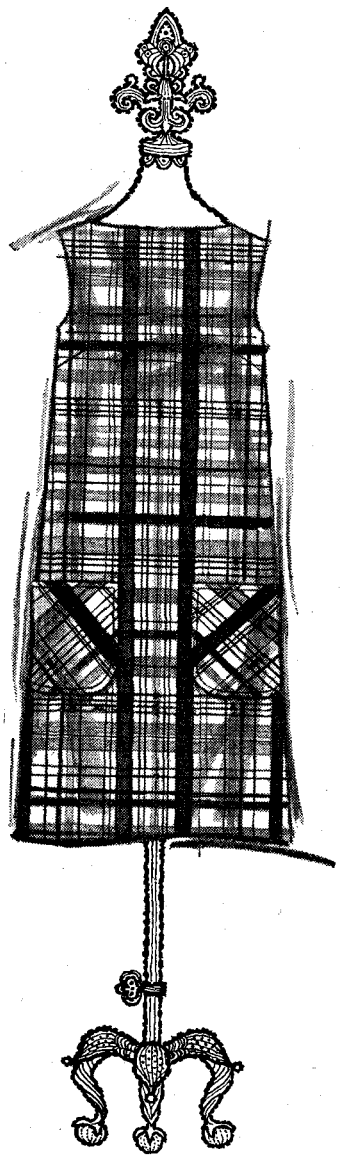
It's easier to get these things done at Avis.

You see, we're still small enough to tell the car polishers from the apple polishers."

© 1964 AVIS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Vade Mecum

Take this. It does not drip-dry in minutes. Nor does it pack in a pocket. But it does have the curious distinction of looking rather better after twelve hours on the Barcelona night-train than it did brand-new. Time and dishevelment increase its charm. Authentic India madras, A-shaped. Simple. Comfortable. Sizes 6 to 16.

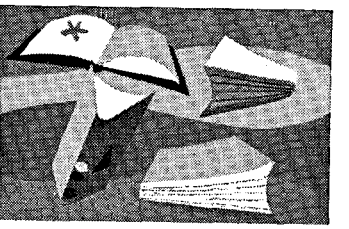
About twenty-three dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager ®

1407 Broadway, New York

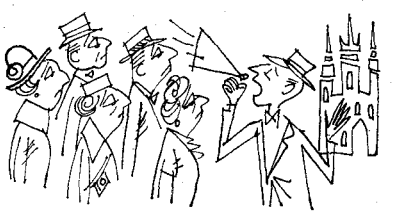
©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Trade Winds



An obstetrician named Kenneth Morgan has written a book on how to travel in Europe that entertains and informs as much as any I've read. It's called *Bed, Breakfast and Bottled Water* (Morrow), and it is not only funny but helpful.

If you don't like museums don't bother with them, he says; go to St.



Tropez and look at the cuties on the beach. Never sign up for a tour; it's usually a "death march." Don't talk to Americans; you'll never get rid of them. Don't shop, for there is little you can buy in Europe that isn't available in the United States cheaper and better.

On tipping a Parisian cab driver, follow this rule: give him whatever amount occurs to you at the moment. If he leaps out and kisses your hand, it was too much. If he spits at you, it wasn't enough. If nothing happens, it was correct.

On the currency problem, find out the equivalent of a quarter and of a dollar in each country you plan to visit. That's all you need to know. Forget the small change; it won't amount to much this way or that in the long run.

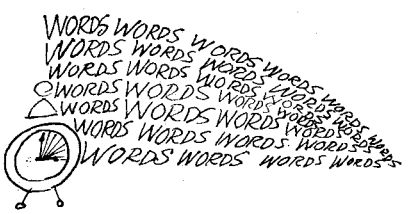
Don't expect any good food in England, where the idea of cuisine "is to throw everything into a pot and let it boil until soft enough to chew." In Italy, just order the hors d'oeuvre, the pasta, and the dessert; that's a meal in itself. Holland, "incredible and inedible . . . a paradise for Pepto-Bismol lovers." Denmark, a gourmet's heaven.

The purpose of *Bed, Breakfast and Bottled Water* is to make it possible for an American to travel in Europe without feeling scared or guilty. Dr. Morgan has performed another successful delivery.

The current issue of *Esquire* contains a few verses that are so hard to describe that all I can say is, go read them out loud and you will surely break up. I'll quote one to show you what I mean. Under the heading "Eye, ear . . um . . . Erica, zing! King" appear "The Mycon Tree," as follows:

> Mycon tree! 'Tis of these
> Wheat-land, dove-lip,
> Burr tea
> Of the icing;
> Land-dove—the pill
> Grimm's pried!
> Land, wear
> My father's dyed
> From ever remount
> Inside—
> Let free, dumb ring!

I don't believe I can ever concentrate on or enjoy anything of Anthony Trollope's after finding out his writing habits. He scheduled in advance the exact number of words he intended to turn out each day, week, and month. Every morning at 5:30, after his coffee, he sat down at his desk and wrote for three hours. He didn't stare out the window, pace the floor, or sharpen pen-



cils. There was no stalling; he simply put words on paper, 250 of them every fifteen minutes.

After three hours he quit writing and went to his job at the post office. You may well ask, as I did, what if he had finished what he had to say on a particular morning but the clock showed there was ten minutes to go? He would just add about 100 more words to use up the time. And suppose he finished a whole manuscript in the middle of the three hours? Why, he'd grab a fresh piece of paper and start a new book.

The titles of some of the papers presented at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science show what the lab chaps are thinking about:

Role of Size in the Courtship of the Orange Chromid; Do Melanocytes in Hair Follicles Divide?; Reproductive Behavior of the Croaking Gourami; Comparison of Transport by Intestinal Regions of Female Chicks; The Jogi Snake Charmers of Sind; and *Endoge-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nous Activity in the Last Abdominal Ganglion of the Cockroach.

From the office of *Texas Presbyterian* I am apprised of a recent patio wedding in South Texas. The pastor stood before the young couple, ready to begin the service. The bride leaned toward him and informed him that one of her stockings was slipping. The minister suggested the ceremony be held up while she slipped away to do the repairs. She shook her head.

"Why don't you offer a prayer?" she whispered. And while all heads were bowed the girl adjusted herself.

Sharps and Flats: Frank Graham, Jr., the same guy who wrote that piece about the two Southern football coaches that cost the *Saturday Evening Post* so much dough, has written the biography of Senator Margaret Chase Smith for John Day Company. Now just what could this lead to in court?

► A remark I can't forget, for some reason. I heard some college students talking during vacation. One was asked where he attended school. "Northwestern." "And you?" another was asked. "Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts," was the reply.

► The strangest description of a fight came on a radio show the other day. A Saudi Arabian was talking about crime in his country. He described a recent killing this way: "A man went into a restaurant and ordered food. The service was slow, so the customer took a knife and pushed it at the waiter, telling him to hurry. The knife went in too far and the waiter bled to death."

► An expert in American crime, on the other hand, is predicting a decline in pickpocketing during the next few months. Pickpockets don't want to take a chance of an arrest now, thus finding themselves in jail during the excitement and challenge of the New York World's Fair. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1561)

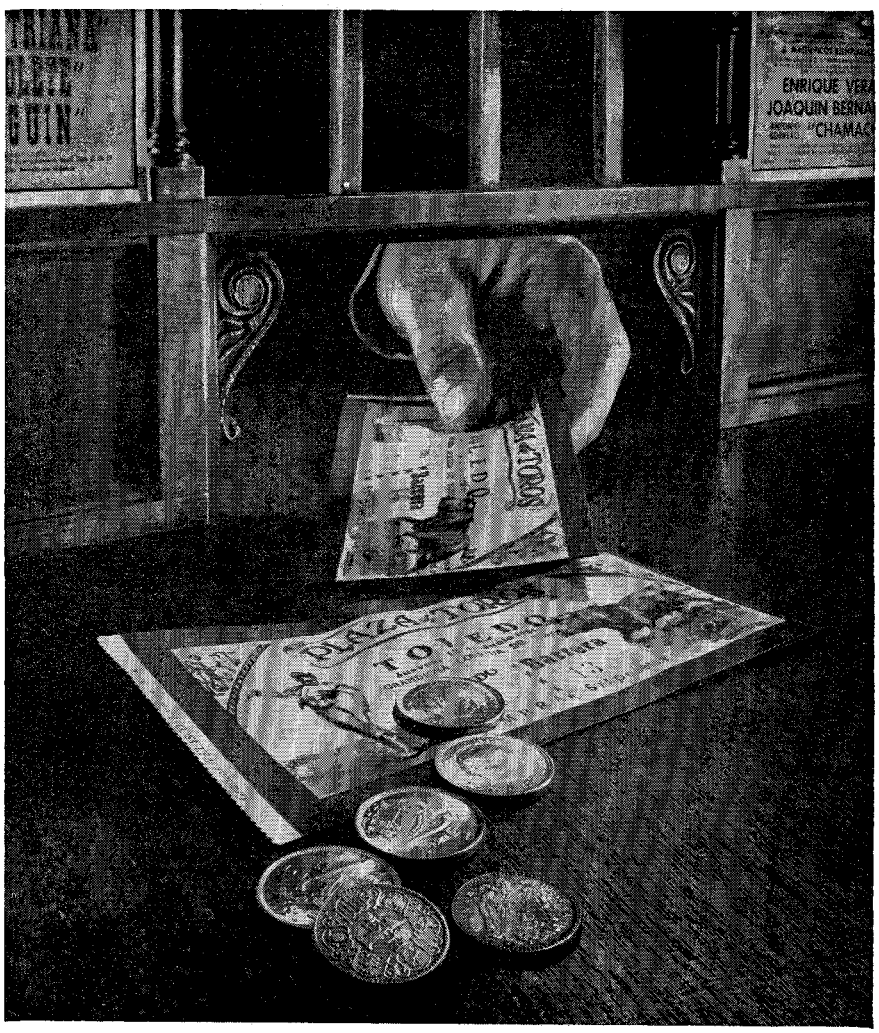
FRANK C. WELLMAN:

CAMPAIGN (COGITATIONS)

(1908: Taft vs. Bryan)

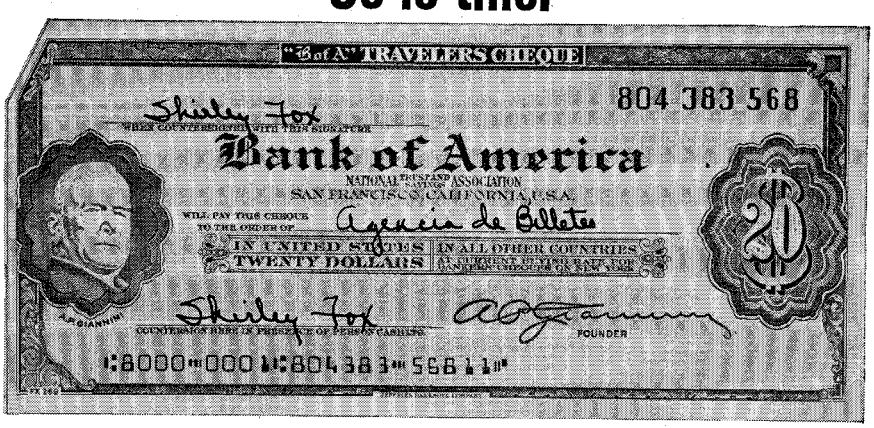
The old familiar issues will be raked*
up from the dust,
Rejuvenated, galvanized, and heatedly
discussed.
With objurgations hearty,
Each will brand the other party
As the agent of disaster and the
Creature of The Trust.

*Substituted for *dug*, to get the K.



The Peseta is local currency in Spain.

So is this.



Toledo, Spain—or Toledo, Ohio—Bank of America Travelers Cheques are as good as cash the world over. And safer than cash to carry—because they come with a money-back guarantee which assures prompt replacement of lost or stolen cheques anywhere in the world. Ask for them by name at your bank—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Paul Engle

Salt Crystals, Spider Webs, and Words

If writing is to move men, the writer needs a special way of seeing experience—and of recording it.

WRITING is like making love—it is astonishing how far pure instinct (if it really is pure) will carry you. It is also true of both these lyrical forms of expression that a few things consciously learned will push toward perfection what might otherwise be an ordinary act.

And yet—can writing actually be taught? Is there much more you can give to a beginner beyond Flaubert's no-nonsense advice of a kiss on the brow and a kick in the behind?

In pointing out that a writer crystallizes a concept, as when he endows a woman with qualities she simply does not have, Stendahl produced an image that, however little it flatters the ladies, does dramatize the process by which persuasive words can turn a dull object into something glittering and gay. He observes that a dead branch, dark and ugly, if left overnight in the salt mines of Salzburg, will be covered with crystals and next day will glitter in the sunlight.

This image of the salt crystals on the branch wisely and attractively illustrates what the writer does with that curious and secret substance called his "material." What writer has not been stopped by an eager-eyed and bushy-tailed person who cries out despairingly, "I've got the greatest material for a book, if I could just *write*!"

The first and most important point about writing is that there is no such thing as material by itself, apart from the way in which a person sees it, feels toward it, and is able to give it organized form and expression in words. For a writer, form is a part of content, affecting it, realizing it. A man may go through the most dramatic and horrible experiences in war, but actually draw out of them less "material" for writing than shy Emily Dickinson in the second-floor room of an Amherst house, lowering notes in baskets out the window and thinking gently of death—or even (biographers speculate) of a man she knew but little, whom she might never see again.

Henry James said it first and beautifully when he wrote that experience is unlimited: "an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere of the mind." This is crucial, for it is not what happens in the outside world that is of absolute significance, but what happens to that external event when it is discovered and then ordered by the internal power of a mind. James goes on to speak then of the creative aspect: "and when the mind is imaginative . . . it takes to itself the faintest hints of life, it converts the very pulse of the air into revelations."

By experience, then, a writer does not mean having adventures. In answering a critic who had complained about the novel that it is impossible to have one without bold action, James protested, "Why without adventure, more than without matrimony, or celibacy, or parturition, or cholera. . . ?"

Anything is suitable for fiction, which is not a record of incidents happening *to* men and women, but of the response they make within themselves to the incidents. This is because fiction deals with character, which determines action, and thus actions illustrate character. The conduct of a man in a ring fighting an enraged bull or the soft wave of a woman's hand are equally moving and suitable.

A thousand Frenchmen may walk down a Paris street and, turning a corner, forget the place. But Toulouse-Lautrec walking down the same street would see, with his shrewd eye, and remember, with his artist's force of retention, not bricks but visions. In this way the imagination works not only on the stuff that is stored in the mind, but also on the very act of experiencing. Like the pilot, the writer must see faster and more completely than the ordinary viewer of life.

Out of his practical skills in the writing of fiction, James described the process of the writer using his experience. "The power to guess the unseen from the seen," he said, "to trace the implication of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life in general so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it—this cluster of gifts may almost be said to constitute experience, and they occur in country and in town, and in the most differing stages of education. If experience consists of impressions, it may be said that impressions *are* experience, just as (have we not seen it?) they are the very air we breathe."

This is final wisdom about writing. The writer, when given an inch, takes an ell. Remember that an ell is forty-five

---

This article is a preview of *On Creative Writing*, a volume discussing the short story, poem, novel, play, and article, to be published in June by E. P. Dutton. Paul Engle, the book's editor, is director of the Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inches. If that is the degree of heightening, then the eye of the writer must look at life with forty-five times as much perception. That is a marvelous degree of intensity, and in particular when it comes from the author of *Portrait of a Lady*, a book about which it has been remarked that, although it concerns the relationship between a man and a woman, there is only one kiss, and the heroine, poor thing, did not enjoy it.

But some will argue: writing, like all art, is intuitive, and any intrusion of the reason will destroy the lovely, natural thing. This is dead wrong. It reduces writing to the level of a child babbling without regard to the shape of what he is saying. It is, indeed, so much like the uninhibited confessions from the psychiatrist's couch, sodium amytal cheerfully flowing through the veins and breaking down shyness, that it would seem proper to give inhibition-removing drugs to the writer. He could sit there gaily listening to the rustlings of his unconscious. And of course the hallucinatory state would be the most creative of all.

IT IS quite possible that some good things could be thus spontaneously created. I met in India people who could induce visions. Yet surely the great and structured works of writing are done with the intelligence playing over against the intuition, each bracing the other, the mind giving form and sense, the intuition giving immediacy of impression, the stored-up memory, the deeply instinctive phrase.

To say that writing comes only from the intuition is to belittle it as coming from one narrow aspect of our lives alone. The opposite is true. The total life of the writer is the source of his work. All these go into his writing, in varying quantities: the senses, as of taste and touch, the rate of metabolism, the blood pressure, the digestion, the body temperature, the memory of things past, perhaps going back to the childhood not only of the writer but of the race itself, the liveliness and alertness of the brain, previous reading of books, shrewdness of insight into human character, the libido, the ear for the sound of language.

The writer, therefore, must not only have a more than ordinary capacity for life and the power to retain what he experiences in a readily available memory but he must also have an astonishing degree of self-knowledge. Unless he is aware of his material, he cannot use it, save for the always present quantity that flows up from the deep well of the unconscious recollection. Without access to knowledge of self, the writer can make dreams but not art. Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie says that without self-knowledge, "We can have the neurotic raw material of literature, but not mature literature. We can have no adults, but only aging children who are armed with words."

BY self-knowledge I do not mean self-expression. Although all good writing always bears the individual mark, sound, and motion of the writer, he is not trying to put his own self into words, but to create a piece of writing. Often, the less of his own self involved or expressed, the better. His own personality ought to be dissolved into the images or characters of his book. The writer is offering us not reality, but his reaction to whatever reality he has experienced.

Yet the ego is important. It must be that within the creative person there is a constant tension between an awareness of the reality around him, a thrusting up of the unconscious life and its memory, and the drive of the ego toward controlling these in a form that also heightens them. These are crude terms to describe subtle conditions, but the creation of any art is one of the most complex of human activities, involving every animal and human quality. The ego must shape the mortal impulses. It is here that something can indeed be taught about writing, for it is in this shaping that the individual's private events are turned into public forms. It is here that writing becomes an art and not merely a report on experience, and this is true of the best reporting.

How many boys have played around greenhouses? Swarms. But how many, on growing up, have put their feelings about that place into powerful poetry? Only Theodore Roethke. His account is proof.

Roethke asks what does it matter that he grew up in and around a beautiful greenhouse, hated school, worked in a pickle factory, lived sometimes quietly and sometimes foolishly and violently, and meant almost nothing to the people of his own state, the man in the street, but passionately desired their regard?

> All such details, and others like them [Roethke comments] seem particularly

"What do you say we pool our spies and have them all study Chinese together?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> trivial and vulgar in my case because I have tried to put down in poems, as barely and honestly as possible, symbolically, what few nuggets of observation and, let us hope, spiritual wisdom I have managed to seize upon in the course of a conventional albeit sometimes disordered existence. I have tried to transmute and purify my "life," the sense of being defiled by it in both small and formal and somewhat blunt short poems, and, latterly, in longer poems which try in their rhythms to catch the very movement of the mind itself, to trace the spiritual history of a protagonist (not "I" personally) of all haunted and harried men; to make in this series (now probably finished) a true and not arbitrary order which will permit many ranges of feeling, including humor. . . .

And then he says in verse:

> My heart sways with the world.
> I am that final thing,
> A man learning to sing.

Although this may suggest a self-consciousness not shared by all poets, it is further evidence of that deep need for self-knowledge that is a strength and a source. Roethke knew *what* he was trying to do in those moving and often tortured poems, and this awareness, far from inhibiting the imaginative freedom of the verse, enriched it. The cool mind, curiously enough, it seems, really can express a warm feeling.

ONCE the writer has a sense of his experience and of his own self, without illusion, and can be tough-minded about his own weakness and vulgarity, what else can he possibly learn? What can he *do* to make his writing better, assuming that he is not trapped in the conviction that writing is a wholly automatic outburst from underground?

He can examine the knowledge of their own writing habits great men have made available. It is odd the things writers have done. The German poet Schiller used to keep rotting apples under the lid of his desk because their smell helped him write. Pilots on the river at Rouen would see the light in Flaubert's study very late at night as he utterly shut himself away from the world to worry two pages of prose a week into the ruthlessly purified and perfected shape he demanded. Why this enormous care? The old wisecrack says that a physician who fails can always bury his patient out of sight. Frank Lloyd Wright remarked that an architect who fails can at least urge his client to plant vines. The writer, however, once his work is in print, can do nothing. There the text is, black on the page; any errors and ugliness will show forever. There are rare exceptions, of course, like William Butler Yeats, who, in his old age (with that marvelous lyrical mind hardened by the criticism of others), went back to the poems of his youth and cut out much of the sentimentality and soft, vague language.

Reticent as always, William Faulkner said that the tools of the writer's trade are paper, tobacco, food, and whiskey. Of these, the most dangerous is not tobacco or whiskey (writers are famous for abusing them), but paper. One of the most terrifying sights is that waiting, threatening, blank sheet. Its force is proved by the Japanese writer who, after much success, could not, for a long time, push ahead with his writing. One autumn—and this is a true story—he disappeared. The next spring his body was found, after the snow had melted, high up in the mountains. Pinned to his jacket was a note only the suffering writer could have written: "I have done this because I could no longer endure the sight of the empty page."

All those writers who have commented on their craft agree that a work of art is work. How could the joining of passion and idea in slippery words be anything but a labor? That first really modern novel, *Madame Bovary*, was composed by Gustave Flaubert with the deliberation of a medieval monk illuminating a manuscript. The French novelist could write quickly and fluently, as his early books and his lively letters show, but he would never give up a sentence until it was beyond improving. To get his description of the landscape correct, he sat all day on a balcony looking through pieces of different-colored glass in order to note the changes in shape of fields and roads and trees hour by hour.

Never was a writer more emotionally involved with what he was writing than Flaubert. When he described Emma Bovary poisoning herself, he was so moved that he could taste arsenic on his own tongue and felt so poisoned himself that he vomited his dinner. And yet when he finally finished that scene, he had engineered it onto the page with an almost fanatical control. Once again, the writer's talent had produced an immortal passage out of passionate deliberation.

Flaubert would begin a single paragraph by setting down its general idea, with perhaps a few images (a risk always, for a brilliant image-making faculty he had; he wrote that he was devoured by metaphors as by vermin and spent his time crushing them). Then he wrote a first draft, reading it aloud for sound and sense (always read any sort of text out loud, the surest way to catch the feeble phrase, the trite adjective, the outworn image, the dull rhythm, the phony speech). Then he would rewrite, again and again, as a fine craftsman polishes over and over the same increasingly brilliant piece of maple or mahogany. Every word that did not act with energy was thrown away, until the paragraph was lean, tough, expressive. *Madame Bovary's* final version was written on 1,788 pages, but these were only the latest of many times that number of pages actually written. At times fifteen or twenty pages would be reduced to four. Thus, when Flaubert said that he spent a week over two pages, he meant over the two finally perfected pages out of many more.

Flaubert may be the only man in history who told his girl friend, "You should write more coldly." This was a part of his advice that "We must be on our guard against that kind of intellectual overheating called inspiration, which often consists more largely of nervous emotion than of muscular strength . . . my brow is burning, sentences keep rushing into my head. . . . Instead of one idea I have six, and where the most simple type of exposition is called for I find myself writing similes and metaphors. I could keep going until tomorrow noon without fatigue." And yet he could follow such an outburst with the blunt advice, brief, wise, but taking most writers a lifetime to learn: "Everything should be done coldly, with poise." When putting down the word "hysterics" one day he was so carried away that he bellowed loudly and felt so sharply what Emma Bovary was going through that he was afraid of having hysterics himself.

Can it be that the French, more than any other people, are able to balance heat and cold, desire and deliberation, and make a single intense but controlled utterance? The modern poet Paul Valéry wrote that poetry must be a holiday of the mind and then said, with greater calm, that when he writes, "I proceed like a surgeon who sterilizes his hands and prepares the area to be operated on . . . clearing up the verbal situation."

THE English seem more practical, if a little less dedicated to perfection. Novelist Joyce Cary described his process thus: "A finished book of mine starts usually perhaps ten years before as a character sketch and a bit of description; it goes on to an incident or so, it gathers subsidiary characters, and then perhaps I grow interested in it, and set out to give it form as a book. I sketch a plan; I may write the end, the middle, and the beginning and very often just in this order. That is, I decide how and where the book shall end, which is just as important to a book as to a play, and then I ask myself where are the most difficult turns in the book. Then I may write one of these difficult passages to see if it is viable. . . . I may stop there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But if it does work, then I may devise a beginning and finish the book."

How contrary to the old notion of inspiration to find Cary devising a beginning of a novel of which he has written bits in various parts and without order. This is evidence that what the writer is really doing is not so much writing a poem or play or story that he has firmly in mind, but rather is using his writing to discover what it truly is he is trying to say. Often he will not know until the final revision of the last page what he had been trying to do from the start.

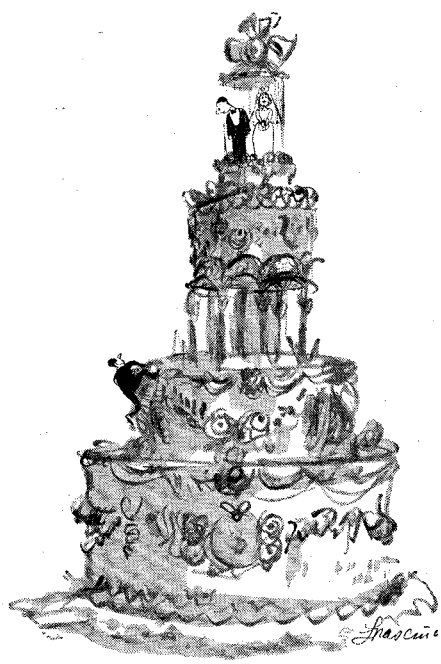
ONE would hardly guess the zest and liveliness of Chekhov's mind if he had only seen a moody performance of *The Sea Gull*. Commenting on the new "decadent" writers he noted, "They're a lot of strong, healthy young men: what they need is to be sentenced to a few months hard labor! This new-art business is just a pack of nonsense. . . . There's nothing new in art except talent." Chekhov constantly wrote subjects for stories in moments taken from his medical practice ("Medicine is my lawful wife, literature my mistress. When I am tired of the one, I spend a night with the other"). One notebook contained 100 entries. Some of these are diverting: A building contractor of great frugality loathed paying repair bills. When he married, he chose an exceptionally healthy woman so that he would have no repair bills with her.

A writer should be as objective as a chemist, he commented, and have nothing to do with the subjective approach that most of us make in our everyday lives. And when he wrote that the writer should never sit down to his work until he felt cold as ice, he was remarkably like Flaubert. Any reader of Chekhov's short stories will be amazed to find how very simple were the original notes for two of the finest. "A cabdriver who has just lost his son has to go on working just the same. He tries to speak of his grief to his fares, but finds only indifference." Another equally famous story began with three little sentences. "Some officers on maneuvers are invited to a house where there are several young women. One of them kisses one of the officers, a shy and reserved young man, in the dark. He looks for her, but in vain." These are the plain, experienced reality, but the stories written out of them are the heightened overreality.

Poor Chekhov, tending the sick with his own fatal illness corrupting his lungs. When he died in Germany, his coffin was taken to Moscow in a baggage car marked "Oysters." Yet he never allowed a scrap of self-pity to interfere with the absolute integrity of his dedication to writing. "My own experience is that once a story has been written, one has to cross out the beginning and the end. It is there that we authors do most of our lying. . . . One must always tear up the first half. I mean that seriously. Young writers begin by, as one says, 'placing the story'—whereas the reader ought, on the contrary, to be able to grasp what it is all about by the way it is told, without any explanations from the author, from the conversation and the actions of the characters. . . . One must ruthlessly suppress everything that is not concerned with the subject. If, in the first chapter, you say there is a gun hanging on the wall, you should make quite sure that it is going to be used further on in the story."

Chekhov felt strongly the distinction between direct reality as it is lived and the imagined reality of art. In 1898 he went to a rehearsal of *The Sea Gull* at the Moscow Art Theater and was told by an actor that backstage there would be sounds of frogs croaking, grasshoppers scraping, and dogs barking. He asked why, and was told this would be realistic. But the theatre is not realism, it is art, he argued. If you put a real nose into a painting of a face, the nose will be realistic but the picture will be ruined. You do not use fiction to resolve the existence of God; you exhibit characters conducting lives and show the way in which they discuss God.

Similarly Tolstoy remarked that *Anna Karenina*, that massive novel, was just a simple story about a married woman who falls in love with an officer. This sort of reducing of any piece of writing to its essence is a part of that control over material which is indispensable to the practicing writer. Such definition comes out of enormous and confusing reaches of experience. No one has more imaginatively stated the mysterious and at the same time gritty nature of human existence than Virginia Woolf when she wrote that "Life is a luminous halo, a semitransparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning."



Virginia Woolf also wrote a paragraph defining the nature of this envelope more precisely. "Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives myriad impressions—trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there; so that, if the writer were a freeman and not a slave, if he could write what he chose, not what he must, if he could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention, there would be no plot, no comedy, no tragedy, no love interest, or catastrophe in the accepted style."

THE simple, often gruntlike puffs of air which we call words must be used by the writer with such skill that they can bring to a reader, who cannot even hear whatever tone of voice the writer would give them, a form and sense that will move him. This is by no means so easy as lifting bricks all day or breaking stone. Flaubert testifies to that: "My head reels and my throat aches with chasing after, slogging over, delving into, turning 'round, groping after, and bellowing, in a hundred thousand different ways, a sentence that I've at last finished. It's good . . ." One sentence!

No one knew the tortures or the necessity of this sort of harsh self-discipline than that most exuberant and debauched poet Baudelaire. In his *Flowers of Evil*, he wrote, there was a cold and sinister beauty. How did that beauty happen? This first of the beatniks differed from his later brothers not in his contempt for the vulgarity of middle-class life, nor in his concern for the flaunting immorality that repudiated such life, but in his attitude toward his art. Yearning to have his book appear so that it could prove to his mother, his formidable father-in-law General Aupick, and his friends that he was an authentic poet, he nevertheless kept the printer waiting several months while he revised a few lines into perfection. It may actually be that much writing is created into excellence and then revised into greatness. This is true of the play, the story, the novel, the poem, the article, of whatever form men choose to make words move other men.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

A Rendezvous with Pegasus

HISTORY has a distressing way of upgrading mediocrities while downgrading truly brilliant and significant personalities.

Thus Mata Hari, a slim talent at best, won fame because she happened to get caught in the glare of the headlights when World War I came thundering along. Yet the supremely gifted and heroic Italian poet Lauro de Bosis is today unsung, largely because his remarkable exploits took place off-camera and out of season, so to speak, and caught the journalists and the historians looking the other way.

Lauro de Bosis was an adornment of the Italian literary scene in the Twenties. The son of a prominent poet, Adolfo de Bosis, and of a New England-bred American mother, he was reared in the best traditions of the Risorgimento and U.S.-style democracy.

While still in his twenties, he had already lectured at Harvard on Italian literature, translated Frazer's *Golden Bough* into Italian, compiled an anthology of Italian poetry, and written a verse-play, *Icaro*. The play was based on a theme that had long absorbed de Bosis, the Greek legend of Icarus, who flew so close to the sun that his man-made wings of wax and feathers melted, plunging him into the sea.

In 1930 de Bosis and his circle, appalled by Mussolini's ham-handed police-state tactics, founded the National Alliance, an anti-Fascist, anti-Communist group that circulated newsletters and petitions calling for a return to Italy's traditional freedoms.

Their activities soon caused anti-Blackshirt rumblings on a wide front, and in the summer of 1931 Mussolini's police seized de Bosis's mother and imprisoned and tortured his associates. Fortunately, the young poet was in France on a visit, and escaped arrest.

Since return meant imprisonment and probably death, de Bosis stayed on in Paris, supporting himself by doing menial work in a hotel that in happier days had been the scene of his many romantic escapades.

Oppressed by shame at being free while his mother and friends were in prison, he now made a fateful decision. Since the Blackshirt regime was vulnerable to blunt truths, he would buy a plane, learn to pilot it, then fly it over Rome, dropping anti-Mussolini leaflets on the evening crowds in the streets.

PUTTING aside money from his porter's pay, he took flying lessons, bought a shaky old plane, packed it with 400,000 leaflets, and by mid-October, 1931, was ready to take off for Rome. In the words of *Icaro*, "Behold him: he seizes the wings with his strong hands. He prepares for flight and compels his fate."

De Bosis had, of course, no illusions about what that fate would be. "My aeroplane," he wrote, "only flies at 150 kilometres an hour, whereas those of Mussolini can do 300. There are 900 of them and they have all received the order to bring down . . . with machine-gun fire, any suspicious aeroplane . . . they are there waiting for me. So much the better; I shall be worth more dead than alive."

But before taking off, he had one more chore to complete. He wrote and mailed off to a close friend a remarkable document, "The Story of My Death," which was to be his newspaper obituary if he did not return.

"Tomorrow at three o'clock," the obituary began, ". . . I have a rendezvous with Pegasus . . . my aeroplane. It has a russet body and white wings; and though it is as strong as eighty horses, it is as slim as a swallow. Drunk with petrol, it leaps through the sky like its brother of old . . . we are not going in search of chimeras, but to bear a message of liberty across the sea to a people that is in chains."

Taking off on October 13, 1931, from an airport outside Marseilles, de Bosis crossed the Tyrrhenian Sea at 20,000 feet, then came in low over Rome in the early evening.

Soon after he began his run, dropping a snowstorm of leaflets on the astonished citizenry, swarms of pursuit ships dived on him, but were unable to fire because of the crowds. Unperturbed, de Bosis dropped his plane below roof-level, and snaked in and out of Rome's avenues, showering down not only leaflets but books attacking Fascism. ("As one throws bread on a starving city," his obituary says wryly, "one must throw books on Rome.")

At one point a volley of broadsides from *Pegasus* cascaded down and scored a direct hit on an audience watching an outdoor movie. At another point, *Pegasus* swooped so low over the Spanish Steps that a spectator later said, "He seemed to be mounting them."

In the end, his daring mission completed, de Bosis flew out over the Tyrrhenian Sea, and was last seen climbing steeply, his white wings aglow with the setting sun, as he tried to avoid his pursuers. The presumption is that he was riddled with bullets at some point during his climb and plunged, like his idol Icarus, into the sea. At any rate, he was never seen again.

Though Rome was shaken by his exploit, the flight was little noted abroad. If it had taken place on the eve of World War II, or in the full glare of some other historic event, Lauro de Bosis might today be a folk hero of sorts among the world's freedom-loving people. Instead, his act proved a lonely but effective existential gesture, made on behalf of a world that did not yet realize fully who Mussolini was.

Thus Lauro de Bosis joined that company of perfervid but anonymous spirits who lie buried in history's interstices, awaiting that new generation of scholars who will resurrect them and hail their accomplishments.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The American Theater

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, thank you. Your "American Theater" issue [*SR*, Feb. 22] gives prestigious support to many themes I have been emphasizing. I have hit particularly hard on the two ideas expressed by Herbert Blau: 1) "It is the function of a theater to inquire into moral crisis, questions of identity, the texture and shape of anxiety; to explore the forms of conflict that are minimized or concealed in our mass media"; 2) "the theater is not simply a place in which you produce plays more or less well, but a place in which, by cultivating conflict in the artistic form most devoted to it, you may shape a collective life. One can share that life only to the limit of his commitment, but there is undeniably something to be shared."

With *SR* on our side of the battle, we may yet win.

ED SIMMONS,
Producer-Director,
Actors' Theater.

Seattle, Wash.

I AM DISAPPOINTED TO FIND that high school theater rates so low with Henry Hewes that he could not acknowledge it as one of the branches of American theater in his survey [*SR*, Feb. 22].

Those who still expect a badly directed, badly acted, badly staged production of *Aaron Slick from Pumpkin Creek* are in for a shock. Typical high school shows today range from musicals like *The King and I* to serious dramas like *Inherit the Wind*, directed by men and women well grounded in all phases of play production.

Tomorrow's professional actors, directors, and playwrights are in today's high schools participating in theater experiences that never existed thirty years ago. If a much-needed change is taking place in American theater, I believe high school theater deserves a share of the credit for bringing it about.

CHARLES L. JONES,
National Thespian Society.

Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.

The Chaos at Home

A SPECIAL THANKS TO JOHN CIARDI for "The Monster Den" [*SR*, Feb. 22]. As a fast-aging mother of three and a long-time reader of *SR*, I find it wonderful to have him on our side. *SR* keeps me up to date on the world outside, but John Ciardi makes sense and laughter out of the chaos at home.

MRS. JOHN STERNBERG.

Lawrence Township, N.J.

The Modern Stone Age

PERHAPS "Conversations with the Stone Age" [*SR*, Feb. 15] could be improved and the imagined esthetic gap closed if we had a greater comprehension of our own culture. Greater similarities exist than John Greenway seems to be aware of. His description of Indian songs as "a few meaningful words surrounded by masses of nonsemantic vocables" could be as well applied to the *Hallelujah Chorus*.

To expect lofty sentiments to be expressed in a purely fun song like the Taos "I'll Take You Home in My One-Eyed Ford" would be as absurd and fruitless as searching for universal truths in square-dance calls.

Certainly Mr. Greenway's depiction of the aboriginal "placating the vast unknown with futile ceremonies and explaining it with simple myths" would indicate that modern man is not so far advanced as he would like to think.

TOM BAHTI.

Tucson, Ariz.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"What's this I hear about you moonlighting?"

The Bird's First Nest

WE GREATLY ENJOYED the article in PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Feb. 22] on tracing the origin of the quotation "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Actually, this proverb is Greek in origin and is attributed to Plutarch, who said, "He is a fool who lets slip a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush."

VALERIE VALENTINE,
Greek Heritage.

Athens, Greece

TO BOTHER FOREIGN EMBASSIES about the translation of a proverb is a childish imposition. If the result, at the French Embassy, was "a debacle," then the French are to be congratulated on their good sense.

Has Miss Messmer not heard about dictionaries? (They have them in public libraries.) It took about thirty seconds to locate the French translation of "A bird in the hand, etc.," in one dictionary.

Perhaps Miss Messmer will telephone General de Gaulle to ask him to translate for her *étude des moeurs* in the Granville Hicks column on page 51 of the same issue of *SR*.

OTTO F. REISS.

New York, N.Y.

THIS MONTH MARKS the anniversary of the death of Frederic G. Melcher, chairman of the board of the R. R. Bowker Company, former editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, and the man whom the *London Bookseller* referred to as "without doubt the greatest all-around bookman the English-speaking world has produced." The newspaper strike a year ago meant that a great many people who would have wished to pay him their respects were not aware of his death. Now that a year has passed, it seems fitting to honor this remarkable man whose life touched everyone in the world of books.

The American Library Association has established a fund in his memory, the income from which will be awarded annually to an outstanding library student for further training and study. All contributions, regardless of size, will be welcomed. Checks should be made out to the ALA Frederic G. Melcher Scholarship Fund and mailed to the American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago.

STORER G. LUNT,
Chairman of the Board,
W. W. Norton & Company.

New York, N.Y.

View from a Hospital

ELIZABETH FROMAN'S SATIRICAL masterpiece "Do Not Disturb," [PHOENIX NEST, Feb. 15], does a great disservice not only to the thousands of voluntary hospitals throughout America, but also to the millions of people associated with them. At a time when the public expresses more interest in hospitals and hospitals are striving to keep the public informed of their operations and problems, this article—though admittedly written for children—conveys grossly inaccurate notions.

Perhaps Elizabeth Froman should arrange to tour a few hospitals and converse with their administrators. This, we hope, would dissolve her many misapprehensions. Then she would be qualified to write more fairly about hospitals.

EDWIN F. COMERFORD,
Public Relations Director,
St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Chicago, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Hierarchy of Silence

IN THE excerpts from Mr. Piscator's introduction to the German edition of *The Deputy* (see box) the new play is called a substantive contribution toward mastering the past. Certainly, if one reads the six-hour version (Grove Press, $5.95) its substance would seem irrefutably impressive. And its reminder that all individuals should oppose church or state instructions when they find the differences between official policy and personal conscience sufficiently enormous is helpful to all of us in determining our own future course of action.

The Broadway presentation of Rolf Hochhuth's play is less substantial than the book, not merely because it has been cut to three hours, but also because the emotional coloring the performers bring to it obscures its subtlety.

After an opening glimpse of Jews being herded into Auschwitz, the play focuses almost entirely on the anguish of a young Catholic priest named Riccardo Fontana. We watch Riccardo, whose father happens to be the Vatican's financial adviser, as he first learns of Hitler's genocide atrocities. After helping a Jew escape, he returns to Rome without permission because he feels sure that his first-hand report will cause the Pope to make an effective statement specifically condemning the mass deportation and execution of Jews. But in talking with a sophisticated Cardinal, Riccardo is shocked to find Vatican diplomacy being placed above this urgent moral issue. A few months later Riccardo returns to Rome on the day when the Germans are arresting Jews there, and he is suddenly heartened to hear news that these deportations are about to evoke a strong statement from the Pope. With his father he goes to congratulate the Pope on taking this stand, only to learn that the news is false. He then denounces the Pope for issuing such a weak general statement (and this statement is historically documented) that it gives Hitler carte blanche to continue with no further worry of interference. And so Riccardo voluntarily joins the Jews being deported to Auschwitz. There, a diabolic Nazi taunts him because, since the outset of these horrible mass exterminations, God has shown no sign that he disapproves, nor in fact has his deputy here on earth, the Pope. The Broadway version chooses to end minus the printed play's final scene and to use the device of an empty spotlighted space to suggest a deputy position left vacant by God, by the Pope, and by us.

In the hands of an experienced dramatist *The Deputy* could have been effective theater. But this is Mr. Hochhuth's first play, and he seems to have been more interested in presenting a partly documented, partly invented history lesson. As such, it is interesting and worth our attention in much the same way that the completely documented *In White America* is. Catholics may resent an unfavorable and not strictly accurate or very convincing portrait of Pope Pius XII more than they do that of the more remote Pope Leo X in *Luther*. But a playwright is justified in constructing a historical figure as he sees him, one designed to make his larger point. If he does that well, we will be stimulated into looking into the actual details of the story.

While in general the performances suffer from seeming calculated demonstrations of expected responses, Jeremy Brett has moments of touching sincerity as Riccardo, Emlyn Williams manages to look amazingly like the Pope, and Ron Liebman, as a sinister Gestapo officer, beautifully reflects the war-weary atmosphere of occupied Rome.

Producer-director Herman Shumlin has forthrightly complained about the efforts that have been made to suppress and sabotage his New York production. But perhaps the most truly shocking and therefore most truly valuable part of the opening-night experience was the sight of pickets dressed in Nazi storm trooper uniforms. They and other small-minded organizations who protest against *The Deputy* only help Mr. Shumlin by proving that the play's substance is far more penetrating and effective than the esthetics of its writing, construction, and performance entitle it to be. —HENRY HEWES.

ROLF HOCHHUTH'S *The Deputy* is one of the few substantive contributions toward mastering the past. Relentlessly it calls things by their names; it shows that no tale can be out of date when it was written with the blood of innocent millions; it apportions to the guilty their measure of guilt; it reminds all the participants that they could have made their decision, and that in fact they did make it even when they thought they did not.

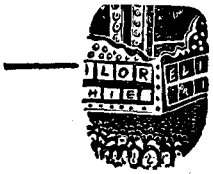
The Deputy makes liars of all those who assert that a historical drama as a drama of decision is no longer possible because, given the faceless anonymity of socio-political patterns and pressures in an absurd construct of human existence that sees everything as predetermined, decisions as such are no longer possible for man. Such a theory, which blots out historic action, recommends itself to those who would like to escape the truth of history, the truth of their own historic acts.

Hochhuth's play aims at objectivizing, exploring the total human attitude, not in story but in history. It is an epic play for epic "political" theater, the theater for which I have fought for more than thirty years. It is a historical drama in Schiller's sense. It sees man as acting and, in his acting, representative ("deputy") of an *idea*—free in its fulfilment, free in his insight into the necessity of categorically ethical, essentially human behavior. This freedom that we all possess, that we all possessed under the Nazi régime as well, must be our point of departure if we wish to master our past. To disclaim this freedom would be to disclaim the guilt each took upon himself if he did not make use of his freedom to decide *against* inhumanity.

I hope that attack and defense of the play will reach *all*, as they have the few who have read it to date; I hope that the value of such a work lies not only in the artistic, the formal, the esthetic, but first and last in its words with and its reach into life; I hope this play will be a force *for change*. My anti-Schopenhauer optimism, despite natural wear through resignation, is still strong enough to believe in a change in human history through understanding—a peaceful change, not a violent material change that admits evolution henceforth as evolution exclusively toward catastrophe. But from objective recognition a passionate avowal of values can develop, for which Hochhuth attempts a new formulation in this play. This new author seems to me not only a good playwright and poet, but also a man confessing. The discovery of such a man is healing and consoling in a world of silence—silence that is empty, without content, useless.

—ERWIN PISCATOR, director of the original West Berlin Volksbuhne production of *The Deputy* (translated by Clara Mayer).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Knock, Knock, What's There?

JOSEPH LOSEY, an American film director now based in England, has been knocking for several years on the door that opens to the directorial pantheon. Movies such as *Blind Date* and *The Criminal* were regarded as relatively small potatoes by his American distributors, since they were essentially melodramas, but they were obviously made by a man striving to break through his commercial limitations. When *The Servant* was shown at the first New York film festival, Losey and the absorbingly unusual film he had made probably won the informal honors, which came in discussion and comment afterward. Now on general view, *The Servant* is still a most remarkable work, photographed, acted, and directed with flair and style and haunting in its implications.

But let it be said at once that it offers more implication than solid meaning, that it tantalizes with glimpses into the erotic and the corrupt, with its portrayal of a heartless domination of one soul by another, with its suggestions of human evil. What it really *says*, however, must be inferred, and one man's inferences are about as good as another's. Its story deals with a rich young Englishman who has taken over a London town house and has advertised for a servant, a gentleman's gentleman. The man who applies, and is accepted, looks, behaves, and speaks like the very model of such a servant, but he turns out to be vicious, determined, wilful, and ruthless. Eventually the roles are reversed and the servant becomes the master through his ability to corrupt the inadequate chap he supposedly serves.

Because this process is shown subtly and atmospherically through the canny use of the camera, through dialogue that always glances off the specific statement, through bits of delicate satire, the viewer almost automatically reads his own meanings into the evidence the film presents. Most obvious, perhaps, is seeing it as symbolizing the decay of the British upper classes, their inability to adjust to present-day realities, and the ascent to power of other elements of society. The spoiled, effeminately handsome young scion of a rich family is entirely futile, an easy prey to someone who chooses to exploit him. For a fiancée he has a lovely upper-class girl who attempts to assert his "rights" of money and breeding for him, but she fails before the servant's superior wiles. In the end the young householder is a dissolute pawn, helpless and sodden.

The servant has a tempting little mistress who soon wins the master away from his nice girl, substitutes herself, and then calmly returns to her real master, the servant. If the entangled young man should rebel, the servant returns temporarily to his soothing obsequiousness.

The actors give themselves wholeheartedly to this intense, steamy game—a game of luring, ensnaring, and destroying, done seemingly less for actual gain than for the satisfaction that comes out of humiliating someone whose pride is unbearable simply because it is pride that has no proper foundations. James Fox as the master, Dirk Bogarde as the servant, Wendy Craig as the rich girl, and Sarah Miles as the vixenish little tramp are all quite marvelous and absolutely fascinating to watch, yet they stop short when it comes to pinning down and fixing the people they play, for it seems to be part of everyone's intent to leave an edge of mystery. The difference between these fine actors is less a matter of skill than of vividness. Dirk Bogarde's servant and the girl developed by Sarah Miles are more striking, mainly because they are the heartless instigators and activators.

But Pinter's writing and Losey's direction, superior as these are, have left some loopholes where they can be attacked. Most important is that their drama has a tendency to run downhill. Put brutally, the master is a patsy. He puts almost nothing in the way of those who would turn him into human jelly, and he seems neither nice enough nor decent enough to worry about what happens to him. He's a quite useless fellow to begin with (which, of course, leads directly to that earlier supposition that it is a whole class that is being pilloried). Then, because so much of the film deals with the decay of his will, there seems an overemphasis on the details of corruption. If one doesn't care about a person, one tends to grow bored with his futile behavior. One is forced to wonder: if Pinter and Losey really came out and made clear what their movie, brilliantly enacted as it is, was all about, would we be as engrossed by it? My own nagging suspicion is that there is something of a trick involved here, a deliberate obfuscation for no good purpose. For me, Joseph Losey is still knocking at that door mentioned earlier. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

MOVING?

If you are changing your address, please notify Saturday Review *at least four weeks in advance.*

And for speedy processing, tear a label from one of your recent copies and send it—with your new address—to:

Subscriber Service Division
Saturday Review
25 West 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

MASSACHUSETTS INVESTORS GROWTH STOCK FUND

FOUNDED IN 1932

The Fund offers a diversified and supervised investment in the common stocks of more than 90 companies selected for better than average growth possibilities. A Prospectus and other descriptive material may be obtained from your investment dealer or write —

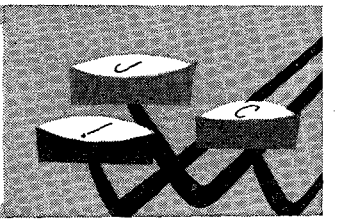
VANCE, SANDERS & CO., INC.
111 DEVONSHIRE STREET
BOSTON 9, MASS.
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

Please send me without obligation Prospectus on MASSACHUSETTS INVESTORS GROWTH STOCK FUND.
SR

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



Is Everybody Happy? The right to pursue happiness is issued to Americans with their birth certificates, but no one seems quite sure which way it ran. It may be we are issued a hunting license but offered no game. Jonathan Swift seemed to think so when he attacked the idea of happiness as "the possession of being well-deceived," the felicity of being "a fool among knaves." For Swift saw society as Vanity Fair, the land of false goals.

It is, of course, un-American to think in terms of fools and knaves. We do, however, seem to be dedicated to the idea of buying our way to happiness. We shall all have made it to Heaven when we possess enough.

And at the same time the forces of American commercialism are hugely dedicated to making us deliberately unhappy. Advertising is one of our major industries, and advertising exists not to satisfy desires but to create them—and to create them faster than any man's budget can satisfy them. For that matter, our whole economy is based on a dedicated insatiability. We are taught that to possess is to be happy, and then we are made to want. We are even told it is our duty to want. It was only a few years ago, to cite a single example, that car dealers across the country were flying banners that read "You Auto Buy Now." They were calling upon Americans, as an act approaching patriotism, to buy at once, with money they did not have, automobiles they did not really need, and which they would be required to grow tired of by the time the next year's models were released.

Or look at any of the women's magazines. There, as Bernard DeVoto once pointed out, advertising begins as poetry in the front pages and ends as pharmacopoeia and therapy in the back pages. The poetry of the front matter is the dream of perfect beauty. This is the baby skin that must be hers. These, the flawless teeth. This, the perfumed breath she must exhale. This, the sixteen-year-old figure she must display at forty, at fifty, at sixty, and forever.

Once past the vaguely uplifting fiction and feature articles, the reader finds the other face of the dream in the back matter. This is the harness into which Mother must strap herself in order to display that perfect figure. These, the chin straps she must sleep in. This is the salve that restores all, this is her laxative, these are the tablets that melt away fat, these are the hormones of perpetual youth, these are the stockings that hide varicose veins.

Obviously no half-sane person can be completely persuaded either by such poetry or by such pharmacopoeia and orthopedics. Yet someone is obviously trying to buy the dream as offered and spending billions every year in the attempt. Clearly the happiness market is not running out of customers, but what is it trying to buy?

The idea "happiness," to be sure, will not sit still for easy definition: the best one can do is to try to set some extremes to the idea and then work in toward the middle. To think of happiness as acquisitive and competitive will do to set the materialistic extreme. To think of it as the idea one senses in, say, a holy man of India will do to set the spiritual extreme. That holy man's ideal of happiness is in needing nothing from outside himself. In wanting nothing, he lacks nothing. He sits immobile, rapt in contemplation, free even of his own body. Or nearly free of it. If devout admirers bring him food he eats it; if not, he starves indifferently. Why be concerned? What is physical is an illusion to him. Contemplation is his joy and he achieves it through a fantastically demanding discipline, the accomplishment of which is itself a joy within him.

Is he a happy man? Perhaps his happiness is only another sort of illusion. But who can take it from him? And who will dare say it is more illusory than happiness on the installment plan?

But, perhaps because I am Western, I doubt such catatonic happiness, as I doubt the dreams of the happiness-market. What is certain is that his way of happiness would be torture to almost any Western man. Yet these extremes will still serve to frame the area within which all of us must find some sort of balance. Thoreau—a creature of both Eastern and Western thought—had his own firm sense of that balance. His aim was to save on the low levels in order to spend on the high.

Possession for its own sake or in competition with the rest of the neighborhood would have been Thoreau's idea of the low levels. The active discipline of heightening one's perception of what is enduring in nature would have been his idea of the high. What he saved from the low was time and effort he could spend on the high. Thoreau certainly disapproved of starvation, but he would put into feeding himself only as much effort as would keep him functioning for more important efforts.

Effort is the gist of it. There is no happiness except as we take on life-engaging difficulties. Short of the impossible, as Yeats put it, the satisfactions we get from a lifetime depend on how high we choose our difficulties. Robert Frost was thinking in something like the same terms when he spoke of "the pleasure of taking pains." The mortal flaw in the advertised version of happiness is in the fact that it purports to be effortless.

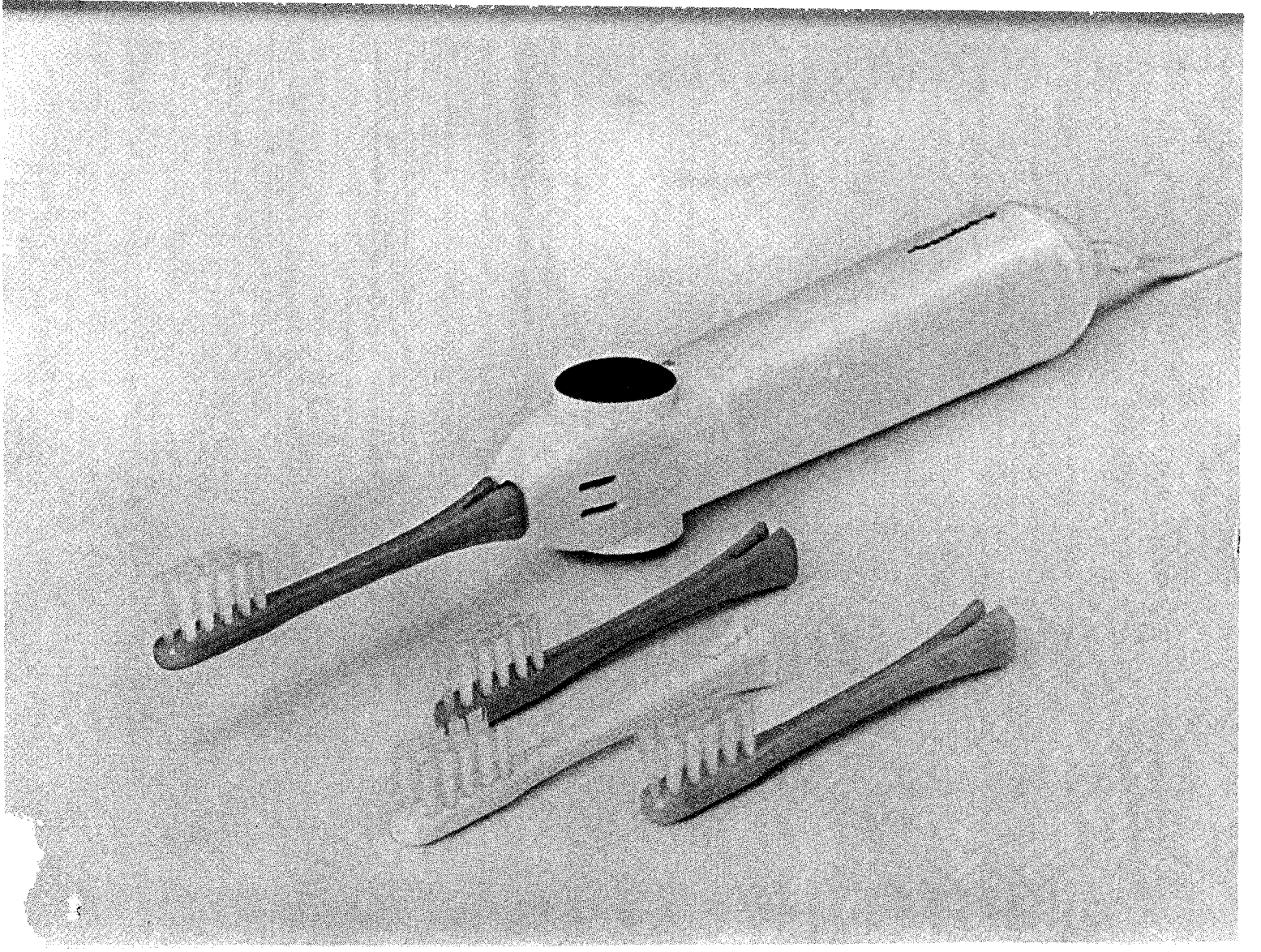
We demand difficulty even in our games. We demand it because without difficulty there can be no game. A game is a way of making something hard for the fun of it. The rules of the game are an arbitrary imposition of difficulty. When the spoilsport ruins the fun, he always does so by refusing to play by the rules. It is easier to win at chess if you are free, at your pleasure, to change the wholly arbitrary rules, but the fun is in winning within the rules. No difficulty,no fun.

The buyers and sellers at the happiness market seem too often to have lost their sense of the pleasure of difficulty. Heaven knows what they are playing, but it seems a dull game. And the Indian holy man seems dull to us, I suppose, because he seems to be refusing to play anything at all. The Western weakness may be in the illusion that happiness can be bought. Perhaps the Eastern weakness is in the idea that there is such a thing as perfect (and therefore static) happiness.

Happiness is never more than partial. There are no pure states of mankind. Whatever else happiness may be, it is neither in having nor in being, but in becoming. What the Founding Fathers declared for us as an inherent right, we should do well to remember, was not happiness but the *pursuit* of happiness. What they might have underlined, could they have foreseen the happiness-market, is the cardinal fact that happiness is in the pursuit itself, in the meaningful pursuit of what is life-engaging and life-revealing, which is to say, in the idea of *becoming*. A nation is not measured by what it possesses or wants to possess, but by what it wants to become.

By all means let the happiness-market sell us minor satisfactions and even minor follies so long as we keep them in scale and buy them out of spiritual change. I am no customer for either puritanism or asceticism. But drop any real spiritual capital at those bazaars, and what you come home to will be your own poorhouse. —John Ciardi.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why everybody and his brother is trying to make an electric toothbrush

(and why they still can't beat Broxodent®, the one from Squibb)

Back in 1960, thousands of people started brushing their teeth in an entirely new way. The Squibb Division of Olin had just introduced Broxodent, the first automatic toothbrush.

They ran their tongues over their teeth and agreed: here at last was a way to get teeth thoroughly clean, gums completely refreshed. Thousands more have switched to Broxodent brushing over the years.

Now everybody's making automatic toothbrushes. Shaver manufacturers. Mixer manufacturers. Here's why we think Broxodent is still the best of the bunch:

1. There are no batteries to weaken or conk out. You get full power every time you plug it in.
2. The Broxodent handle is waterproof.
3. The action is up-and-down, up-and-down.
4. It's thorough, but it's gentle. The speed is controlled to 120 strokes per second.
5. Every part was designed for automatic toothbrushing and nothing but. Motor. Bristles. Brush head.
6. The tiny head, with its concentration of over 1500 bristles, was designed to get around easily and dislodge even the tiniest food particles. (It's good for tiny mouths, too.)
7. Broxodent was tested in dental clinics for two years before Squibb would let you have it. And Squibb never stops testing.

When you switch to automatic brushing, remember two things.

It's our business.

It's your teeth.

Olin

460 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

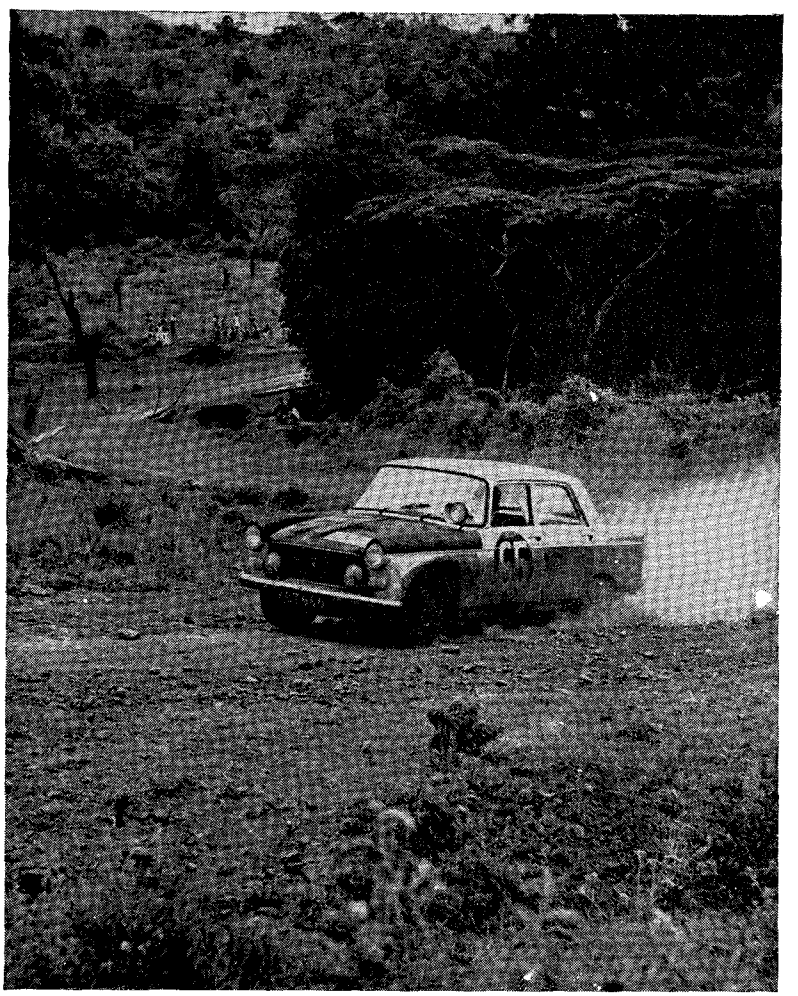
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs —and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant anteaters, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. One leading weekly calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." Another publication says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. *3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!*

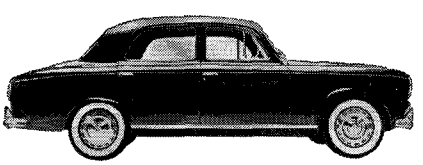
As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.

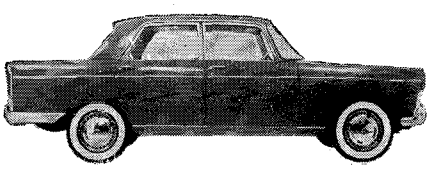


PEUGEOT

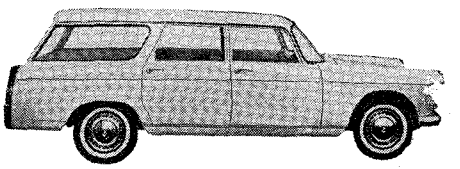
(Say Pooj-oh)



PEUGEOT 403: $2295 East Coast POE, $2387 West Coast POE.
Called one of the seven best made cars in the world by John Bond, publisher of Road & Track.



PEUGEOT 404: $2645 East Coast POE, $2736 West Coast POE.
Designed to be even better than the 403.

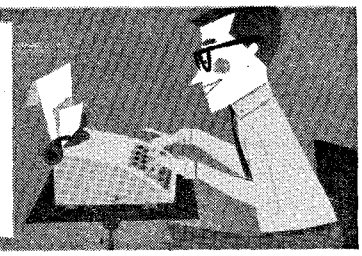


PEUGEOT STATION WAGON: $2795 East Coast POE, $2875 West Coast POE.

For brochure write: Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York.
For overseas delivery write: Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. or see your local dealer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head



How to Tell Jokes and Influence Voters

FROM a recent issue of the *New York Times*:

GOLDWATER GAMBLING ON JAPERY

Senator' Irreverent Humor Sometimes Fails to Evoke Response from Audience

Or in plain, harsh *Varietese*:

BARRY'S BANTER BOMBS

To stand up there and tell jokes and not get laughs is a terrible situation, even for a Senator. If this keeps up, Mr. Goldwater will not only not be nominated for President but, what is worse, for an Emmy. However, all is not lost. What is indicated here is that the Senator simply needs a little monologue-doctoring. Fortunately for the Senator, this is right up my street. Or right up my alley, judging from some of the questionable material he has been using.

Also lucky for the Senator is the fact that he's been campaigning in town halls across the country. These are known in the trade as club dates. But if he wins the nomination he'll have to go on the big time—TV. A little work on the jokes and a few tricks of the monologue trade and the Senator can assure himself of plenty of laughs. Of course on television he will have the added insurance of the laugh track. But this takes a special kind of timing known only to the Milton Berles, the Bob Hopes, the Jack Paars, to name a few. If I were the Senator I would stay clear of the laugh track and concentrate on some of the gimmicks now in use by our top laugh provokers.

Let's take one of the jokes that the *Times* says Mr. Goldwater is telling. It has to do with a preacher delivering a sermon in Tombstone, Arizona. After the sermon a cowpoke approached and said: "Parson, that was a damn fine sermon." The parson thanked him but said: "There is no need to use profanity in addressing me." Undaunted, the cowpoke continued: "I liked it so much I took out my roll and put $100 in the collection plate." And the parson replied: "The hell you did!"

This, of course, is a switch on an oldie about the truck driver trying to change a tire on his truck and swearing a blue streak. The parson comes by and says: "My good man, if you'll stop that blasphemy and say a little prayer the tire will come off easily." The truck driver mumbled a prayer, gave one yank on the tire, and it came off. The parson said: "I'll be damned!" If that joke didn't get a laugh, it's understandable that his audience had heard it before. However, he can be sure to get a laugh by the use of a "saver."

A "saver," as any comedy creator worth his credit crawl knows, is a follow-up line that seems ad libbed. For instance, the Senator finishes the joke: "And the parson said the hell you did!" (No laugh). The Senator then says: "I know you're out there. I can hear you breathing." Or "These are the jokes, folks." Or "I've had great audiences in my time, but this isn't one of them."

Often a "saver" doesn't get a laugh either, but compounding two or three in a row is guaranteed to break up any crowd.

The *Times* goes on to say that Mr. Goldwater was once asked by a heckler if he is a low Episcopalian or a high Episcopalian. The Senator replied: "Ask me on a Saturday night." The *Times* reporter explained this referred to weekend drinking. I would say offhand this joke is rather obscure. But it can be saved with a short rewrite of the answer, with the Senator saying: "Ask me on a Saturday night with Dean Martin." One can always get a laugh about drinking on a Saturday night with Dean Martin. Or, for that matter, any night.

And if this fails to evoke a response from the audience, there is always the saver. The Senator might try this one: "That's the last joke I'll buy from Bobby Baker."

One of the big jokes the Senator tells is about an Irishman, a Negro, and a Jew, who died and went to heaven—that's a big concession on his part right there. Well, the story goes that St. Peter offered them one wish each. The Irishman wished for enough Irish whiskey to last through eternity. Granted. The Negro wished for a big house, a white Cadillac, and $2,000,000. Granted. Next the Jew. He said, "Just give me thirty dollars' worth of costume jewelry and that colored boy's address."

The *Times* story states: "Mr. Goldwater got a boisterous laugh from his audience of hardware store managers." And I'm sure he did. Now if this is going to be one of the routines the Senator is going to tell when he is nominated, he won't be able to do it on TV—some picayunish network ruling about telling ethnic jokes. I would suggest Mr. Goldwater un-ethnic that one. He could have the three departed gentlemen be a drunkard, a poor man, and a big business tycoon with the jewelry swindle, instead of an Irishman, a Negro, and a Jew.

Mr. Goldwater may not get the boisterous laugh he got telling it his way, but a loss of laughter might be compensated by a small gain of stature.

I realize it's unethical to tamper with a sure-fire routine, but if the Senator keeps telling that story his way I have a dandy one-liner for him to do next November. It starts: "A funny thing happened to me on the way to the inauguration. . . ." —GOODMAN ACE.

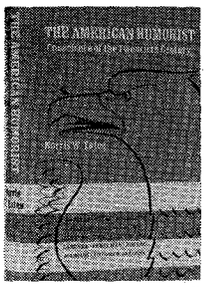
The Glory

By Andrew Glaze

I HAD been twenty years fastening the glory onto the front porch
when out the front door opens and here comes Alf.
—"What are you doing there lad,"—he hails me,
—"knock off work, the moratorium's declared,"—
—"I ain't all finished,"—I said—"with this here glory,
it lacks a bit of gold leaf on the foot of it
of bein' after the plan."—Now that don't matter,"—he said,
—"glories has been declared redundant too,
go home and gum your stick and have your year of pension."—
But I wouldn't hear of that, I finished the glory
and watched them tear the head off it for scrap
with comfortable satisfaction, for hadn't I done
what they had paid me for and gave my sleep?
And if they didn't want a glory anymore
well, hadn't I got the job of it to keep?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED



THE AMERICAN HUMORIST

Norris W. Yates

Learned,
Fresh,
Unpompous

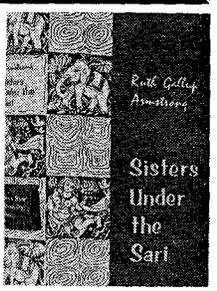
$4.95

About Lardner, Thurber Perelman and others . . .

SISTERS UNDER THE SARI

Ruth Gallup Armstrong

$5.95



About modern India—its color and contrasts . . .

Order now from your bookstore
THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Press Building AMES, Iowa

The All-Purpose Cookbook for Men

(and any woman worth her salt!)

"Chock full of ideas," says *New York Times* Food Editor Craig Claiborne, "and not a marshmallow in the lot." 500 succulent recipes. Spicy drawings. 596 pages.

THE MASTER IN THE KITCHEN

By Donn Pierce and Charlotte Turgeon
Now at better bookstores, or send $8.95 to
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Order Dept.,
33 W. 60 Street, New York 10023

■ THE SELF IN MODERN LITERATURE
Charles I. Glicksberg
$6.00

■ THE RELIGIOUS SPEECHES OF BERNARD SHAW
Warren S. Smith, Editor
$3.50

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
UNIVERSITY PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Elections by Electronics

San Francisco.

THE electronic bulletin board girdling the Times Building in New York City has often been seen over television on election night, announcing authoritatively who won the Presidency. This November, however, the *Times* may well quote CBS News as its authoritative source in declaring the winner of the Presidential race.

Representatives of the three networks met here recently to plan coverage of the 1964 Republican national convention. I heard it rumored among them that the *Times* is negotiating with CBS to use the network's Vote Profile Analysis in November. VPA is a quick sampling method that enables correspondents to determine "with acceptable degrees of accuracy" who won an election and why. Networks have forged ahead of newspaper wire services in the capacity to collect and interpret raw election returns. Such sampling processes as have been developed by the networks are too expensive for even giant newspapers to mount.

This may be the definitive year for networks to emerge as the nation's leading carriers of authoritative election returns. NBC, ABC, and CBS are doubling and tripling expenditures in their new race to beat each other. In the New Hampshire primaries, the three webs put a collector of raw returns in every precinct of the state. The logistics of coverage have become frantically complex.

Costs of television coverage of elections are, in fact, mounting ridiculously—particularly in view of the fact that they could be cut back or pooled if all the networks placed more emphasis on a cooperative center of streamlined fact analysis rather than on armies of fact collectors.

The networks have been refining their approach to the reporting of elections, according to Bill Leonard, executive producer for CBS News. At his network, coverage after the polls close is no longer conceived of as a race. The reporting objective is not to predict a winner or detect trends. The aim instead is to state as quickly as possible who won and why. The race among candidates is over; the results are fixed, as in a photo-finish negative after a horse race. The problem is to develop that negative as rapidly as possible.

The networks have used modern computers to reach this goal. Electronic brains, rather gimmicky in past elections, are being handled now with greater sophistication. CBS used VPA in 1962 for thirteen key races in eight states. The network announced winners in twelve races "with 100 per cent accuracy and up to two hours ahead of our competition . . ., usually within forty-five minutes after the polls had closed." CBS will use VPA this year in forty states. The network hopes to prove, Mr. Leonard said, that racing to report the raw vote is an anachronism.

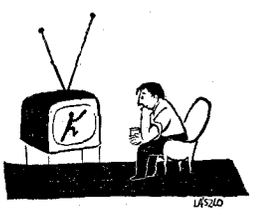
Meanwhile, ABC is taking its giant step with money, according to Jesse Zousmer of the news staff. It has spent $300,000 just for metal and plastic numbers, so that its flagship station and local station bulletin boards will look as sharp as those of the competition. And $10,000 has gone into a special facility at Oakland Airport, California, against the chance that ABC cameras can catch perhaps twenty-five seconds of Senator Barry Goldwater landing his private plane there to meet with Republican leaders in the convention city.

ABC is also counting heavily on its new team of Howard K. Smith and Edward P. Morgan as convention anchormen and on General Eisenhower, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., Jim Hagerty, and Bill Lawrence (the network's White House reporter), who will serve as on-the-air consultants. Robert Northshield of NBC said that his network, running again with Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, would be doing "not much new and different but better."

All the impressive interpretive talent, however, seems secondary to the drive to be first with results, despite an occasional disclaimer. The voters have a right to know, the argument goes, who won and why. So they do—but do a few moments or even hours really make that much difference?

We may be reaching the point where winning the network competition is a bigger suspense show than electing the President. We hope it will make for greater participation by citizens in a more civic-minded culture. But there is danger of a self-defeating reaction. With instant VPA giving us instant decisions, the viewer may find himself tempted to instant bedtime.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Claremont Essays," by Diana Trilling, and "Doings and Undoings," by Norman Podhoretz

24 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

25 When the Cheering Stopped, by Gene Smith

26 The Papers of James Madison, 1781, edited by William T. Hutchinson and W. M. E. Rachal

27 Because I Was Flesh, by Edward Dahlberg

28 All Told, by Frédéric O'Brady

29 The Battle for Stalingrad, by Marshal V. I. Chuikov; Paulus and Stalingrad, by Walter Goerlitz

30 The Better Song, by Luc Estang

30 The Rising of the Lark, by Ann Moray

31 Belmarch: A Legend of the First Crusade, by Christopher Davis

32 Anti-Kommunism in Latin America, by Juan José Arévalo; Arena of Decision, by Irving P. Pflaum; Fidel Castro & Co., Inc., by Manuel Urrutia Lleó

33 Check List of This Week's Books

135 The Tukhachevsky Affair, by Victor Alexandrov

136 Soviet Foreign Propaganda, by Frederick C. Barghoorn

LITERARY HORIZONS

Politics, Love, and Literature

COLLECTIONS of occasional articles continue to be published, and some of them are welcome. I am particularly happy to have Diana Trilling's *Claremont Essays* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75), both for the sake of the pieces I had read in magazines and for those I hadn't. (The book is named for the avenue on which Mrs. Trilling and her husband, Lionel Trilling, have their residence.) Mrs. Trilling's intelligence operates in high gear, whether she is writing about literature, politics, or sex—the three topics principally discussed in this book—and she writes a fine, clear, scrupulous prose.

The literary essays, which are the most numerous, vary in method and tone. The discussion of Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth*, for instance, is a careful analysis of the text of the novel, with, of course, some relevant observations on Mrs. Wharton's life. The discussions of Virginia Woolf and Alice James, on the other hand, come closer to being character sketches. "Tom Sawyer, Delinquent" is an amusing and pointed comparison of the views currently held on the raising of children and the views that obtained at the time of Mark Twain's boyhood.

The most interesting, perhaps because it is the most personal, of the literary essays is Mrs. Trilling's report on a reading by Allen Ginsburg at Columbia. She had known Ginsburg as an undergraduate because he was a student of her husband's, and she followed his performance with some sympathy as well as with an eagerness to learn as much as she could about the Beats. There is also a long essay that tries to explain the popularity of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and, to my mind, overshoots the mark. Finally, she offers an interpretation and partial defense of Norman Mailer, which makes some excellent points but leaves me still in doubt about Mailer's future.

Although she came upon the literary stage as a reviewer of fiction, Mrs. Trilling has always been interested in politics. She was a Leftist of sorts in the Thirties, but in the Forties and Fifties she became an intransigent anti-Communist and—or so it seemed to me at the time—a rather hysterical one. There is no hysteria, however, in her two political essays, one on the Hiss case, the other on the Oppenheimer case. She believes, as I do, that Hiss was guilty of perjury; but the merit of the essay lies in her speculations on his character and motives. As for Oppenheimer, she believes—and again I agree with her—that there was no reason to deny him security clearance in 1954. She has, however, firmer grounds for her belief than I, for she has made a diligent examination of the report of the Atomic Energy Commission's hearings. This is a piece that renders a large public service.

As for sex, Mrs. Trilling's views, like those of her husband, have been strongly influenced by orthodox Freudianism; but both writers have retained imaginative autonomy. In an essay-review of Margaret Mead's *Male and Female*, published in 1950, Mrs. Trilling discusses some of the consequences of the sexual revolution, and she supplements this with an up-to-date comment on the Profumo case. Then there is a piece on the death of Marilyn Monroe, which is so perceptive as to be a masterpiece of analysis. What she has to say on the nature of Miss Monroe's popular appeal and on the causes of her death is

shrewd and stimulating and convincing. That the essay first appeared in one of the slicks says something about the complexity of American culture.

According to the jacket of Norman Podhoretz's *Doings and Undoings* (Farrar, Straus, $4.95), Podhoretz is thirty-four years old. For at least ten years he has been a Bright Young Man, and since January 1960 he has held a most responsible job as editor of *Commentary*, an admirable monthly magazine sponsored by the American Jewish Committee. A kind of protégé of both Diana and Lionel Trilling, he is, as they are, interested in social and political issues as well as in literature. Indeed, in his introduction he scolds an older generation for neglecting social problems and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proclaims his belief in art for life's sake.

The Bright Young Man must always dispose of his elders, especially those who have come to be held in reverence. The first essay in the book is called "Faulkner in the 50s," and the first sentence reads: "*A Fable* may not be William Faulkner's worst book; one would have to re-read *Pylon* to make a definitive judgment, and I personally could not face the ordeal." Dropping this smart-aleck tone, which, I should point out, is not particularly obtrusive in the book as a whole, Podhoretz goes on to discuss seriously Faulkner's limitations, not only in his recent but also in his early work. He forgives Faulkner nothing; but later on, writing about Nathanael West, who, whatever his virtues, was extremely limited in scope, he is very forbearing.

In the same way he makes extraordinary allowances for Norman Mailer, but is quite nasty about what he regards as the shortcomings of Saul Bellow. He presents an eloquent defense of James Baldwin's *Another Country*, a defense that I agree with and am grateful for; but he attacks John Updike fiercely and mostly for the wrong reasons. His literary pieces are like that—lively, opinionated, often right, sometimes dead wrong. In writing about literature, Podhoretz is rarely illuminating in the way Mrs. Trilling often is, helping you to grasp something that you have not quite taken in before; but he has a useful way of stirring his readers up.

Several of the political pieces are merely competent book reviews, but there are two longer pieces of considerable interest. One is a discussion of Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, quite the most cogent of all the comments on that book I have read. The other is "My Negro Problem—and Ours," in which Podhoretz describes candidly what he felt about Negroes when he was a boy growing up in Brooklyn and what he feels now and what he believes he ought to feel. This kind of self-analysis is worth any amount of generalization and exhortation.

In his introduction Podhoretz speaks of his turning away from the "revisionist liberalism" of the early Fifties and his becoming in a much more urgent way a critic of society. If this is, as he seems to think, a tendency of the times, I shall not regret it. Revision of liberalism, as carried on by Lionel Trilling among others, was necessary after all the confusions of the Depression and the war, but perhaps it has served its purpose. On the other hand, though I too believe in art for life's sake, I know the dangers of defining life too narrowly. So, I am sure, does Mrs. Trilling.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

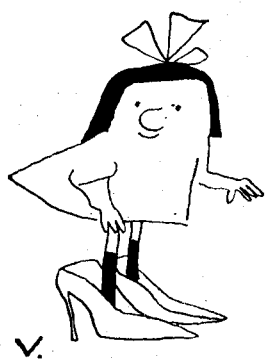
All the Customers Are Always Right

PROBABLY no American industry is given to more frequent bouts of self-examination than publishing—a reflection, if nothing else, of the high literacy quotient of those involved in making their living at it. Much of this has occurred in the trade press, or in speeches delivered at conventions, but there have been two major book-length studies, one of which, *Economic Survey of the Book Industry 1930-31*, by O. H. Cheney, has become a landfall for those who like to see where they are drifting, even though Cheney's Cove is mostly rocks and shoals. (The other study, William Miller's *The Book Industry*, is of more recent vintage—1949—but hardly less critical in its assessments of publishing practices.) This month another study makes its appearance, and, although it is titled *The American Reading Public* (Bowker, $7.95), it, too, is concerned largely with publishing, its vagaries (unpredictable), its rewards (few), and its shortcomings (numerous).

The book is a symposium of articles, most of which first appeared in the Winter 1963 issue of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Since publishing is neither an art nor a science, the choice of *Daedalus* may seem presumptuous; but no matter—the deed is done, and it is well that it has been done quickly. Publishing is changing, and in some highly spectacular ways.

For one thing, it is more complicated than it used to be. Marshall Best observes ("In Books, They Call It Revolution") that when he started out in business "the audience was more homogeneous." Today, publishers no longer serve a single "reading public," largely middle-class with a few students thrown in, but a number of different, and often disparate, publics. What was thought of as a business for gentlemen engaged in the transmission of literary "culture" is now an industry that ranges from supplying the paperback pulp market at one end of the scale to satisfying the demands of intellect at the other. (For instance, there were only four university presses in this country in 1900; today there are more than fifty.) In between these extremes the publisher must also keep up with the demand for "self-help" books, serious fiction, gift books, a wide range of nonfiction, a whole new world of children's books, and, in some cases, textbooks. Increasingly, publishers are finding that they must perform all, or almost all, of these functions to stay in business.

This diversification of the "reading public" is the most significant development to overtake American publishing in its history. A vast increase in both literacy and affluence has necessitated a new publishing versatility. But there is something else, less admirable on the surface, in this achievement: Frank Jennings ("Textbooks and Trapped Idealists") reminds us that the largest single segment of the reading public is a captive one, while the textbook people themselves are in a sense captives of the all-powerful "adoption" committees. And the student audience can be captured by poor books as well as good ones, as Reuben A. Brower makes clear ("Book Reading and the Reading of Books"); much of what passes for poor publishing is really poor pedagogy.



In trade as well as textbook publishing a case can be made that all publishers are really captives of their audience, a theory which explains the enormous amount of junk that finds its way into the bookstores. *Kitsch* is the word most frequently used here by the academic contributors, whose stake in publishing is likely to be one of faculty preferment. A Frederick A. Praeger may go it alone as a serious, noncompromising type of publisher ("The Publisher as an Individualist") but mainly by limiting himself to a few basic subjects that are assured of governmental and institutional markets. The university presses, writing for the student and scholar, survive in most cases through outside subvention and the economic docility of their authors. They certainly don't survive by sell-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing books to scholars, for, as Robert W. Shugg observes ("The Professors and Their Publishers"), "scholars, whether for want of money or through disinclination, do not buy the books on which the academic enterprise depends." It is the library, by and large, that comes to the rescue.

At bottom, the nub of the conflict here is between the "insider," who sees publishing as a business like any other, and the academic, who prefers to see it as a business like no other. In reality these critics of publishing are talking about two different publics: the reading public and the buying public. Although not mutually exclusive, the two represent widely disparate assumptions about the function of the book in America.

Most serious works, in their original editions, are read (in public and college libraries) by men and women who do not buy them, or by students who have to buy them. The huge expansion of the library system in this country, providing an assured if limited market for quality publications, has made possible whatever retention of dignity the publishing industry can claim. This is the captive audience one reads about. On the other hand, the buying public, for all its vulnerable taste, keeps the publisher alive and growing; in the economic scheme of today's book market the publisher is more than ever the captive of *this* audience.

If anybody doubts it, I commend to his attention the compilation of "Best Sellers of 1963 as Sold to the U.S. Trade," reported in *Publishers' Weekly* for January 20. Disregarding the fiction list, which is fairly predictable and hardly inspiring, here are the ten leading titles: *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy, Security is a Thumb and a Blanket, J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Profiles in Courage, O Ye Jiggs & Juleps!, Better Homes and Gardens Bread Cook Book, The Pillsbury Family Cook Book, I Owe Russia $1200, Heloise's Housekeeping Hints,* and *Better Homes and Gardens Baby Book.*

These are the items that made the wheels go round fastest in 1963, and as you can see, most of them were sold to a nonreading public. If the state of letters can hardly be said to have gained thereby, neither can the publishers be blamed for catering to the hard demands of the marketplace.

Or can they? The degree to which publishing helps create literary tastes in America is largely side-stepped in this symposium. It would also have been nice to have had some representation by a spokesman for what the book is supposed to be about—the reader himself. Preferably one who is also a buyer.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

The Long, Dark Days of Decline

When the Cheering Stopped: The Last Years of Woodrow Wilson, *by Gene Smith (Morrow. 307 pp. $5.95), recreates the tragic breakdown in office of the World War I President. Arthur Walworth, the 1958 Pulitzer Prize-winner in biography, is the author of "Woodrow Wilson: American Prophet" and "Woodrow Wilson: World Prophet."*

By ARTHUR WALWORTH

GENE SMITH's story of the stricken Woodrow Wilson and the "suspension of government" that resulted from his sequestration in the White House presents a sharp challenge to those who are in a position to attack the persisting problem of Presidential disability and succession.

Two opening chapters swiftly chronicle the death of Ellen Axson Wilson and the President's marriage to Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt. A thirty-page resumé brings Woodrow Wilson's career up to September 3, 1919, the day on which he departed from Washington on his quixotic tour of the West in behalf of ratification of the Treaty of Versailles by the Senate. The kaleidoscopic account of the journey makes use of incidents and details that already have become familiar, as well as many that have been uncovered by the author's assiduous research. The reader feels the excruciating agony of a warrior going down fighting for what he thought right. But the fundamental reasons for the inevitable downfall are not analyzed. Thus the lengthening shadow of time dims the controversy of practical politics and leaves, effulgent, the Great Cause and its prophet.

The trip ended when the President's strength failed completely. The party sped back to the White House, where in a few days the crippling thrombosis occurred. It was at that point that Wilson became helpless, and the cheering stopped. The intimate story of his spunky efforts to retain his job and regain his position of leadership despite his infirmities is the main theme of the book, which closes with four chapters relating the slow decline to death with a plethora of lachrymose details.

Two circumstances give special poignancy to the tragic drama of the last seventeen months of Wilson's Presidency. For one thing, the United States, and indeed the whole world, were suffering from the dislocation caused by world war. Mr. Smith presents the burning domestic issues vividly. However, he does not adequately portray the damage done to the American image abroad when the President, who at the Paris Peace Conference gave Europeans reason to believe that the United States would maintain a benevolent and effective interest in their affairs, became unresponsive to specific appeals for advice and adjudication.

Gene Smith—"a sharp challenge"

A second circumstance that made the tragedy of 1920 unique in intensity was the exceptional intellectual and moral stature of the hero. The author, brilliant in depicting Wilson's physical decay, has failed to dramatize either the contrast between the invalid of 1920 and the effective leader of the war years, or the similarity between the downfall in 1919 and earlier disasters, especially that at Princeton. In the very few pages given to the solid achievements of Wilson we get only a pale impression of his mental powers. One misses likewise an appreciation of the origin, deep in a Presbyterian heritage, of the faith that buoyed Wilson's soul during the last torturing years. Nor is there any exposition of the philosophy of political leadership to which he was faithful to the end and which assures him a place among the great Presidents.

Without the full background of ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traordinary intellectual achievement and the religious commitment that inspired it, the stricken Wilson appears a pathetic, broken-down mortal who is estimable chiefly for a gallant fight, despite the ravages of arteriosclerosis, to retain his place on the grand stage of history. Actually the real pathos, the deep irony, lies in the plight of a prophet and practitioner of responsibility to public trust who was so afflicted that at times he behaved like a scapegrace.

What part, readers familiar with the Wilson story will ask, does Edith Bolling Wilson play in this narrative? Her role has long been a subject of lively speculation. After her husband's death she inherited much of the ill will of his political enemies. During the years in which her watchdog brother, Randolph Bolling, took care of her affairs, seekers of truth who were kept at a distance were heard to suggest that the interest of history would be served if all Presidents' widows followed the old Hindu custom of suttee. There has been conjecture that her death, which occurred more than two years ago, would unseal documents and open lips to such an extent that the historical record would have to be rewritten. However, the factual chronicle is little changed. Edith Wilson remains the loyal wife who put her husband's welfare above that of the nation or of the world, a woman who did not share his breadth of vision but who was nevertheless determined that he be honored for it. Nevertheless her passing does make it possible for a writer, without giving gratuitous offense, to point out political insensitivity and ineptness on her part that were merely implicit in earlier accounts. Smith has done this to good effect in several instances—notably the rejection of House and Tumulty and the ruin of Lord Grey's mission.

In *When the Cheering Stopped* the author has recorded the events as they occurred with careful regard both for precision and for what are known in Hollywood as "chromatic values." The writing is swiftly paced and well pointed. The work reflects a relentless pursuit of details, though some of the books cited as sources are of doubtful authenticity. Perhaps the day will come, as the perspective lengthens, when a consummate literary artist will portray the Wilson story with a power that will enshrine it among the great tragedies of crucified men of conscience.

The Early Years Were Earnest

The Papers of James Madison: Volume 3, 1781, *edited by William T. Hutchinson and William M. E. Rachal (University of Chicago Press. 381 pp. $10), documents ten eventful months in the life of the thirty-year-old statesman. Richard B. Morris, American historian, edited the John Jay Papers.*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

THIS third volume of the new edition of the Madison papers documents the climactic events of the American Revolution, including the victory at Yorktown, which induced the British to sue for peace, and the deepening crisis in civilian affairs, which persuaded men like Madison to seek more authority for the central government. For Madison this is still a time of apprenticeship, when he is gaining a mastery of the problems confronting Congress and the new nation but is still not recognizable as a creative statesman.

From the pen of a Franklin or an Adams, the events recorded in these pages would make exciting reading; young Madison, however, was a scholarly but colorless young man who demonstrated a special talent for depersonalizing the issues and events that he describes. Others portrayed in this volume are indeed more amusing, and certainly more malicious. Caesar Rodney of Delaware, for example, takes notice of "a Mr. Madison of Virginia, who with some little reading in the law is just from the College, and possesses all the self-conceit that is common to youth and inexperience in like cases, but is unattended with that gracefulness and ease which some times makes even the impertinence of youth and inexperience agreeable or at least not offensive." Madison looked twenty-one but was in fact thirty years old at the time Rodney penned this acidulous comment.

Letters to James Madison are almost invariably more provocative than those penned by the young Virginian himself. Edmund Pendleton threatens that John Jay, the American minister to Spain, would be "hanged by the neck" should he surrender America's claim to the free navigation of the Mississippi. Madison, though a fellow Virginian and equally concerned with the opening of the West, adopted a much more temperate tone. It was he who drafted the spineless letter from Congress authorizing Jay to recede from the legislature's previous instructions that he insist on the navigation of the Mississippi. Fortunately, Jay imposed a time limit on this proposal, and the Spaniards were not shrewd enough to accept the concession. Other motions, votes, and instructions on foreign affairs which Madison painstakingly recorded show him to have followed the pro-French party line at this time in opposition to the Lee-Adams faction.

This full-scale edition is illuminated by enormous annotation. The editors are as scholarly and meticulous as their subject, but perhaps more generous than Madison would have been in attributing to him documents with which he was only remotely identified. Thus, as with the previous two volumes in this series, letters and petitions are included that were sent to the entire Congressional delegation of Virginia, or were written by a group or committee of which Madison happened to be a member but for which he was not necessarily the draftsman. Such an editorial policy makes for massive documentation and labored progress.

The present volume, it should be borne in mind, covers a mere ten months in the life of the young statesman. We still have fifty-five enormously productive years ahead in the career of one of the most prolific literary figures among the Founding Fathers.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1075

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1075 will be found in the next issue.

TQOKHZ QO HGRRQZVO LVNXVX

TBVL TV ORHHF RBNL TBVL

TV OHNX.

THXKOTHXRB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1074

Dogma does not mean the absence of thought, but the end of thought.

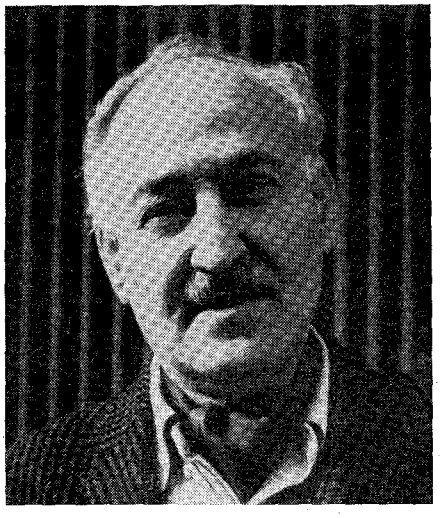
—CHESTERTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Painful Truths and Fatal Lies

Because I Was Flesh, *by Edward Dahlberg (New Directions. 234 pp. $5), an amalgam of the author's experiences and reflections, strikes notes of both comedy and despair. Emile Capouya writes the monthly column "The Real Thing" for SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA



Edward Dahlberg—"the truth always."

COME to think of it, the artist is the only man who is supposed to earn his living while telling the truth. The businessman says *caveat emptor*, the politician says let them eat cake. The scientist's truths are usually so small that authority is in no danger of stubbing its toe on them: only a few heroes and masochists in the science department are willing to say that the earth moves round the sun, or Lysenko is a feather merchant, or fallout is bad for you; the public, by and large, knows better than to expect big truths from the faculty at the time when those truths might be useful. But the artist, and most especially the writer, labors always under the crushing responsibility of saying something that is both true and important. He is expected to be sincere, all days and always. And since sincerity makes you unpopular, in the last analysis he is expected to stake his life on every throw.

No wonder he is unhappy. The truth hurts; he sees hurt faces all around him. So he tries to flatter, evade, or edulcorate. Whereupon the public comes down on him like a thousand of brick. "Faker! Sentimentalist! Time-server! Swine!" Quite right, too. Nobody asked him to be an artist. He volunteered. As the proletariat has it, *he told the Man he could do it.*

So the artist grows shifty-eyed, his brow furrows up like a monkey's, and he gets curvature of the spine from ducking brickbats. The really stiff-necked and hard-nosed among them even come to enjoy their trials. They started out by saying, "Tell truth and shame the Devil." Eventually they say, "Tell truth, and be damned to them"—them being their fellow human beings. Now, in the age of the streamlined, mass-produced, internationally distributed lie, when men have pretty generally lost touch with themselves, just to give an account of the way they live is to tell a very painful truth. At this point, a terrible ambiguity arises. The story of our degradation carries an emotional charge; the pain of the uncomfortable truth can turn into exquisite pleasure. Firstly, we like to feel important, and any attention concentrated on our sins makes us feel important (if the artist showed us our virtues, we would not recognize the likeness). And then, the fact that our failings are out in the open removes some of the pressure of guilt, relieves our anxiety, and permits us to carry on with our hypocritical lives, but in spades. Take Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park*. It is, on the whole, better written and about ten times as importantly true as its nearest rival in the genre, F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. And when we have read it, we are worse men than we were. The truth shall make you free? Not always. Some truths at some times make you morbid, or demoralized, or ungenerous.

If a writer is intentionally and explicitly a moralist, as Mr. Mailer most certainly is, the dilemma is acute enough to drive him out of his mind. Shall he succumb to the fascination of evil, and tell the truth about it, and confirm his fellow men in their fascination with it? Shall he keep silent, or play Pollyanna? No wonder that Norman Mailer writes always on the thin edge where sanity and illumination clash. And so does another magnificent and dangerous artist, Mr. Edward Dahlberg.

"Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement." There speaks that Judaeo-Christian heritage of ours. We refer to it nowadays with as much satisfaction as if it were real estate, but of all the working compromises that men have made with fate, our tradition of self-contempt must surely be one of the worser bargains. Mr. Dahlberg delights in the Edenic pastoral of Biblical and Grecian mythology, and also in that religion of wounds and curses, of obsessive hatred of the body, that has stained our thoughts from the time of the Book of Genesis to the time of St. Paul, of Dante, Savonarola, Sade, Sigmund Freud, and William Yeats. In our tradition, the great moralists have been doomed to wrestle with the self-disgust of Western man, justifying or deploring but never for a moment escaping it. Can Mr. Dahlberg now be blamed for celebrating the shames and shrinkings of the flesh, calling himself—and us—glutton, sloven, lecher, coward, ingrate, fool?

Mr. Dahlberg reissued recently his collection of essays, *Can These Bones Live?*, one of the very few works of literary criticism in our time that are themselves literature. He is also the author of prophetic and dispiriting short novels like *The Flea of Sodom* and *The Sorrows of Priapus*. In all his works his style is as inventive and surprising as poetry. It is by turns pithy and moody as Thoreau and rich and strange as Sir Thomas Browne. *Because I Was Flesh* adds to these qualities a mastery of colloquial American that is as delighting as it is unexpected. The whole incredible amalgam generates the narrative energy of a Voltaire, events and reflections jostling one another within the same phrase. In this remarkable autobiography, which is just as much a novel about the author's mother—Lizzie, the lady barber of Kansas City—the drones of despair and self-contempt are surmounted constantly by a chaunter piping comedy.

> Lizzie came into the courtroom with a satchel filled with paid rent receipts and the highest personal references. She dumped the rent receipts and the character testimonials upon the magistrate's desk, but not without giving him an exceedingly low bow. Then, removing her glasses, and wiping the tears from her eyes, she said, "Your Honor, nobody can speak against my good name," whereupon she handed him one of her business cards, which the judge took and read: "Star Lady Barbershop . . . 16 East 8 Street . . . Courtesy is our motto." The judge awarded Emma Moneysmith a thousand dollars as heart balm and promised to come to the shop for his next haircut. The girls rushed over to embrace Lizzie and told her that, though she was a Jew, she was the truest Christian they had ever met. Emma kissed her and told her never to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forget that she was one of God's chosen people.

Emma, though proud of her victory, saw that she had to be more vigilant with the race of males who would take advantage of any helpless woman; she resolved that no man was going to taste the sweet body that the Lord had given her without buying her an expensive wardrobe and helping to educate Marion and continue his violin lessons. But soon she met a cowboy from Fargo, North Dakota, and went off to Seltzer Springs with him. Lizzie was in the dumps. She was too weak for another operation and was now thinking of investing money in an oil company about which the saloonkeeper had told her. Whenever business flagged, she became inordinately tired. There was an economic colic because William Howard Taft had become President, and everybody said the plush spending of the spirited Teddy Roosevelt days

was over. Lizzie was sorely depleted for reasons she could not understand—but comprehension does not depend upon reason at all.

Emma had told Lizzie she would get what money she could out of the cowboy and come right back. After Emma had left, Lizzie stumbled about the flat, misplacing her keys, diamond ring and pince-nez glasses more frequently. She counted on the health of the women who worked for her. A tough hen like Mrs. Harney, or Birdie, a skinny bantling, deprived her of confidence. When she observed the dry pile of chaff on Harney's head, she was sere and flaccid herself. Birdie was so thin that when Lizzie looked at her she felt unsteady on her own pins. . . . Looking over the scrawny poultry in the shop, who seemed to have the pip, she was sure they would drive away all the customers.

But underlying the comedy is the despair and self-contempt. Mr. Dahlberg has undertaken to tell us the truth always, and in this age the most painful truths are the ones that come readiest to hand. To contemplate those truths has become something like self-indulgence, the perverse pleasure of flagellation. Yet how can our artists represent us as better than we are? And how can we become better without the writer's creative hint? For he is the guardian of the piety and morality once nurtured by the church. A genuine artist is an angel wrestling with society. The character of that encounter depends upon the spiritual qualities of both the combatants. So we are trapped. We must hope for a revelation, or the kind of social upheaval that releases men's energies and propagates a wave of generosity to drown out the self-regarding ugliness of our daily lives. The 1930s knew that spirit. Perhaps it is coming again.

Multi-stringed Beau: To offer a mere sampling of ways in which Frédéric O'Brady has occupied himself for approximately sixty years, he is or has been a part of the *La Plume de ma Tante* company that recently played throughout this country, a composer, a Latin teacher, a puppeteer, a member of the French Foreign Legion, a salesman of locomotives, a political prisoner under the Vichy government, the French film voice of Peter Lorre, a linguist in command of nine languages, and musical director to a troupe of Russian dwarfs. Since the Hungarian-born French actor with the Irish-sounding name was also a journalist and a novelist while in France (he now resides in this country), it is not surprising that his autobiography, *All Told: The Confessions of Frédéric O'Brady* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), is a professionally smooth job. That his loves, marital and extra-marital, almost equal his numberless careers guarantees lively reading.

If Frédéric O'Brady does not come across as a man who was positive as to his direction in life, he certainly comes across as a man of positive views. His reminiscences are infiltrated with opinions presented as universal truths. Molnár is "one of the geniuses of this century . . . an incomparably greater dramatist than that insufferable corny bore Ibsen. . . ." "Movies are just an entertainment for modest slaves." ". . . Italians, who are neither the cleanest nor the bravest people in Europe, are certainly the most civilized. . . ." "France is tolerant of any opinion and she goes far in accepting the most shocking anti-religious, anti-Semitic, anti-anything views. . . ." "The average Viennese I know are inclined to mushy sentimentality, corny emotion, smugness, selfishness and brutality. . . ."

OBVIOUSLY, Frédéric O'Brady's life story is the pique of picaresque. The one thing it is not is dull. If at any point the reader finds his interest in a phase of the author's life flagging, he has only to hang on for a page or two and everything will change. Frédéric O'Brady is a year's collection of contestants from *What's My Line?* all rolled into one.

—Haskel Frankel.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AUTHORS AS SELF-CRITICS, ETC.

Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks that you identify the authors who made these comments or requests about their works. Name the works, too. Answers on page 131.

Who

1. asked as he lay dying that an unfinished epic now regarded as a masterpiece be destroyed?
2. requested that a certain poem be placed last in any collection of his works?
3. announced in the prologue of one of his plays that there would be no chorus, no artificial thunder, "but deeds and language such as men do use"?
4. said of the titular hero of one of his novels: "Like many fond parents I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child and his name is ————"?
5. proclaimed that anyone attempting to find a moral in a certain novel should be shot?
6. grew so heartily sick of hearing one of his poems quoted that he wrote another in the same form in which he said that he was sorry that he wrote the first and would kill anyone who quoted it?
7. replied when a lady asked why he had given an incorrect definition in one of his books: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance"?
8. wrote a foreword for a book by her sister in which she cleared up a mistaken idea that she herself had been the author?
9. wrote an essay describing what purported to be the step-by-step planning of one of his poems?
10. said of his poetry in general that it would improve if he could learn "the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching"?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red Ran the Tide of the Volga

***The Battle for Stalingrad,** by Marshal V. I. Chuikov, translated from the Russian by Harold Silver (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 364 pp. $5.95), and **Paulus and Stalingrad,** by Walter Goerlitz, translated from the German by Colonel R. H. Stevens (Citadel. 301 pp. $5.95), criticize both Russian and German high commands for their handling of the bloody five-month struggle. Alexander Werth, who was a foreign correspondent in Russia throughout the war, is author of "Leningrad," "The Year of Stalingrad," and the forthcoming "Russia at War, 1941-45."*

By ALEXANDER WERTH

THE BATTLE of Stalingrad lasted for over five months, between September 1942 and the following February, ending in the Red Army's most spectacular victory and in so fearful a defeat for the Nazis that Hitler ordered three days of national mourning in Germany for the 300,000 crack troops that had been lost in the "Stalingrad Cauldron." For three days the German radio played the *Siegfried* Funeral March and other lugubrious tunes.

Encouraged by the success of his *blitzkrieg* in the south in July 1942, Hitler had become overconfident. Instead of sticking to his original plan of first capturing Stalingrad, thus cutting Moscow's last lifeline to the south, and then overrunning the Caucasus with its oil cities of Maikop, Grozny, and Baku, he divided his forces in southern Russia in two, believing that they could capture Stalingrad and the Caucasus simultaneously. In Marshal Chuikov's view, this was a fatal error, aggravated still further by Hitler's maniacal determination to capture Stalingrad at any price. While the German Sixth Army continued to batter hopelessly at the Russian lines in the Caucasus and at the last three little bridgeheads on the Volga that were still being held by Chuikov's 62nd Army, the Russian troops under Vatutin and Rokossovsky to the north of the Stalingrad salient and those of Yeremenko to the south of it struck out on November 19 and 20. Three days later they made their juncture, and

Marshal V. I. Chuikov —"boundless courage."

General Paulus's mighty army at Stalingrad was trapped.

At that stage it could still have broken out, but Hitler would not hear of it. Even when, in December, Field-Marshal von Manstein tried to break through to Stalingrad and was within thirty miles of the "cauldron," Hitler still refused to order Paulus's troops to break out; and, with the Russians throwing in fresh forces, Manstein had to abandon his attempt. Soon after, threatened with an even bigger "Stalingrad," with the Russians advancing towards Rostov and the Sea of Azov, the Germans hastened to pull out of the Caucasus. Thus Hitler's 1942 campaign ended in a gigantic fiasco which prepared the ground for a further series of defeats in 1943. In the winter fighting west of Stalingrad the Russians had routed Hitler's Rumanian, Hungarian, and Italian allies, besides destroying or capturing the Sixth Army marooned at Stalingrad.

General Chuikov has written one of the most remarkable books on the war in Russia. I had the privilege of meeting him at Stalingrad on the day following the German capitulation on February 2, when the frozen ruins of the city were still strewn with dead Germans and others were still dying by the hundreds of hunger and frostbite. He personally was a man of boundless courage, and the 62nd Army, which had fought for every inch of Stalingrad since the previous September, had an immense admiration for him. The affection between him and his troops was mutual; and his story is, above all, a day-to-day account of the battle that was fought, first in central Stalingrad (which the Germans captured by the end of September), then in the great industrial area in the northern part of the city, and, finally, for those three remaining beachheads on the Volga—in some places these were only a couple of hundred yards deep—which the Russians held to the end. The Russian losses were terrible: the Rodintsev Division, which saved Stalingrad in September, was virtually wiped out, while some other famous divisions later lost as many as 75 per cent of their troops in a few days' fighting in the north of the city, and the men had to be continuously replaced.

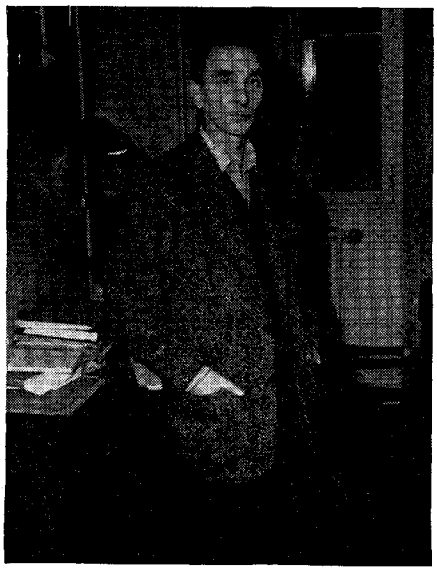
But if Chuikov's story had been merely one of human bravery this would still be a rather routine book; what distinguishes it from so many other Russian accounts of the war is its great candor. Thus, in the first chapters he describes the near-catastrophic state of affairs among the Russians in the pre-Stalingrad fighting on the Don; avoiding the heroic clichés so common in Soviet books, Chuikov not only shows that the quality of the Russian troops retreating to Stalingrad was uneven (some fighting to the last man, others panicking); he is also extremely critical and sarcastic about some of his fellow generals. Many of them were plainly defeatist, did not think that Stalingrad could be held, and even obtained medical certificates to get away from it all. The 62nd Army bore the brunt of the Stalingrad fighting, and Chuikov clearly implies that the Supreme Command took an excessive risk in leaving it to its own devices. There are some acid comments in the story on the repeated failures of Yeremenko's and Rokossovsky's troops, separated from Stalingrad in the north by only a five-mile German salient running to the Volga, to break through it and relieve the pressure of the 62nd Army. Certain of Chuikov's 1959 comments were so sharp that they were toned down in the second (1961) edition, from which this English version is translated. (Also, all mention of Stalin was deleted.)

Chuikov tends to attribute his success in holding Stalingrad almost solely to the extreme toughness of the troops under him, and says very little about the tremendous concentration of Russian artillery and *katyusha* mortars on the other side of the Volga, which pounded the Germans morning, noon, and night. Yet, as Russian soldiers told

(*Continued on page* 135)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sad Way to Salvation



Luc Estang—a bitter demonstration.

The Better Song, *by Luc Estang, translated from the French by Denise Folliot (Pantheon. 282 pp. $4.95), postulates a dichotomy between happiness and salvation. Laurent LeSage's most recent book is "The French New Novel."*

By LAURENT LESAGE

"IT HAS never been given to a man to attain at once his happiness and his salvation." Quoting this text from Charles Péguy, Luc Estang, one of the prominent Catholic writers of France, proposes that this novel—his first to appear in America—should be its bitter demonstration. But works of art cannot always be counted on to do what they are supposed to; the book, entitled originally *Le Bonheur et le Salut*, may demonstrate something quite different or nothing at all.

Who is this "professor of happiness" whose street-preaching catches Octave Coltenceau's ear on his way home from the office one night—the Devil himself, a prophet sent to exorcise the demons of foolish guilt that plague the pious, or just a crackpot? Who is this man Octave—a martyred soul whose salvation will rest on sin and torment, or just a pipsqueak whose stab at happiness fails because of a weak wrist? His wife, paragon of wifely and motherly virtue—could she be just a spiritless and frigid woman? The seductress—is she an innocent child of nature or a daughter of Babylon who must expiate most horribly her sinfulness? Might she be Octave's redeemer? Or just an empty-headed female, too silly for the tragic part she is forced to play? If to some readers the characters may seem inadequate to their exalted roles, the plot may likewise appear too humdrum to demonstrate anything of significance. A middle-aged man, heretofore a model husband and father, runs off with a pretty girl young enough to be his daughter. The perfectly sustained tragic mood, the structure—elegant and austere as French classical drama—may seem ill-suited to a tale so often told in farce or soap opera.

Obviously, to those insensitive to the problem besetting a Catholic conscience, this novel can mean nothing at all. To others, for whom the problem itself raises a patently trite story and unheroic characters to tragic grandeur, the meaning of *The Better Song* is profound but ambiguous.

One may muse over Octave's concept of happiness and wonder if that might not be his tragic error. Or the author's as well, if he has assumed an antithesis on the basis of a false notion of happiness. One may also ponder the word salvation. It could not be the road to salvation—even the narrow road—that Octave left when he abandoned his life of pious conformity. He had scarcely been alive, one would say, and a Christian only in the name. Must he come to life only to cause suffering all about him and obtain his ransom only through total bereavement and remorse? Then his God is indeed a cruel God and one that explains the text from Nietzsche which gives the English title: "Better songs would they have to sing, for me to believe in their Saviour: more like saved ones would his disciples have to appear to me!" I doubt that the author intended to conclude in anything so close to blasphemy. But as a novelist he knows that his work, once published, depends no longer on him alone for its meaning. And a novelist who plays the devil's advocate as well as Luc Estang does could not really wish otherwise.

Coming of Age in Wales

The Rising of the Lark, *by Ann Moray (Morrow. 374 pp. $4.95), romantically peoples the daydreams of an unhappy adolescent in rural Wales. Hope Hale Davis often comments on current fiction.*

By HOPE HALE DAVIS

ANY GIRL sensitive enough to become a writer—and Ann Moray became a very good one—is sure to suffer a sort of martyrdom between the ages of eleven and seventeen. She feels imprisoned by the adults in charge of her life. In their philistine blindness they fail to understand her craving for freedom; their suspicions soil the beauty of her relationships with others. But she bears her persecution with quiet, gentle dignity.

This is not quite the way one's girlhood really was, as a woman begins to suspect when she has a daughter of her own. But this is the way it is in Ann Moray's novel, *The Rising of the Lark*, based on her memories of growing up in a rugged region of North Wales. Every element of the pattern is present, is indeed pushed to an extreme of poetic fantasy.

Instead of merely feeling like an orphan, Catriona *is* one, her young parents having drowned in a mountain lake of India. She does not just feel caged; her governess *in loco parentis* shuts her up for a week as punishment for breaking into the library to read long poems about witches and man-sized fairies and old Welsh kings. Girls often feel starved; but Catriona's prison rations result in the kind of mystical experience usually reserved for fasting saints. All girls long to join the ragglety-taggle Gypsies O; but Catriona steals away to Nant Gwynant on the slope of Moel Hebog to visit the shining clean *vardo* of old Eldorai, who calls her by her Romany name of Kishli ("little thin one") and reads the future for her. Even the ordinary villagers—Dylan, Penry, Merfyn, Idris, and Myfanwy—are faithful, adoring, and wonderful dancers.

The tutor, Bernard Morgan, who de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

votes his daytime hours to teaching Catriona and fishing with her in clear mountain streams, is right out of a girl's daydream. It is hard to believe he could spend six years at this job, even if he is writing a book on education during the lonely evenings in his cottage. But the reader can only share Catriona's admiration when, for instance, he defines a genius as "one who knows the stern inner beauty of reality and has direct intuition of its enchantment." He warns that love is not kind but "desires beauty and strength in the beloved." To be worthy of him Catriona goes bravely through all the hard trials he sets for her.

How can a writer do justice to the intensity of adolescent memory—the most highly charged source of art—and yet suggest the full reality essential to literature? Perhaps the problem cannot be solved in a story told by a narrator who is herself the passionate rememberer.

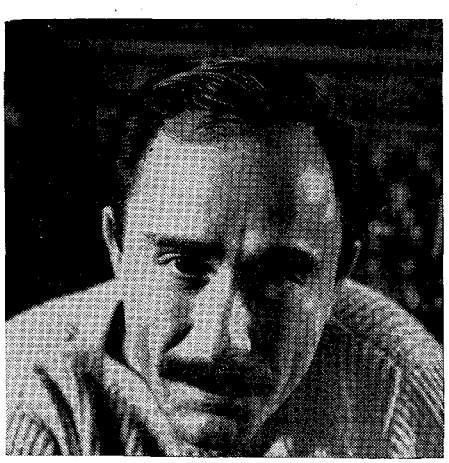
Ann Moray is gifted, and she has created a lovely, faraway landscape peopled by appealing characters. Her story contains episodes every girl has always wanted to read about. But an adult must wish that humor had tempered her admiration for her heroine and even for the lowly natives, who, one and all, speak with the musical tongues of ancient wisdom.

Massacres Ago: The action of *Belmarch: A Legend of the First Crusade* (Viking, $3.95) revolves around the massacre of some 1,300 Jews in the palace of the Archbishop Rothard of Mainz in 1096—a massacre notable even in the bloody annals of the People's Crusade because Rothard had offered the Jews of Mainz the refuge of his court. In a brilliant panorama Christopher Davis depicts the surge of the motley band of pilgrims and adventurers through the Rhineland and, in sharp, impressionistic vignettes, etches the chief historical figures—Rothard, William the Carpenter, and the fanatical mob leader Count Emico.

Although he is at his best in recreating actual events and evoking the atmosphere of the period—with its religious awe and gross superstition, its lust and savagery—the author is primarily concerned with pointing up the parallels between Jewish experience in the eleventh and twentieth centuries. His descriptions of carnage evoke photographs of the death camps. And there is an equally familiar ring in the reactions of nobles and churchmen to the massacres—ranging from indifferent distaste to zealous participation. Unfortunately, once the author embarks on his larger meaning, the "legend," the story begins to flounder; the pictorial clarity, the poetry of individual scenes remain, but the whole becomes blurred.

The two main characters are fictitious. Belmarch, a French soldier, killer of a little girl in the massacre, leaves the crusade in horror. Unlike his fellow pilgrims, he is shocked by the murder of women and children. Mysteriously, he takes up with a weird little Jew, whom he recognizes as the father of the child; the Jew, in turn, has recognized his child's slayer. During the course of their wanderings together the latter saves Belmarch from suicide; then, in a paroxysm of impotent fury, tries to kill the huge soldier. Led by the Jew, Belmarch finds himself back in Mainz, forced to remember and re-enact what he has done.

What is Mr. Davis saying? Is it merely that history repeats itself and that even a penitent Christian will inevitably re-enact his murderous role? In that case what is the function of the victim—the wheedling, tormented Jew who accommodates himself to his child's killer? All the Jewish heroes and martyrs have perished, and the survivor is singularly unattractive. Is the author's point that the Jew's antic acceptance is the price of Jewish survival in a Christian world? Such a conclusion, though unpleasant, is at least plain. But then what of the plethora of confusing symbols—the Jew's two voices, the shrinking angel, the doglike Anchoress who licks Belmarch's festering hand clean (the hand infected by the dying child's bite)—which clutter the action? The novel would be more satisfying if the author had not strained so hard for dramatic effects and implications that the fabric of his narrative fails to sustain. —Marie Syrkin.



Christopher Davis—"impressionistic vignettes."

On an Autumn Day

Some Years After the Best of All Possible Wars, The Poet Recalls Another Time, Another Place, And What Must Have Been Another Person

By Harry Brown

THESE red-leaf days, and oddly, I
Remember robins in the morning
Upon the lawns of Portland running,
Lirruping to a leaden sky.

"Singing for rain," Grandmother said.
Rain they got. A world in flood
Tumbled the childhood house I had:
That green tremendous time is dead.

My grandmother is underground
And part of me's interred somewhere,
Whose robins cheered the April air
With: "Unscarred child, expect a wound."

So many dew-shot eyes are gone,
Are Deering's Woods *still* fresh and fair?
Perhaps: but those birds still work each lawn—
O thirsty boys, who hear them there,
Drink in their liquids and you'll know
The wet roads you, as men, must go,
The rain roads wounded men must go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advice and Dissent to the South

Anti-Kommunism in Latin America, *by Juan José Arévalo, translated from the Spanish by Carleton Beals (Lyle Stuart. 224 pp. $4.95);* ***Arena of Decision: Latin America in Crisis,*** *by Irving Peter Pflaum (Prentice-Hall. 334 pp. $6.50), and* ***Fidel Castro & Company, Inc.: Communist Tyranny in Cuba,*** *by Manuel Urrutia Lleó (Praeger. 217 pp. $5.95), reveal the vast diversity in the attitude toward the ideological cross currents that are sweeping the Western Hemisphere. John J. Johnson, professor of history at Stanford University, wrote "The Military and Society in Latin America."*

By JOHN J. JOHNSON

AN ENDLESS succession of scheduled and unscheduled changes has racked Latin America in recent decades. In response to the strides of modern science and technology, the pace and scope of the transformation are accelerating and new outlets for dissension are appearing. The republics are constantly being called upon to shape and reshape their views of what their national interests are. Currently in Brazil a fervent debate goes on over the advisability of a new foreign policy that would orient the republic away from the United States and towards "neutralism." In Cuba, Fidel Castro several years ago concluded that his nation could not resolve its problems within the framework of Western democratic capitalism.

The three volumes under review, two by ex-presidents of Latin American states and one by a United States journalist, were in a very real sense all born of the ideological cross currents that are sweeping the hemisphere. Each book confirms that there is rough going ahead; but at that point agreement, or at least emphasis, ends. To the uninitiated a reading of all three might well confuse rather than clarify, so diverse are the authors' concerns and recommendations, explicit and implicit.

Juan José Arévalo, author of *Anti-Kommunism in Latin America,* is perhaps best known in the United States for his *The Shark and the Sardines* (1961), a scathing attack upon United States policy in Latin America. He is probably best recalled in Latin America as the "reform" president of Guatemala from 1945 to 1950, and as a respected politician and intellectual who for eight years has found it impossible to serve his country and live in it at the same time. In *Anti-Kommunism* Mr. Arévalo pushes his attack upon the United States and in addition takes dead aim at the military police, the Catholic Church, and the "industrialized press" with its "capitalized" journalists, whom the author calls "The Geese of the Capitol." Mr. Arévalo's Kommunists (spelled with a K) are all those in Latin America whom he feels the "gendarme governments," the Church, and the State Department of the United States label as "red" because they favor social reform.

One need not necessarily approve of Mr. Arévalo's line of argument or accept his conclusions, far less condone translator Carleton Beals's level of comment, to recommend the volume. Whether or not the author's interpretations are right all the time, part of the time, or never is largely irrelevant. What is relevant is that an increasing number of Latin Americans—and the number must have spurted upwards since the Panama incident—believe that he is right, particularly in his views on the United States. Few in this country will derive as much pleasure as Mr. Beals apparently does from seeing the United States derided so unmercifully; but this book was not meant for pleasure reading, and it is time that more persons become aware, and soon, that anti-U.S. feeling in Latin America has reached explosive proportions.

While still in the Sierra Maestras, Fidel Castro personally tapped Manuel Urrutia Lleó, lawyer and judge, to be president of Cuba once the July 26 Movement had triumphed over Fulgencio Batista. With the military dictator finally in flight at the end of 1958, Mr. Urrutia assumed the presidency, a post he held until July 17, 1959, when he resigned under increasingly heavy fire from Premier Castro. Following his resignation, Mr. Urrutia was under house arrest before claiming political asylum in the Venezuelan and Mexican embassies in Havana.

—From "Fidel Castro & Company, Inc."

Fidel Castro and Manuel Urrutia Lleó —"personally tapped to be president."

Large parts of *Fidel Castro and Company, Inc.* were written by Mr. Urrutia while he was in asylum, a status hardly conducive to reflective thinking. It is therefore probably not surprising that Mr. Urrutia's effort on this occasion is primarily important as the statement of a political figure who witnessed at first hand the unfolding of a major twentieth-century socio-political phenomenon, and secondarily as one more piece of evidence in support of those who hold that Castro "betrayed" the revolution. It is no less surprising that the major disappointment in the volume is the author's failure to offer anything better as a counterpoise to Castro than a "militant democracy" which turns out to be little more than a body of abstract doctrine sustained by huge injections of United States assistance. (Mr. Urrutia, quite naturally, does not openly assign this role to the United States, but one need not be an expert at reading between the lines to grasp what he has in mind.)

THUS, while ex-President Arévalo can and does castigate the United States, ex-President Urrutia skirts a confrontation with the multiplicity of problems poised by a democratic Cuba reliant upon the United States. And while Mr. Arévalo clashes head-on with the military police and the Church, the role of those two traditional institutions in a non-communist Cuba is not spelled out in any detail in Mr. Urrutia's formulation. The net result will be, I suspect, that the island's historically downtrodden popular masses would view Mr. Urrutia's militant democracy as a warmed-over version of the politically and bureaucratically corrupt democracy of the 1940s and early 1950s, except that it proposes a harder fight against communism.

Journalist Irving P. Pflaum has been for thirty years a reporter on Latin American affairs and has some claim to particular competence on Castro's Cuba. But *Arena of Decision: Latin America in Crisis* lacks unity and a central theme, and is hardly the thoughtful volume that one might expect from a person with such a long intimate and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

professional association with the republics.

At times I had the impression that Mr. Pflaum was concerned first of all to warn his fellow Americans of the communist threat in Latin America. But only in his discussion of Cuba and, to a lesser extent, of Bolivia, is he at all convincing in this regard. And, of course, in the case of Cuba he is beating a dead horse.

At other times I sensed that his objective was to administer the *coup de grâce* to the State Department, but on each occasion that he set up that agency for the "kill" he has, if not in the text then in a footnote, allowed it to limp away, finally to return firm and bright-eyed in the Dominican Republic after the death of Trujillo. This places him between authors Arévalo and Urrutia on United States-Latin America relations, but closer to Mr. Urrutia. Nowhere does Mr. Pflaum give serious thought to the military police and the Church, or for that matter to the future of the Organization of American States, the Panama question, military assistance, price supports, Latin American common markets, or the role of the Latin American press in public affairs, all topics one might reasonably expect to find discussed in a general volume of this nature.

There is very little that is distinguished about Mr. Pflaum's production, but the reader might find certain of his observations interesting. I recall particularly 1) his judgment of the part that the New York *Times* and its reporter Herbert L. Matthews played in selling Castro to the United States and to the Cuban middle sectors, 2) his "massive overconfidence" thesis for explaining why the United States failed in Cuba and has supported what Mr. Pflaum apparently considers a communist-riddled administration in Bolivia, 3) his remarks on the end of the Trujillo era, which are lacking in analysis but are rich in detail, and 4) his favorable evaluation of the policy of the United States in the Dominican Republic following the death of the old tyrant Trujillo, a policy which, because of its interventionist overtones, if applied in one of the major countries of the area would be considered an affront to that nation's sovereignty, as the author must know.

I cannot in good conscience close this review without calling Mr. Pflaum's attention to the fact that by quoting Hubert Herring and Lewis Hanke out of context and then stating that they "were overwhelmed with gratitude for Trujillo" he has done a serious injustice to two highly regarded scholars who have devoted much of their lives to improving understanding between Latin America and the United States.

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

By Elmer Davis. Edited by Robert Lloyd Davis. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

Archeology, Anthropology

From the Silent Earth: A Report on the Greek Bronze Age. By Joseph Alsop. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Art

Chinese Monumental Art. Text by Peter Swann. Photographs by Claude Arthaud and François Hébert-Stevens. Viking. $16.

Crime, Suspense

Up for Grabs. By A. A. Fair. Morrow. $3.50.

Virgin Luck. By Laurence Meynell. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Current Affairs

The Fight for the Tory Leadership. By Randolph S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin. $2.65.

The Liberal Dilemma. By Harvey C. Bunke. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

The Negro Revolution in America. By Louis Harris and William Brink. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.45.

Taxpayers' Hayride. By Julius Duscha. Little, Brown. $6.

Essays

Alms for Oblivion: Essays by Edward Dahlberg. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.50.

The Poet and the Politician and Other Essays. By Salvatore Quasimodo. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

Fiction

Convention. By Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, II. Harper & Row. $4.95.

The Enchantress. By Guy Bolton. Doubleday. $4.95.

A Fair Day's Work. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Sloane. $3.50.

Knight's Honor. By Roberta Gellis. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Loser. By Borden Deal. Doubleday. $5.95.

Maulever Hall. By Jane Aiken Hodge. Doubleday. $4.95.

My Brothers, Remember Monica. By Patricia McGerr. Kenedy. $4.50.

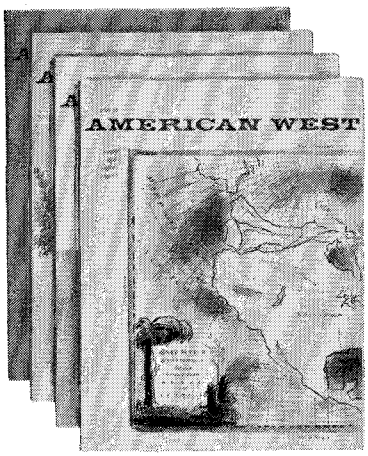
Wagons West. By Leslie Turner White. Doubleday. $4.50.

History

Legion of Strangers: The Vivid History of a Unique Military Tradition—The

(*Continued on page* 134)

THE AMERICAN WEST



The Western History Association announces this distinguished new publication created to bring you, four times each year, the true history of our West in fascinating articles and regular features by leading historians, authors, and research writers. These stimulating and authoritative writings are presented in handsome 8½ x 11 volumes illustrated with large photographs and drawings, distinctively and tastefully designed.

In creating THE AMERICAN WEST the Association members decided upon a totally new illustrated publication to befit the lively writings and discoveries of the very best Western historians. They selected a distinguished Board of Editors and appointed Dr. A. Russell Mortensen of the University of Utah, with his skill for exciting presentation of accurate history, to edit it. As a result, THE AMERICAN WEST will at last bring you *America's true Western heritage in volumes that are as graphically stimulating as the writings they contain —important and worthwhile reading the educated layman, as well as the scholar, will enjoy.*

If you act now you can become a Charter Subscriber at an immediate saving—with the guarantee that you will always be able to renew at much less than the regular subscription rate.

THE AMERICAN WEST
Dept. WZ, Menlo Park, California

CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OPPORTUNITY
—void when the 2nd issue goes to press in May.

Gentlemen: I wish to become a Charter Subscriber to THE AMERICAN WEST at the special rate of $4.95 (regular rate $6) and to guarantee my right to renew at a lower-than-regular rate as long as I continue to subscribe. 4 big issues per year.

☐ $4.95 enclosed ☐ bill me

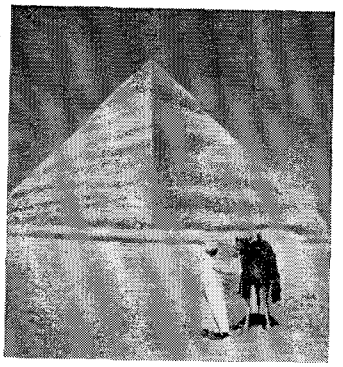
NAME

ADDRESS

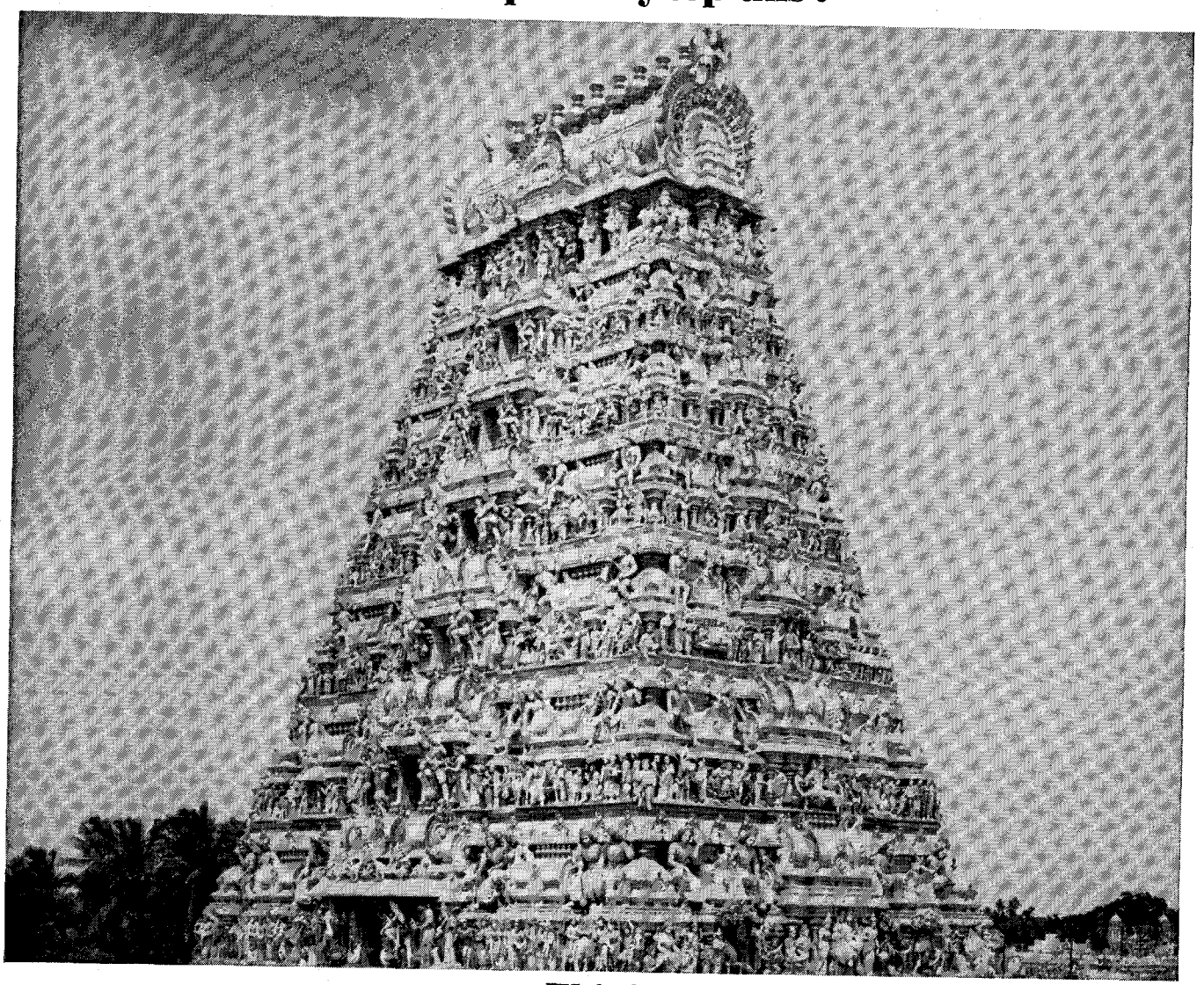
CITY

STATE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What in the world could possibly top this?



This!

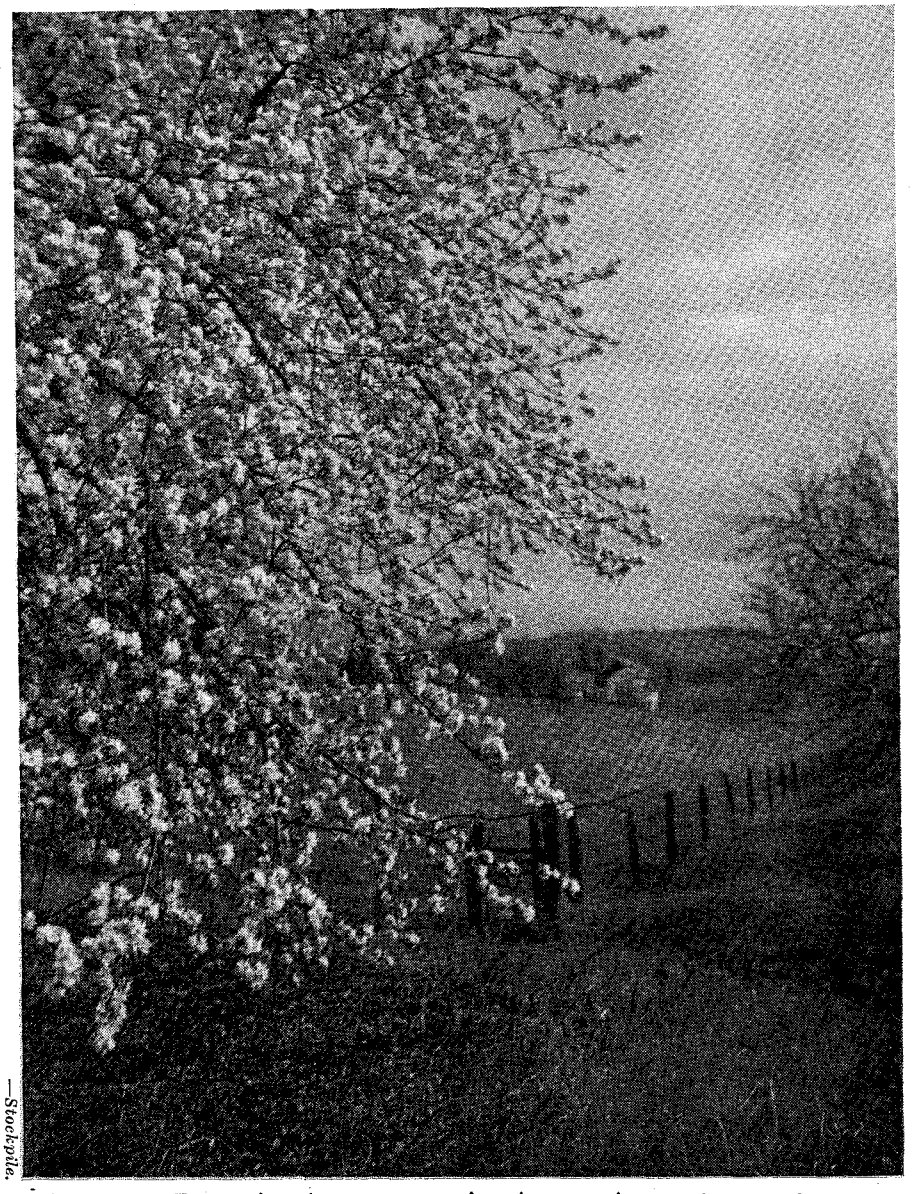
When even the geometric grandeur of the Pyramids falls flat, visit India. At Madurai, wonder again at the great Meenakshi Temple. Nine soaring towers, richly carved with figures, depict the pageant of Indian life. Meenakshi is a living symbol of India's holy traditions, the scene of never-ending religious festivals. An unexpected glory typical of India. In India you can be the pampered guest in a Maharaja's palace. Or the tranquil resident of a houseboat on a high Kashmir lake. For colorful literature about India and her modern facilities, see your Travel Agent or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

New York, 19 East 49th Street. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street W.

India

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING



—*Stackpole.*

AND THE TRAVELER

ROUGHING IT WITH THE COGNOSCENTI
By Horace Sutton 36

HIKING THE HOLY MOUNTAIN
By David MacNeil Doren 44

THE FAIR GAME
By Trevor L. Christie 48

TAKE ME OUT TO THE FAIRGROUNDS
By Patricia K. Brooks 86

BRUSH UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE
By Neville Braybrooke 92

THE BARD IN BRITAIN 95

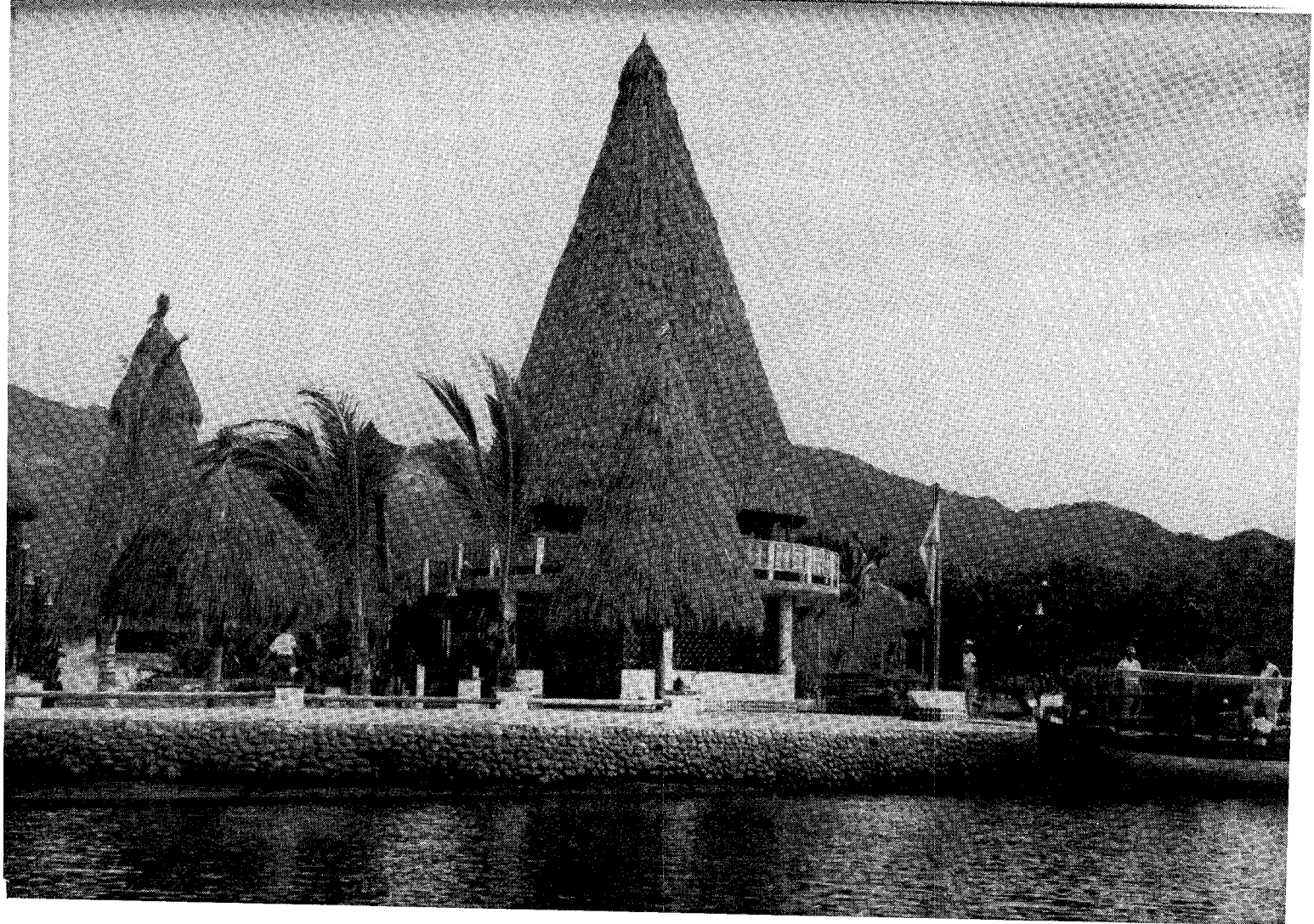
LONDON'S SHAKESPEARE YEAR 97

A SHAKESPEARE SCHEDULE
By Robert Meyer, Jr. 98

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLYMPIC TORCH-BEARER *By Fred Sparks* 100

WHERE TO SEE PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY *By Henry C. Wolfe* 104

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Puerto Vallarta—"the most unlikely resort this side of the Hindu Kush." —*H. S.*

Roughing It With the Cognoscenti

By HORACE SUTTON

THE emergence of a watering hole as a full-fledged resort of prominence and popularity depends not so much on the natural properties that are available as on who thinks the place is nifty. Newport became one of the first resorts before the American Revolution and before bathing in the ocean was thought fit for anything other than a sea lion. The social lions of New York and the planters of Carolina, neither of whom ever went near the water, found it a place of great repose and salubrity, and they also found each other's company entertaining and their interests intertwined.

Palm Beach lay at the end of Flagler's railroad line, and the first hotel that went up there wasn't on the beach at all, but on the lake. There wasn't much to do except dance the cake walk in a coconut grove on Sunday afternoons, and be rolled about, on other occasions when ennui set in, aboard a device called an Afromobile that was pedaled by a tireless colored man who sat in back. Case histories in our time have included Sun Valley in an unhandy corner of Idaho, which was promoted by the late Steve Hannagan, who filled the place with the likes of Hemingway and Gary Cooper and slipped the news to the world. Or Miami Beach, whose postwar renaissance was engineered by a shrewd flack named Hank Meyer, who fought in-and-out weather, overbuilding, and Caribbean competition with Arthur Godfrey, and attracted a run of spangled talent happy to flee the frost up north and entertain for fat fees and the snobbery of at least one sensational new hotel a year.

During the summer and fall it has been positively fascinating, and also inescapable, to chart the appearance of a new resort called Puerto Vallarta on the Pacific Coast of Mexico. Even considering that Las Vegas lay on a barren desert and Palm Beach was a buggy swamp when they were discovered, Puerto Vallarta, on points, figures to be the most unlikely resort this side of the Hindu Kush. Unless you count the bus, which could dislocate a vertebra if driven on a newly paved highway, and which takes eighteen hours to master the 130-mile rock-strewn roller coaster from Guadalajara, there is no way in except by air. Coming from Los Angeles, it is necessary to change planes at Mazatlán since the British jets of Compañía Mexicana de Aviación cannot manage the airport at Puerto Vallarta. There is no telephone, either inside town or connecting with the outside world, and beyond the sidewalks of two short streets, the streets are a path of jagged cobbles.

Besides, Mexico already has Acapulco, and Acapulco has two Hilton hotels, five Balsa hotels, rooms with private swimming pools, nightclubs with divers jumping off cliffs carrying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portofino, Italy. Pan Am's new 14-21 day ticket to Rome costs only $446, round trip from New York

Let Pan Am's Experience be your traveling companion to Europe

Flying Pan Am to Europe is like traveling with an experienced friend.

Pan Am has been building its experience, world-wide, for more than three decades. You can sense this fact every moment of your trip. It's *there*—in the ticket office, at the terminal and in the air.

Pan Am makes the planning of an itinerary easy, too. You have the widest choice of transatlantic flights. You can leave from any one of 15 U.S. cities. You can fly direct to any one of 25 European cities (no other airline offers you half that many).

What about your fare? Less than ever before—thanks to the latest in a long line of Pan Am reductions. First-class reduced 21%. Basic Jet economy reduced 20%. And 14-21 day Jet economy reduced 14%. (All fares† available year 'round, with certain exceptions during peak travel periods.) See your Pan Am Travel Agent or call Pan Am for details.

Wherever you fly, you'll enjoy Pan Am's Priceless Extra of Experience—the world's best traveling companion.

†Effective April 1, 1964.

PAN AM

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

First on the Atlantic First in Latin America
First on the Pacific First 'Round the World

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Across the surf-washed sands of Waikiki Beach the tradewinds carry the gentle melody of an Island song.

The Islands of

HAWAII

...just a wish away

Scenic beauty surrounds you here in our happy land, just 4½ hours by jet, 4½ days by ship from the West Coast. You'll want to see all our islands—Hawaii, Maui and Kauai are only minutes from Honolulu. On each you'll find pleasantly sunny skies, modern accommodations, plus that special friendliness that makes Aloha the world's favorite word of welcome.

HAWAII AT THE FAIR: Visit the beautiful Hawaii Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, beginning in April, and preview the charms of the Islands.

See your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. K-4, Honolulu, Hawaii for colorful folder • Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flaming torches, and Teddy Stauffer, Hedy Lamarr's ex-husband, entertaining the blue-suede-shoe set in the mirror-lined suites of his tennis club.

Puerto Vallarta had been ferreted out earlier by the cognoscenti of California, notably those equipped with an inverse standard who looked at the crummy rooms, slapped at the bugs, doctored their dysentery, and said, "This is for us." Something similar must have been expressed by John Huston, the motion picture director, who chose it, or at least an even more unapproachable place nearby called Mismaloya, for the filming of Tennessee Williams's *The Night of the Iguana*.

The appearance of the company down there might have passed over with nothing more than the usual filmland frenzy had it not been for the curious cast that was assembled. As everyone in range of the public prints knows by now, they included Ava Gardner, fresh from retirement in Spain; Richard Burton, fresh from triumphs on the Nile; and somebody called Sue Lyon fresh from her role as Lolita, a slip of a fictional girl who had misunderstood the axiom about early to bed. There was also Deborah Kerr, and she was there with Peter Viertel, who was once a great friend of Gardner's. And also Michael Wilding, who is agent for Burton, who was there with Elizabeth Taylor, who was once married to Wilding. If you have everyone in place, let us proceed.

Huston gave the principals gold- or silver-plated Derringers, I've forgotten which, and the action was under way. The events that followed were witnessed and recorded by a press corps that seemed at times to approximate the number of chroniclers on hand for those two great events of recent human history, the invasion of Normandy and the reincarnation of Cleopatra. Schulberg came down from the north doing a piece on the movies for *Life* and fell asunder of some damp evenings with the leading personalities. *Time* viewed the proceedings through a telescope turned the wrong way, put on its white gloves, and between shudders of revulsion delivered itself of a paper or two on the vile mores of Those People. *Show* sent Helen Lawrenson south (she called it all a "tempestuous philliloo"), spread an open-pored, stubble-strewn picture of Burton across its January cover. Even polite *Sunset*, the magazine of the West, which wouldn't take a stand on vanilla custard, ventured a suggestion. "Puerto Vallarta is changing," it headlined, ". . . perhaps you should hurry."

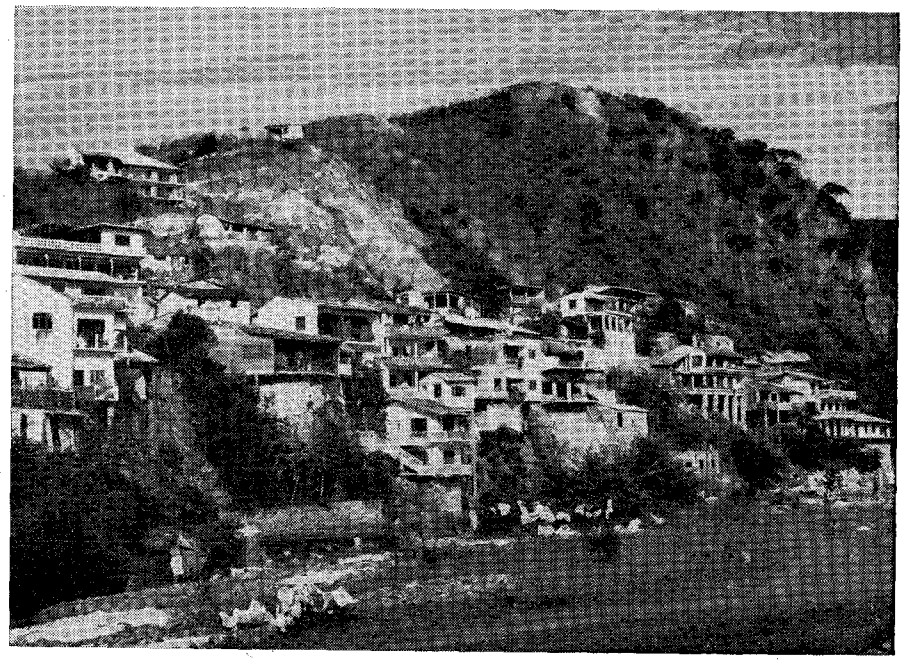
The advice seemed pretty good to me. As one intimately concerned with resorts a near score of years, I was watching a playland emerge into world limelight without ever having been there. I might as well have called myself Hanson Baldwin and stayed home from a war.

Government travel offices customarily aid writers, particularly travel writers, with such on-location details as hotel reservations and guides. This courtesy has only recently been recognized by the Mexicans, who, with the growth of the tourist industry, now have not merely one official tourist agency but two. The first is the arm of the government, and the second, referred to as the Consejo, comes under the general aegis of former president Miguel Alemán. Both have main offices in Mexico City and both have bureaus abroad. Having traveled under the protection of the government agency on previous occasions, I threw my lot this time with the Consejo, which passed me along to an office in Mexico City filled with girls who were enormously occupied whispering last night's gossip to each other and with one clerk who spent twenty-two minutes by the clock clipping and buffing his nails. The dervish assigned to me was on the phone all that time making arrangements for my penetration of little-known Mexico.

Some nights later the airline known as Mexicana put me down at the airport at Puerto Vallarta. The guide service so carefully arranged by the Consejo had failed to materialize. As for my hotel, the Paraíso, which had been picked with some care by the Consejo, here there were some complications. It seemed that it was by popular vote the worst in town and had for some time been closed by the administration because it failed to live up to minimum standards.

The film company had concluded its sojourn in town only a few days before, and it was possible once more to find a chance hotel room. I fell in with some newly found friends and turned up a spare room at the Posada de la Selva, an establishment that is not near the airport, is not in town, and is not on the beach, admittedly a rare combination for a resort. I fell asleep, or at least I fell down, under a canopy of mosquito nets and was lulled to wonderland by the sweet braying of jackasses who roamed the street under my window.

There is a telephone that hangs on the wall of the front desk at the Posada de la Selva, but it, alas, connects only to the kitchen. To get a taxi the hotel must dispatch a runner to wherever it is that cabs nest. Vallarta is spread across the twenty-four-mile mouth of the Bahía de Banderas. One of the earliest of the important hotels was the Tropicana, whose 120 rooms were slapped together in 1957. You can tell at a glance that the decor is more suggestive of Montgomery Ward than Guy Roup. Pale green headboards stand against rose-colored walls, and the water in the shower splashes, with precious little ceremony, on the floor. However, the pool is pleasant and the dining room hangs over the sand. The action is on the beach, all right, for the hotel is next door to a restaurant called La Palapa and another fetching place named El Dorado, a snack shop that sets up its tiled tables, woven chairs, and thatched umbrellas on the beach itself. Nellie's Shop sells an assortment



Where the elite meet—"Could Hilton be far behind?" —*H. S.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Street scene in Puerto Vallarta—paths of jagged cobbles.

of handsome things for beachwear, particularly shirts in brilliant Mexican colors, slacks with loosely embroidered see-through sides, and conical hats with snippets of bright-colored ribbons erupting from the peak.

I was assured that Taylor herself wears the slacks with nothing to interrupt the design of the embroidery. The shirts, I am devastated to report, reminded me of nothing so much as the hectographs we used to make in science class. Apply a kind of purple ink and the hectograph would make copies on anything. The shirts in P.V. work that way, too, imprinting themselves on chests, bare arms, and, irrevocably, on white slacks. Anybody who knows how to make them color-fast may kindly write to me, not Heloise. I will be equally thankful to learn how to get red Mexican dye out of white Italian slacks.

The other beach, called Playa de Oro, is a scant three kilometers from the airport and four from town. It is newer and less developed, but its heyday is at hand. The Hotel Playa de Oro comes right down to the sand. If you're in one of the old bungalows you can open your door and walk right out on the beach, an arrangement I vastly appreciate. A tropical bar, creeping with turtle-shell decorations, is on the sand's edge, too. Here the rates for two are $18 a day, not including lunch, about the same as the Tropicana.

The transformation of Puerto Vallarta from a backwater Bohemia to a proper spa has begun at the new Posada Vallarta, a formal and handsome hotel that has opened alongside the Playa de Oro. Its 140 rooms have been strung along three tiers, all of them looking over a lush grassy lawn, the first controlled vegetation I recall seeing in P.V. It is, otherwise, a mass of arches and small plazas, and with its faithful use of bricks and stucco, ironwork and tile, could well be set down on a beach of the Costa Brava. Its manager, formerly of the Lido Beach Club in Long Island and later with the Riviera Hotel in Puerto Rico, is Morton Sunshine. After all, if a theatrical agent can do business, as a famous one does, under the name of Danny Hollywood, why not a resort manager named Morton Sunshine?

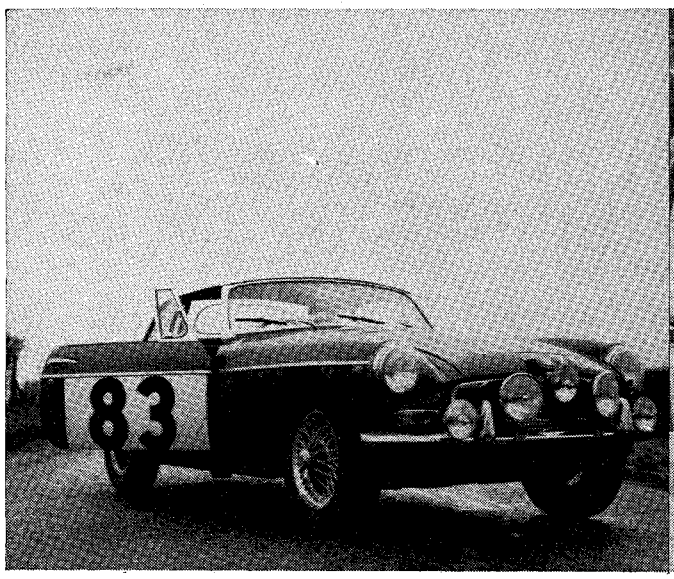
In between Playa de Oro and Los Muertos, the beach of the Tropicana, lies the metropolis of Puerto Vallarta, which first began to rustle when the DC-3s made their initial landings here in 1954. The first hotel in town was the Océano, which is still a respectable establishment, done up in tile shingles on the roof and leather chairs in the courtyard. It is also decorated, when they are in town, with Burton and Taylor. The major decorations were all in place the day I dropped in and, gathered in the patio, were celebrating Burton's divorce, which had come through that day. There were waves of rumors rolling across town and washing up on the Océano's bar that insisted Burton had bought Casa Kimberly, the house they had been occupying, and that they would get married there.

Nellie has another branch in the Océano, and the rest of town is honeycombed with handsome little boutiques that one sees in the Greek Islands and along the Côte d'Azur. Along the Malecón, which rims the Pacific, the fishing boats that go out for marlin and sail were resting from the day at sea. Panting, too, on the cobbled road, was a bloated tin tank with an engine in front—the bus just in from Guadalajara. The waiters were beginning to set the tables at the Restaurant del Mar, which serves anything from charcoal-broiled lobster to corned beef and cabbage, but is very good at spiced cactus, stuffed chilis, Mexican sausages, and abalone cocktails. Huston had fled, presumably in the direction of Ireland, where he took out citizenship; Ava had taken her green eyes and her feisty temperament back to Spain; Tennessee had gone back to Broadway where he displays his works, or Key West where he manufactures them; Sue Lyon had gotten married and hopefully would now have time to finish high school; and the workers who had been lured away by the movie company could now go back to finishing the Posada Vallarta. *The Night of the Iguana* had come down, but for Vallarta, now notorious, the day was just adawning. If the Bohemians were wringing their hands and looking for new discomforts in yet-undiscovered hideaways, could Hilton be far behind?

Beach at Puerto Vallarta—and waves of rumors, too.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4 reasons why this MGB swept the grand touring category at Monte Carlo

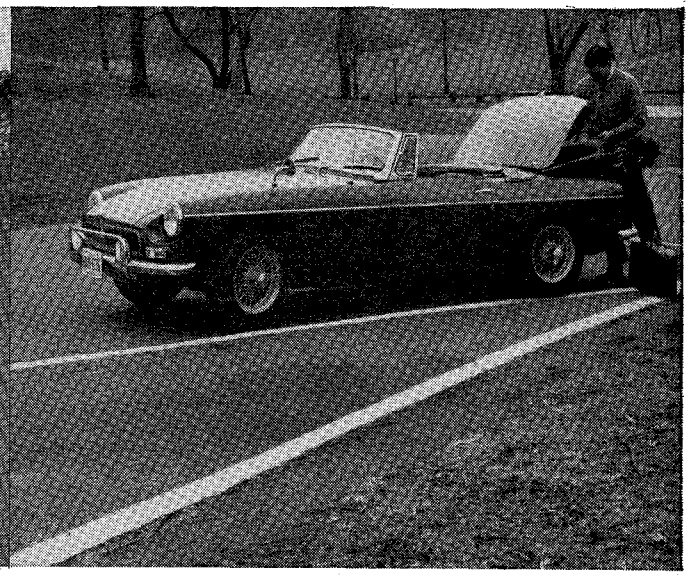


1 The MGB is a professional sports car. MGs have been racing and winning since 1925, because professional equipment is dedicated to perfection —whether it be golf clubs, skis, shot guns or sports cars. Racing creates perfection. It is tough and selective. It has made us professionals.

We know very few buyers of MGs will race, but having a real sports car under you is a joy . . . even if you only use it to drive down to the station in the morning.

2 The driving team. The Monte Carlo Rally is 2700 miles long, and the strain on the drivers is incredibly tough. The Morley Twins are real pro's. They have to be. Amateurs couldn't possibly win.

You'll probably never develop their keen sense of competition while going to the station, but just driving an MGB will put you in a great frame of mind to face the day.



3 "Safety Fast" Speed incurs an obligation...safety. Our creed holds that the builder of a fast car must at the same time build the safest car that skill and experience can turn out. The MGB's 1798 c.c., four-cylinder engine develops 98 B.H.P. and has a top speed of 110 mph. Its huge racing-type disc brakes will stop you in six seconds at that speed.

But "Safety Fast" means more than just stopping power. It means building a car that "keeps its feet on the ground". . . one that is free of the vicious, unpredictable tricks which careless design can permit. It means—in essence—building a car you can trust.

4 Comfort. Roll-up windows . . . padded dash . . . tight-fitting convertible top . . . and a trunk so roomy you can stow your golf clubs in it. Comfort like this was also a deciding factor in MGB's Monte Carlo win—2700 miles is a gruelling distance, and even a pro likes comfort.

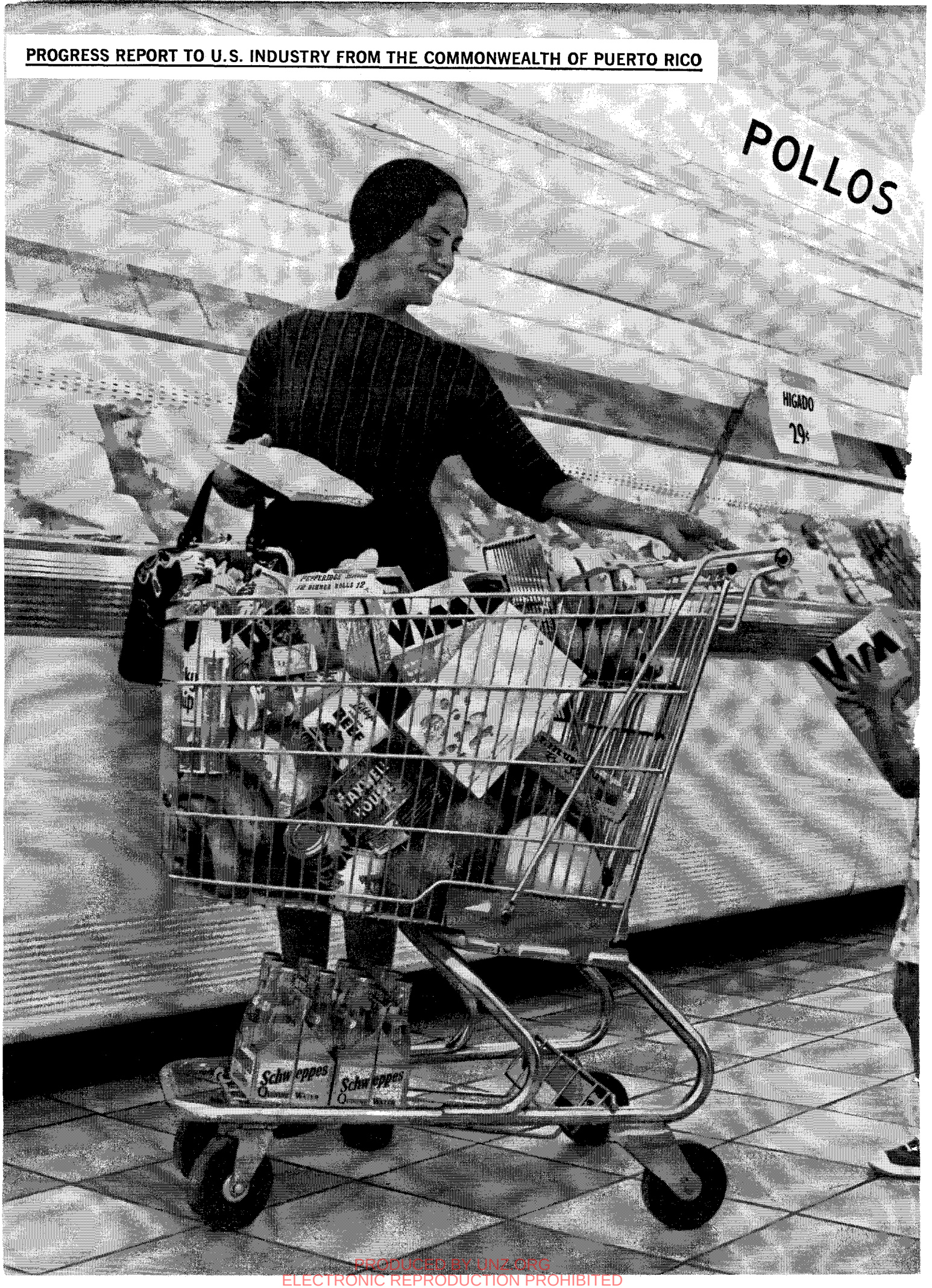
Comfort and convenience are what makes the MGB such an outstanding family car. You can pop both kids in the back seat, load the beach gear in the trunk, and hit the road in style. You'll get up to 30 miles a gallon, and the MGB is so ruggedly built that there's a minimum of maintenance to worry about. Next MGB you see on the highway, take a look at the driver's expression. You'll see what we mean.

MG

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. S-13, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Last year, Puerto Rico spent $1 billion for U.S. products

(more than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined)

NOTE the familiar products in our photograph. Our young housewife could be shopping in almost any U. S. supermarket. But look again. The *signs* on the freezer cabinet are in Spanish—for this is the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, America's fifth largest customer.

> *Last year, Puerto Rico bought more goods from the U. S. mainland than 13 countries of Latin America combined. Even more than the entire continent of rapidly developing Africa.*

Only Canada, Japan, West Germany and the United Kingdom rank ahead of Puerto Rico as U. S. markets. On a per capita basis, the Commonwealth is our best customer. Each person in Puerto Rico buys an average of $400 worth of U. S. goods annually—almost *twice as much* as each person in second-place Canada.

Last year, the people of the Commonwealth paid $25.4 million for U. S. dairy products, $65 million for automobiles and parts, $42 million for textiles and clothing, nearly $12 million for cigarettes. *Plus* dozens of other items. Grand total: *a billion dollars' worth of products from the U. S. mainland.*

All sections of U. S. reap benefits

The income from these purchases was spread throughout the states. The South received $288 million. The Midwest received $255 million. East Coast states, $256 million. California, Washington and Oregon, $93 million.

Why is Puerto Rico such a big customer? Because the Commonwealth's economy is flourishing. This is largely the result of "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico's industrialization program. During the past decade, almost 1,000 factories have started operation in the Commonwealth. And new plants are continuing to open at the astonishing rate of *three a week.*

Wouldn't prospering Puerto Rico be a good place to make your products, too?

This is one in a series of reports to U. S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits, and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 104J, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIKING THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

By DAVID MACNEIL DOREN

IT WAS mid-December when I set out to hike around the precipitous cape at the end of Mount Athos. Athos is a peninsula, some thirty miles long, extending into the northern Aegean from the mainland of the Chalcidice; in Greece it is generally referred to as "The Holy Mountain"—"Holy" because it is believed to be a sacred garden, reserved by the Virgin Mary; "Mountain" because hardly a foot of the entire peninsula is on level ground, and the spinal range culminates, near the tip, in the sheer limestone peak of Athos, 6,670 feet above the sea, dominating the entire scene like the icy pinnacles in Byzantine icons.

A small freighter had brought me as a deck passenger from Salonika to the tiny port of Daphne on the west coast of Athos. From there I had hiked up to Karyes, capital of the semi-independent monastic preserve (Athos is self-governing in ecclesiastical matters, but subject to Greek civil law). At the imposing stone building of the Assembly of Monks I had presented myself to an official for an exchange of credentials: in return for my letter of introduction from the Salonika Tourist Police, I was given a document with Byzantine lettering entitling me to receive hospitality in any of the twenty ruling monasteries and twelve dependencies.

I had used this document at several major monasteries, walking slowly from one to the other or taking the little open boats that ply up and down the coasts of Athos, carrying monks, fishermen, woodcutters, and their cargoes from the mainland. At Iviron, down by the sea on the northeast coast, facing blue Thasos in the hazy distance, I had enjoyed a December plunge into the clear sea near the beach where, according to legend, the Virgin Mary landed after her ship had been blown off course (she was sailing to Cyprus to see Lazarus). The idols in the pagan temple admitted their falseness and smashed themselves to bits, and the Virgin declared that henceforth Athos was to be her garden and forbidden to other women. (This is the basis of the Athos ban on women, which extends also to female animals, except for hens and cats. The rule has been strictly enforced for the last thousand years, with only a few minor lapses such as the desecration of Athonian soil by female Communist guerrillas during the Civil War, and an incursion by a French lady journalist disguised as a man, who later wrote a book about her experience.)

IT was while approaching the venerable monastery of Vatopedi that I first understood the significance of Mount Athos today. Our boat nosed in for a landing at the little stone jetty; suddenly I looked up and saw, high above, Vatopedi's massive walls and towers and moss-covered rooftops, cream and gray and rosy-pink in the warm afternoon light. It was a vision from the past, a walled town rising from the sea, and it brought home to me in a striking way the other-worldliness of Athos. It is medieval in form and spirit, a living relic of Byzantium, a tenth-century enclave in the twentieth century. Its monasteries are self-contained villages; they raise their own food, and the monks do most of the work themselves: picking olives, harvesting wheat and grapes, treading the grapes into wine, distilling their own *raki*, pressing their own oil. Their great storage vaults hold supplies sufficient to withstand several sieges; their heavy gates close at sunset and open at sunrise just as they did in the Middle Ages. Even time is reckoned differently: they keep to the old Julian calendar, thirteen days behind our Gregorian; and at sunset each day most of the monasteries set their clocks at twelve.

Mount Athos flowered during the Second Golden Age of Byzantium. The Eastern imagination expressed itself in fanciful, often fantastic towers and chapels and gates, usually built with the help of slaves. The Empire declined, but Athos remained the same despite raids by Latin crusaders and Saracen pirates; even after the fall of Constantinople itself, the Turks left Athos unmolested. The monks carefully guarded their treasures: gold and silver crosses, crowns, and scepters; ceremonial robes and silks; libraries full of illuminated manuscripts, old Slavic texts, and Byzantine liturgies. During the Late Byzantine Renaissance, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, its chapels and refectories were covered with glowing murals by masters of the Cretan and Macedonian schools. Miraculously, all survived. Today there are few novices, and the monastic population is down to 2,000—but it is still there.

The treasuries and libraries are there, waiting to be seen by any visitor with a little patience—for the monks are never in a hurry to display their riches. First one must show an interest, win their confidence, not betray undue haste. The monks' scale of values is religious, not esthetic; an icon is esteemed because of its spiritual significance and the miracles it has wrought, not because it happens to be artistically appealing or painted by some mere sinner with a famous name.

TODAY the visitor on Athos is welcomed with unvarying hospitality. The ritual is the same everywhere on the mountain: the newcomer is invited to sit down in the guest reception room, and then he is served a tray on which are a glass of *ouzo* (aniseed liqueur), a spoonful of jam, and a glass of water. Next he is shown to the guest quarters, where he usually occupies an iron cot in a room with several other beds. Later, the guestmaster serves him meals; the food is plain but ample and good, if one is prepared to adapt oneself to such unaccustomed fare as I had on my first night: a plate of cold spinach, swim-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ming in olive oil and garnished with garlic. I poked it with my fork, and a tentacle emerged from its hiding place beneath: a stewed octopus was lurking there. I speared the monster and commenced to devour it; it was delicious.

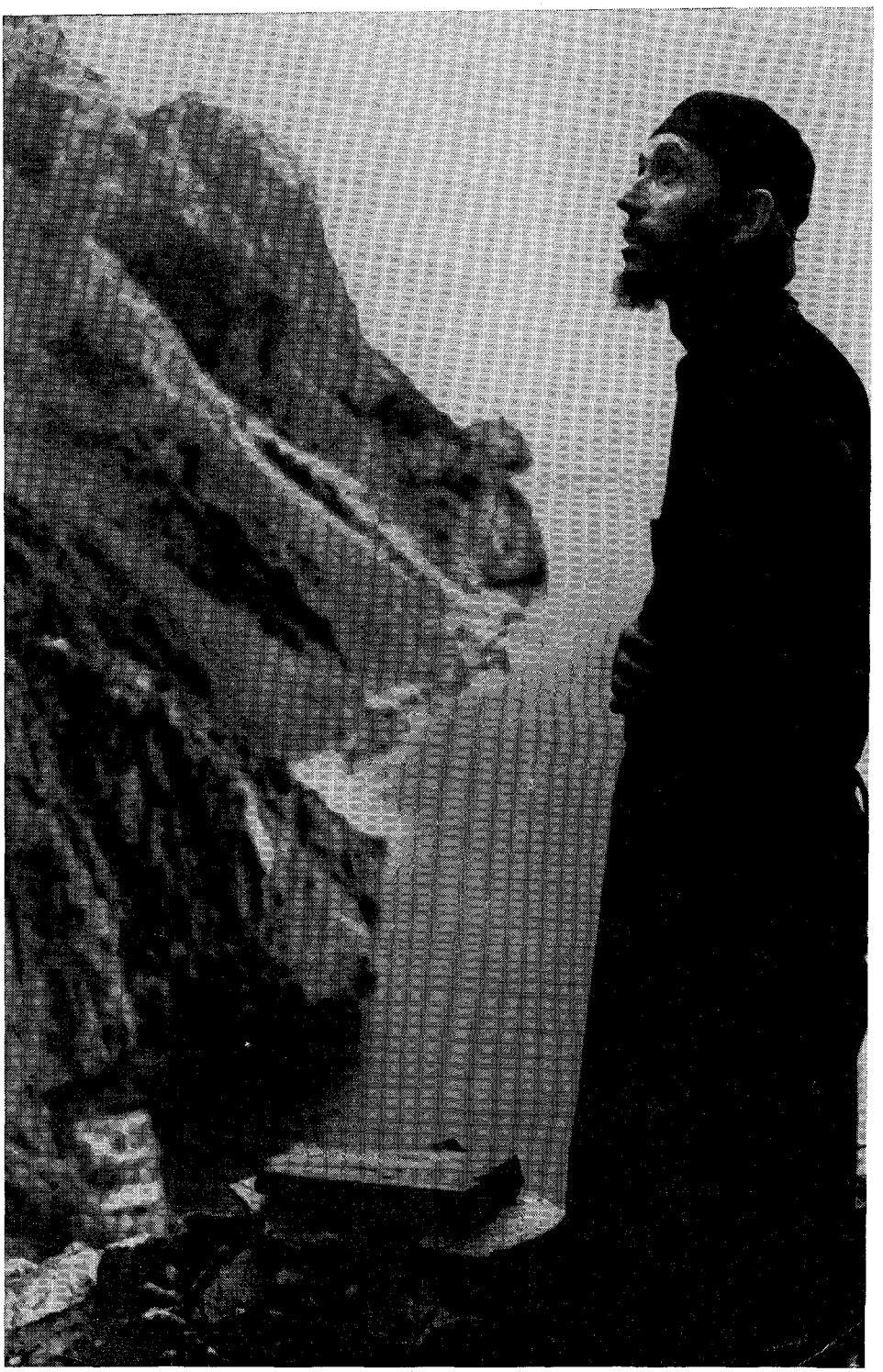
Traveling at a leisurely pace, as the spirit of the place demands, I worked my way gradually around the Mountain, until one day I found myself in an open boat heading toward the tip of the peninsula, with ever-changing views of the snow-flecked peak of Athos and one monastery after another rising in dramatic silhouette against the dark hillsides along the shore.

Great Lavra, oldest of them all, loomed grey and weatherbeaten, as imposing as a bearded patriarch, on a hill high above the rocky harbor where we landed. Its first stones were carried up the steep path from the beach to the promontory 1,000 years ago, in 963 A.D., by Saint Athanasios of Trebizond, the founder. (The anniversary of this event was celebrated all last year on the Holy Mountain.)

As I toiled up the path to the gates of Lavra, the resonant notes of a mallet on a wooden *semantron* (sounding board) announced vespers. Passing through the great gates, I crossed the yard—its stones worn smooth by centuries of shuffling monks' feet—and entered the church. It was an intimate, cozy, womblike structure, a dark haven inhabited by bearded, black-robed figures huddled in wooden stalls in hidden corners. From somewhere within came a steady chanting of the Byzantine liturgy. A monk with a silver censer clanged about, giving everyone a whiff of incense. Others moved around, creaky-shoed, kissing their favorite icons. This was their true home, where they spend hours every morning and evening at the prayers that are their main occupation.

My plan was to spend a day at Lavra and then take another boat around the point of Athos to the other coast. But that night a big storm blew up, and no boats were able to get around the dangerous cape. For three days the storm continued, and the monks told me cheerful tales of sudden onslaughts of cold, of six-foot snowdrifts in the courtyard and guests marooned for the winter. After spending Christmas Day there (although it was only December 12 by the Athos calendar), I decided to walk around the end of the mountain—a long and difficult trek over country inhabited only by jackals, rabbits, eagles, and a few hermits.

It was a spectacular walk, with the sea half a mile below and to my left, and the outlines of islands far away: Thasos, Limnos, Samothrace; always the peak of Athos was high above on the right hand, icy and remote. For part



—Photos by David MacNeil Doren.

Hermit monk of Mount Athos—"free from the crushing burden of material things."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the way I had the company of two woodcutters and their mules; without them I would surely have lost the trail, unmarked as it was, in this wilderness of scrub. When we parted they pointed to the left, toward what appeared to be a sheer cliff dropping into the sea, and assured me that it was the trail. I scrambled down the incredibly steep pathway, slipping and sliding most of the way.

Breathless and tired, I finally dropped down into a substantial skete (dependency of a monastery) perched on a few feet of level ground above still more cliffs. Monks and a laborer were hard at work, rebuilding and modernizing their house. On its broad veranda I collapsed into a cane chair and allowed the friendly brothers to serve refreshments while I enjoyed an eagle's-eye view of the Aegean. A young monk brought a glass of wine, and when I commented on how good it was he replied—by word and gesture—that he had picked the grapes himself, carried them up the hill, and crushed them into wine with his bare feet.

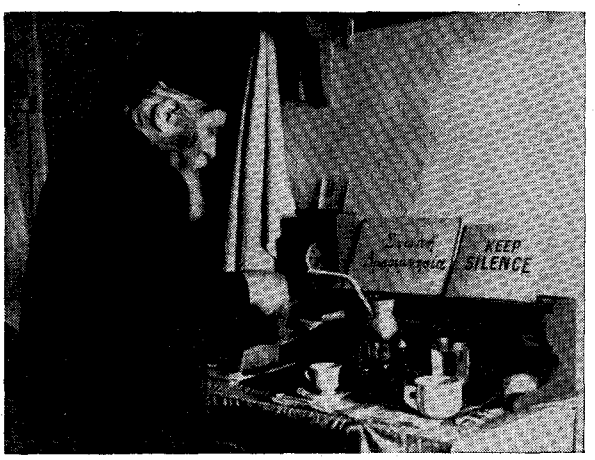
Perched on the precipice below this skete is the most fantastic settlement of Mount Athos, the community of cliff-dwelling hermits known as Karoulia ("the Pulleys" in Greek, so called because the hermits must haul their food up from boats with rope and tackle). Despite the darkening shadows of late afternoon, and high wind and light rain that had come up, I was determined to go farther down and to meet some of the cliff-dwellers; so, after a little rest, I started down again. At one point the trail was little more than a foot wide, with the sea directly below and nothing but rocks above. In the steepest places there were fixed chains and ropes which greatly facilitated my giddy descent.

At last, on a ledge among the cliffs about 150 feet above the sea, I came upon a rude shack. A monk in his mid-thirties—practically a boy in this country of old men—invited me in and offered me figs and coffee. The two small rooms were neat and snug. He informed me that this was the settlement's library, and he showed me his typesetting outfit, used for labeling the pitifully small collection of books.

There were more chains and shacks still farther down, but darkness and rain dictated that I should start up. The chains were slippery, the rocks were treacherous, but somehow I made it. Near the top I investigated another, relatively easier trail to the right and quite by accident stumbled upon Father Nikon's house. He stood before me, extending a gnarled hand and welcoming me in flawless Oxford English: a very old and bent man with a long beard and a dirty cloak, standing on the rickety balcony of a shack—a former man of the world, a Russian, cultured, fluent in many languages.

"We see so very few foreigners here," he said as he ushered me into the house. "Oh, dear, I am afraid you will find it primitive. Visitors usually do, especially Americans; they can't understand how one can live like this."

We went through a narrow dark passage against the cliffside at the back of the house and then emerged into the monk's "study," a crazy jumble of books, letters, papers strewn about the desk, a gallery of faded color pictures on the cracked walls, and a superb view of the sea.



Father Hilarion, who once ran a candy store in Atlanta, Georgia.

The old man showed a lively curiosity about the world and asked many questions about my travels. When I mentioned that I had recently been to Russia, he exploded: "Don't speak of that . . ." Words failed him. For a moment he only spluttered, "Don't speak of that—place—as *Russia!* That country today isn't Russia—it's the beginning of the end of the world!"

Quickly turning away from this inflammatory subject, I spoke of the peacefulness of life at Athos. "Peacefulness!" he replied, "That shows that you haven't perceived deeply the life here. It's not peaceful; we have our rivalries, our controversies and petty squabbles."

But I explained that I was referring to the quietness, the absence of cars and radios, the lack of tension, the slower pace. To this he readily agreed, "Yes, it's peaceful in that way. The air is good, too—no smoke. The modern world is sick, sick. Over the years I have observed the changes in the few visitors who have come here, Europeans and Americans. They are all sick now. I see them clearly because life here is so different. Oh, it is far more different than you can realize, during your short visit."

I left him on his balcony gazing out to sea—one of the last of a nearly extinct breed, the cultivated men of the world who renounce everything to become solitaries. Once they were numerous on the Holy Mountain, but the modern world has little understanding of or sympathy for renunciation.

Father Nikon is also one of the last of the Russians at Athos. Before the Bolshevik Revolution there were thousands of them, scattered about the Mountain in sketes and in the huge monastery of St. Panteleimon. This Russian imperialism alarmed Greek religionists, who feared they would be outnumbered and lose control. The Russians poured money into their monastic colonies, aiming at size and impressiveness; St. Panteleimon was the biggest and ugliest establishment on the Holy Mountain. Today it is a vast, nearly abandoned barracks, inhabited by a few shuffling octogenarians in high black boots and with long white beards. The visitor is entertained in a huge room lined with portraits of long-dead czars and patriarchs of the Russian church. It is a ghostly place, haunted by shapes from a Russia we know only through the pages of Tolstoy and Turgenev; visiting it is the most melancholy experience on Athos.

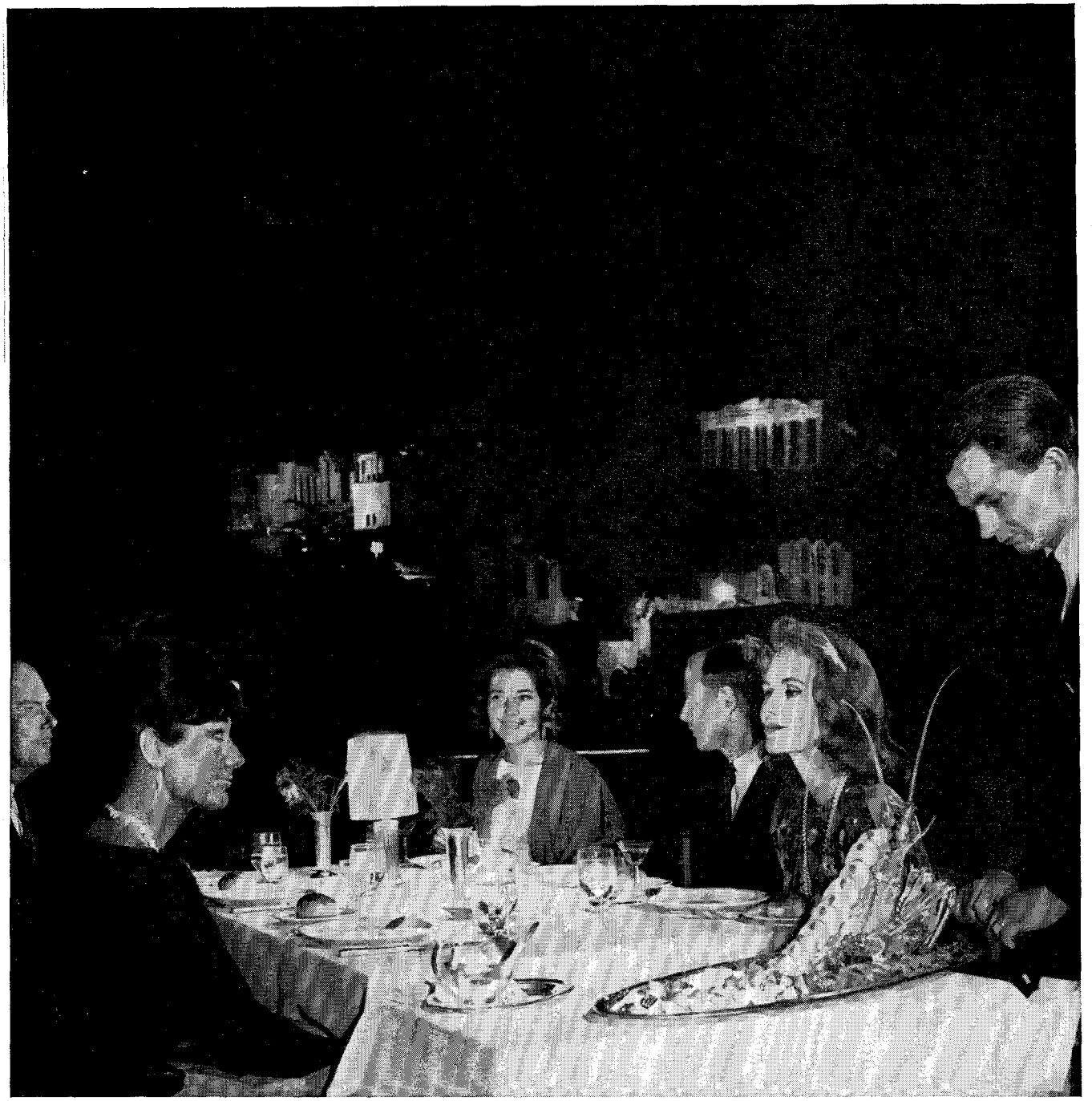
After a night at Katounakia, the skete at the top of the cliffs, I shouldered my rucksack and started walking along the coast in a northwesterly direction, having rounded the cape. The trail dipped and turned dizzily, high above the sea. Hermits' houses and miraculously terraced patches of land clung tenaciously to the wild slopes.

Rounding a bend, I came upon a magnificent panorama of the coastline extending in a serrated pattern far below, with one wind-and-mist-swept promontory after another rising steeply from the water to the peak of Athos. The astonishing settlement called St. Anne's Skete, a collection of neat stone cottages on a series of terraces ascending like steps up the mountainside, was immediately below. In the distance, on lonely eminences, stood several large monasteries. The mightiest of them, Simonos Petra, resembled the monastic skyscrapers of Lhasa in Tibet.

A pair of ragged hermits with packs on their backs came toiling up the trail. They greeted me cheerily and presented me with two small curved wooden crosses, of the sort made for sale on the mainland of Greece. A little later, the clanking of chains announced the approach of another traveler, a shaggy penitent in shackles, dragging himself

(*Continued on page* 137)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Greece, you can wine and dine like a gourmet

for just $3

Pamper your palate with suckling lamb, veal "stiphado," eggplant "moussaka." Savor the sunny wines that enhance each meal, the wines of Rhodes, Attica and the Peloponnese; and Greece's own pine-scented retsina. The many fascinating Greek delicacies combine the flavor of Europe with the succulence of the East. And Greece's restaurants offer you a host of tempting seafoods with delightfully different tangs.

Here, in a land that boasts a magnificent civilization, you can still wine and dine within the echo of the Gods—for just $3. Greece will spoil you. She offers you delightful restaurants at the foot of the Acropolis, and charming tavernas along narrow streets and country lanes. She offers you an ancient heritage, and modern accommodations. Make this your year to see Greece. For colorful brochures, write to the National Tourist Organization of Greece, 69 East 79th Street, New York 21, or see your Travel Agent soon.

GREECE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FAIR GAME

By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

FROM the Crystal Palace to Little Egypt to the Atomium, world's fairs have evolved, in a little more than a century, not merely a mystique of their own but also a rationale that defies logic. They have endured despite wars, depressions, epidemics, murder, mortal accidents, and one Presidential assassination.

The "Great Exhibition of Industry of All Nations," the first truly international exposition, held in London in 1851, had as its patron Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, who was president of the Society of Arts. Its creator was Joseph Paxton, a versatile landscape gardener and engineer. Paxton designed a huge glass structure in the shape of an African water lily exactly 1,851 feet long, 450 feet wide, and covering twenty-six acres. It made history as the Crystal Palace. The London *Times* promptly branded it the "Monstrous Greenhouse," and the experts predicted in Parliament that it would blow down in the first strong gale or, at the very least, crash on its visitors' heads.

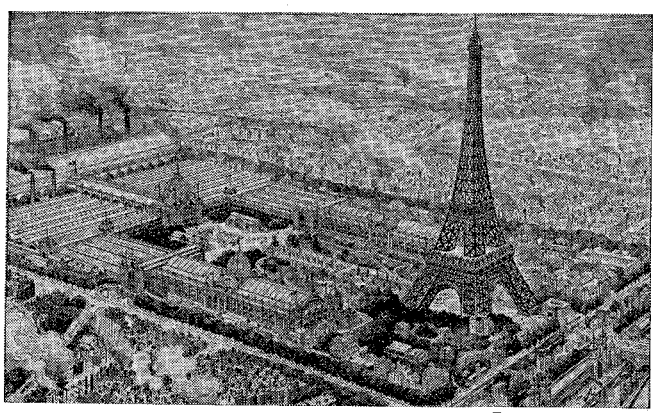
But when it opened on May Day in Hyde Park, it was a sensation and its critics were silenced. More than forty nations, including the U.S., sent their industrial and artistic treasures. There were 14,000 exhibitors in all. Although Washington gave it scant support, the American exhibits comprised McCormick's Reaper, Colt's repeating pistol, Goodyear India rubber goods, false teeth, artificial legs, coffins, and trotting sulkies. Sculptor Hiram Power's nude statue *The Greek Slave* was one of the biggest hits of the show.

The fair drew more than 6,000,000 visitors and turned a profit of $750,000, setting a precedent that has rarely been followed. (The profit went to found the Victoria and Albert Museum.) In his "Ode to the Fair," Thackeray confessed to a "thrill of love and awe." Victoria wrote of opening day that "it is a day to live forever. God bless my dear Albert, God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great today." To this day, the British have never been able to repeat their triumph of 1851.

Envious over the British success, a group of New York blue-blood businessmen, including *Tribune* Editor Horace Greeley, promoted the first world's fair on American soil in 1853. Rejecting Paxton's plans, they settled for a smaller Crystal Palace in the form of a Greek Cross, with a dome 150 feet high. They opened it on Reservoir Square in 1853, on the site of the present Bryant Park. The *Illustrated News* editorialized that the exhibition "solicits our gaze for a sweet sunprint of the glowing future," but the prospective customers disagreed. The site was way uptown from the Battery, the show failed to open on time, and a leaky roof soaked both visitors and exhibits. Only a million and a quarter patrons showed up, and the venture ended with a loss of $300,000. (A year later Greeley was clapped into the pokey in Paris on the complaint of a French sculptor who claimed the fair owed him $2,500 for art work; he passed several days writing articles until his friends freed him.)

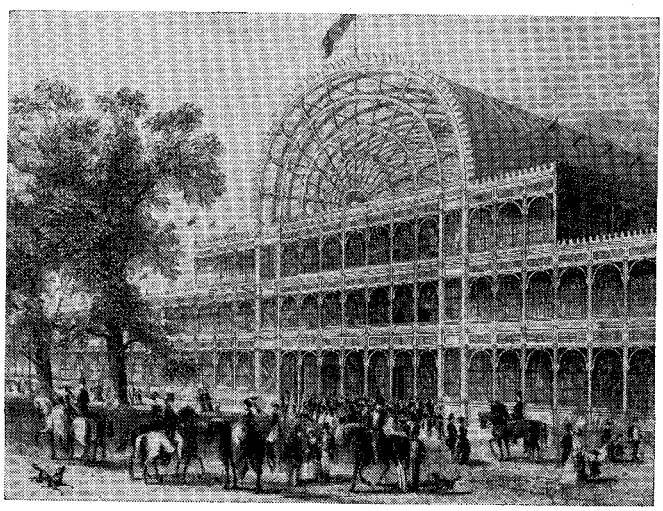
Twenty years later Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria caught the fair disease and sponsored the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of his reign. It was unique in that it brought the nations of the Occident and the Orient together for the first time on common ground: the wooded Prater on the banks of the Danube. This concept was carried out in the construction of the main building, more than half a mile in length, with every country lying west of Vienna on one side and every one to the east on the other. A British diplomat informed his government that "it was indeed a cosmopolitan city for a cosmopolitan gathering, for princes and peasants, for dwellers on the mountains or on the plains. . . ."

BUT it was not ready in time, and again everything went wrong from the start. The spring rains came in torrents, the *fiacre*-drivers went on strike, the innkeepers doubled their prices, and the service was poor at any price. Attend-



—Bettmann Archive.

Above, Eiffel Tower, Paris, 1889.



Right, Crystal Palace, London, 1851. ►

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW, AN AFRICAN SAFARI FOR THE PRICE OF A EUROPEAN TRIP

17 Exciting days for $1390.00 from New York—Air fare, everything included.

Never before has an inclusive African Safari been offered at this price. Spend 17 days touring England, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda. See the big game country, sleep under canvas at the foot of Kilimanjaro, enjoy the beauty of Africa. And at the beginning of your journey you will explore London. Your inclusive African Value Safari includes your round-trip fare by BOAC Jet, all hotel accommodations, all meals, all transfers and sight-seeing. For the adventure of your life join BOAC's African Value Safari.

Two other magnificent BOAC tours. Combine air and sea travel for truly luxurious holidays.

THE GRAND HOLY LAND, ISRAEL, EGYPT CRUISE also including the Aegean, Cyprus, Athens. 20 days for as low as $998*—all transportation, all accommodations, all tours, and most meals included.

You fly to Venice via London. In Venice you will board your ship for a leisurely cruise. You'll visit Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut, Damascus and Old Jerusalem. Then on to Tel Aviv, Haifa, Galilee. Your cruise ship then takes you through the island-dotted blue Aegean. Piraeus, the port of Athens. And Athens itself. You travel First Class aboard ship. All departures are guaranteed. Depending on your sailing date, from Athens you'll either continue on to Venice and Milan, or to Naples and Genoa. A memorable vacation with superior standards of service—both on land and sea.

THE HELLENIC CRUISE TO GREECE, TURKEY, MIDDLE EAST AND EGYPT 16 days for as low as $840—including all transportation, all accommodations, most meals, all sight-seeing, transfers, gratuities.

BOAC brings you the most famous cruise of its kind. It combines the lively activity of a gay Mediterranean Cruise with a unique cultural opportunity. Guest lecturers accompany the cruise and you may avail yourself of their cultural talks about the places you'll visit. You jet to London by BOAC, then on to Venice where you join the S.S. Ankara. Cruise to Delphi, Sparta, Mistra, Gythion, Knossos, Heraklion, Tylissos, Athens, Troy, Istanbul, Sardis, Olympia, Delos, and a host of islands in the Ionian Sea. It is a cruise you'll long remember.

You can join these tours in any of BOAC's 7 gateway cities. For complete details send in the coupon. And see your Travel Agent soon. *All tours based on the 21 day Economy Jet fare, subject to Government approval, effective Monday through Thursday April 1 through November 5, except for certain peak travel periods, and on double occupancy of rooms.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION 0054
Dept. R-61
530 5th Avenue, New York 36, N.Y. MU 7-1600

Please send me your brochures on African Value Safari ☐ Grand Holy Land Cruise ☐ Hellenic Cruise ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

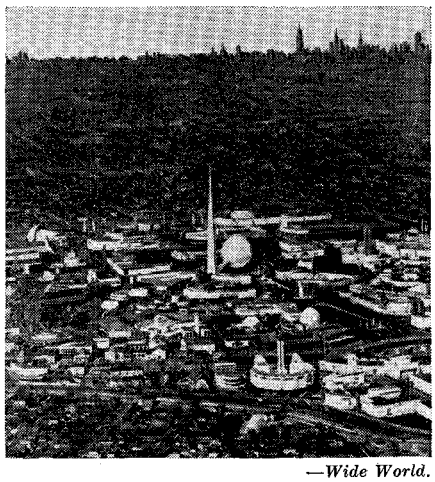
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Statue of the Republic, Chicago, 1893.

—*Wide World.*

St. Louis Exposition, 1904.



—*Wide World.*

New York World's Fair, 1939.

ance topped that of the Crystal Palace with 6,700,000 visitors, but the thrifty burghers of Austria and Germany stayed home in droves and the red ink ran in rivers. A correspondent for *Blackwood's* magazine of Edinburgh wrote that "the Emperor should have declared the exhibition open only to close it again until it had made some advance toward completion."

As the 100th anniversary of the Republic's founding neared, the City of Philadelphia picked up the fallen baton to launch the Centennial Exposition of 1876, the first successful world's fair in the U.S. The city fathers spread a "Mighty Cosmos" of sixty-seven buildings, among them a token Crystal Palace, on 236 acres in Fairmount Park. Thirty-five nations sent exhibits, and there were more than 30,000 exhibitors. Of the visitors on opening day one writer explained how "their looks of glad surprise and expressions of astonishment can easily be imagined by those who have had the good fortune to gaze upon the 'Mighty Cosmos' in all its completed perfection."

They inspected Alexander Graham Bell's telephone ("Mr. Watson, come here, I want you"), George Westinghouse's railroad air brake, Thomas Edison's telegraph, and two contraptions called the typewriter and the sewing machine. More than 8,000,000 customers trooped through the gates to set a fair record and left more than $3,500,000 in the till. But the federal government insisted on the repayment of a $1,500,000 loan, so it was a crashing financial failure. Its admirers insisted, however, that it had tended to unify the country after the Civil War, usher in the Machine Age, and offer proof that the Republic had reached its majority. Walt Whitman, in his "Song of the Exposition," blessed it as "earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping."

France regained her supremacy with five stunning expositions from 1855 to 1900, but the most memorable was that of 1889, because it produced the Eiffel Tower. It came on the centenary of the French Revolution, and it signaled the birth of modern France. Many nations were nervous about joining in the celebration of such a violent event. Like those before and after, it was laid out along both banks of the Seine from the Pont d'Iéne to the Pont des Invalides, in the heart of Paris. Engineer Gustave Eiffel reared his steel masterpiece 984 feet into the air over the Champ-de-Mars at a cost of about $1,600,000 and earned the bouquets

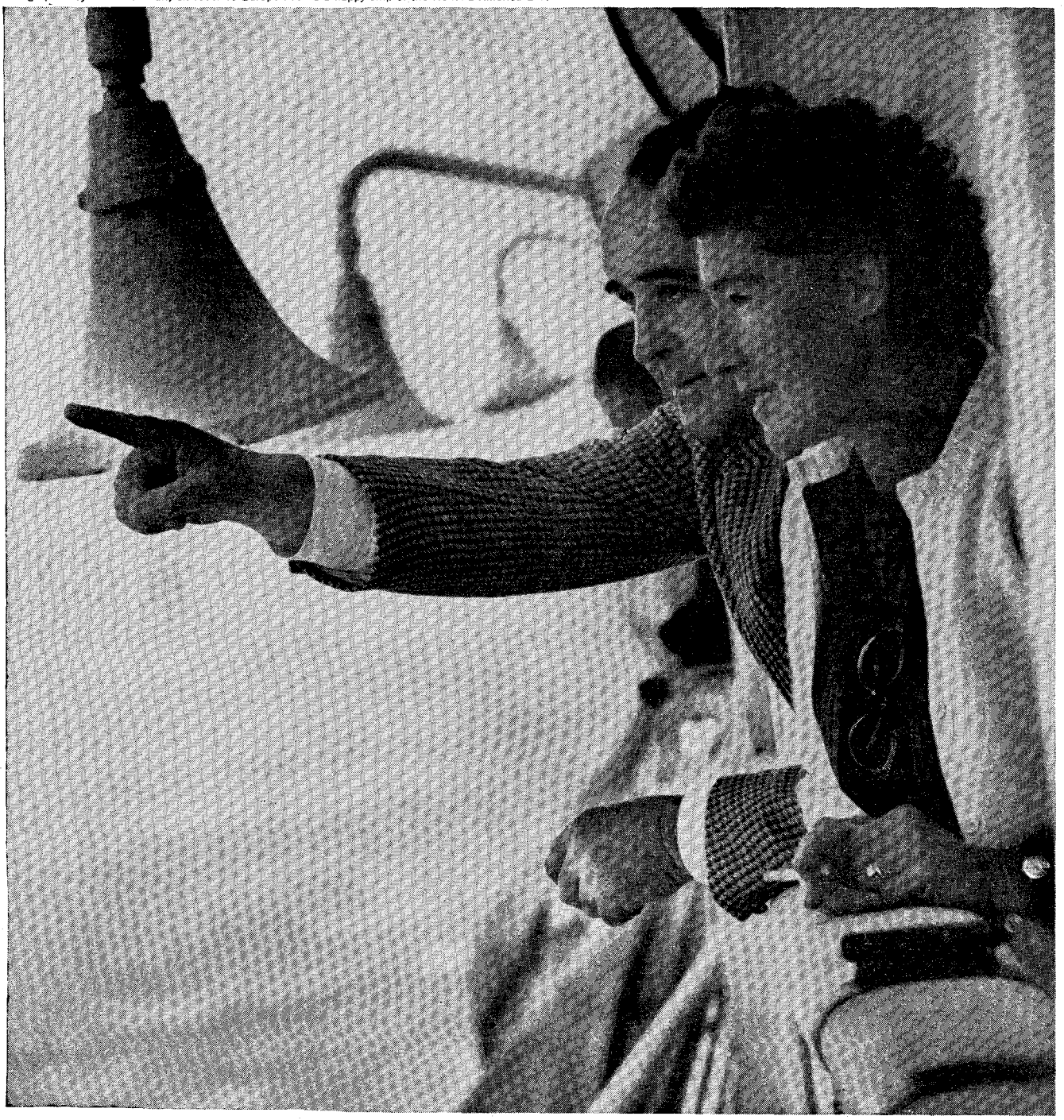
Sizing Up the World's Fairs

City	Date	Area (acres)	Number of exhibits	Attendance
London	1851	26	13,939	6,039,195
New York	1853	13	4,854	1,250,000
Paris	1855	24½	20,839	5,162,330
London	1862	24¾	28,653	6,211,103
Paris	1867	41	43,217	6,805,969
Vienna	1873	40	25,760	6,740,000
Philadelphia	1876	236	30,000	8,004,274
Paris	1878	66	52,835	16,032,725
Sydney	1879	15	9,345	1,117,536
Melbourne	1880	20	12,792	1,330,279
London	1886	13	—	5,550,745
Paris	1889	72	61,722	32,350,297
Chicago	1893	686	65,000	21,477,212
Paris	1900	336	80,000	39,000,000
Buffalo	1901	350	3,500	8,304,073
Glasgow	1901	—	—	11,559,649
St. Louis	1904	1,240	70,000	12,804,000
Liège	1905	173	16,119	7,000,000
London	1908	140	13,500	8,396,673
Brussels	1910	200	—	4,196,939
San Francisco	1915	635	80,000	13,127,103
Wembley	1924-25	200	—	27,102,498
Philadelphia	1926	450	—	5,852,783
Paris	1931	500	12,000	33,500,000
Chicago	1933-34	424	—	39,052,236
Brussels	1935	375	9,000	26,000,000
Paris	1937	250	11,000	34,000,000
New York	1939-40	1,216½	100,000	44,932,978
London	1951	—	—	18,000,000
Brussels	1958	500	17,000	41,454,412
Seattle	1962	74	—	9,639,969
New York	1964-65	646	—	—

—From Frederick P. Pittera, *The Art and Science of International Fairs and Exhibitions,* as published in *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographed by Farrell Grehan, en route to Europe aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line



Can you really unwind aboard Holland-America? Ask the Richardsons.

George Richardson is a New York stockbroker. Anyone who's been following the market recently knows that by the time he started his vacation he really needed it.

"After one hour stretched out in a deck chair, Margaret and I agreed that we'd found our spot," he said. "Our decision to start our European tour by loafing across the Atlantic was the best one we've ever made. I feel great and Margaret is getting so used to being pampered hand and foot I don't think I'll ever get her back to normal housekeeping. We've loved everything about this wonderful ship. We've made some friends we hope to keep for the rest of our lives."

If you want to know about Holland-America's many sailings to Europe, ask your travel agent. But if you want to know how really relaxing an ocean voyage can be, ask the people.

For free brochures, write HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, Pier 40, North River, New York 14, N. Y. Sail a happy ship—to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway, and Bremerhaven.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and brickbats of generations yet to come.

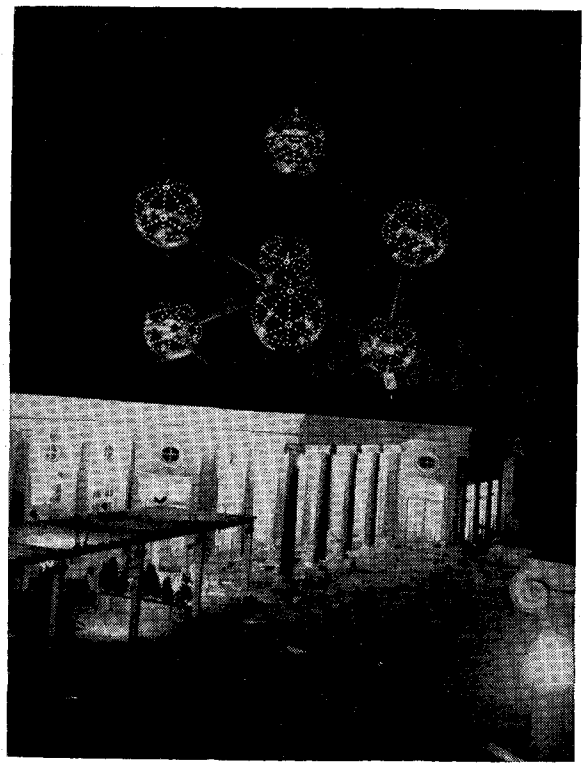
Others fabricated the magnificent arched Palais des Machines. As for the Tower, Alexander Dumas (the younger), de Maupassant, and Verlaine were among 300 litterateurs who signed a petition of protest against it. The latter, on approaching it for the first time, roared, "Cabby, back off, I have never seen such a horror." But Victor Hugo defended it. Like him, the people loved it and everything else in the fair, and they came 32,000,000 strong—a record up to that time. The 1889 exposition showed a profit of $1,200,000, allowing for state subsidies, and poured millions of gold francs into commercial coffers in Paris.

After this supreme effort the French lost their supremacy to the Americans, at least as far as bigness was concerned. The city of Chicago launched the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 in the trough of a depression. (The ostensible reason this time was to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.) Where the French had concentrated their exhibits along the boulevards of Paris, the Chicagoans created an entirely new "White City" in Jackson Park beside Lake Michigan, with an expanse of 686 acres, or nearly three times that of Philadelphia.

By the calendar it was a year late in opening, but it was a success from the start. Although electricity had already been introduced to Europe at the 1889 exhibition, President Cleveland sent a thrill through the country when he pressed a "magic" button in the White House and turned on the power and light in Chicago. If the electric light was the most important invention to come out of the fair, a strip of soil one mile long and 600 feet wide called the "Midway Plaisance" was the most entertaining. Here it was that "Little Egypt," the Oriental wiggler, captivated the yokelry with her *danse du ventre* on the "Streets of Cairo." Here it was that the original 250-foot Ferris wheel, the sire of all big wheels, gave vertigo to thousands as they soared aloft. Most critics claimed that the fair's structures had a beneficial effect on American architecture as the "New Classicism," but the great Louis Sullivan, designer of the Transportation Building, thundered that "the damage wrought by the World's Fair will last for half a century." Beneficial or not, more than 21,000,000 attended the show, and it earned a profit of nearly $500,000, the first in American fair history.

The Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901 was not a great fair, as such shows were beginning to go, and apparently had no real commemorative excuse for being. It was unique in that the waters of Niagara Falls supplied its power, and it is chiefly—and mournfully—remembered as the scene of the assassination of President McKinley by an anarchist in its closing days.

In terms of Gargantua, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904 in St. Louis stands alone in the annals of world's fairs. There has never been anything like it before or since. Its theme was the celebration of the centenary of Thomas Jefferson's historic real estate deal with France, but its overweening objective was to outstrip the Chicago Fair and every fair ever held. Under the whiplash of Governor David R. Francis, a driving dynamo of a man, a shiny new city was laid out in Forest Park on the outskirts with an area of 1,240 acres, or about two square miles—nearly twice as much as Chicago's and more than the total of all U.S. fairs up to that time. Into this space were packed more than 1,500 separate structures, fifteen of them major "palaces" covering up to twenty acres each. (One building was so large that an exhausted buff estimated he had walked nine miles to see every last exhibit.) They laid out thirteen miles of exhibition railway with seventeen stations, forty-five miles of roadway, and a water route for boats, nearly two miles long.



—*Pix.*

The Atomium, Brussels, 1958.

The grounds were not only large enough to embrace the fair, but they swallowed the Olympic Games and the Democratic National Convention without a hiccup. (The Democrats nominated Judge Alton B. Parker of Illinois for President.)

Like Chicago, the opening missed the anniversary by a year but nobody minded. Among 70,000 exhibitors were thirty-odd foreign pavilions and forty-five state and city buildings, including all the thirteen states carved out of the Purchase. The French sent a replica of the Grand Trianon to show their goodwill over the lost territory, and the Germans, mindful of the large colony of their countrymen in the area, a copy of the Charlottenburg Palace. Whereas Chicago could show only one sputtering "Horseless Carriage," St. Louis boasted an exhibit of more than 100, with one, the White Steamer, that had rumbled all the way from New York without an accident.

During the fair, working experiments were carried on with Marconi's wireless telegraph. Communication was established between two towers on the grounds, but before the fair's close, the engineers were sending messages, usually of derision, to Chicago, 300 miles away. The new science of aeronautics also got a big play. The Brazilian pioneer, Santos Dumont, brought his famous *"Number Seven"* dirigible over, but the envelope was slashed open before he got it uncrated and he went home in a huff.

The sensation of the show, however, was the "Ten Million Dollar Pike," a rival to Chicago's "Midway." If your feet held out you could watch the Boer War fought daily with a real-life hero; the battles of the Republic from Bunker Hill to Custer's Last Stand; the "Creation" from chaos to the fabrication of Adam and Eve; the "Crucifixion" in the Holy City of Jersalem; and the "Hereafter" from Satan's torrid domain to the Gates of Paradise. Little Egypt didn't do so well this time, but Jim Key, the "educated horse," wowed them with his answer to mathematical riddles. On closing day President Theodore Roosevelt, jubilant over his election victory in his own right, came to see the show. He had only one word for it: "Bully." The financial angels also had a word for it, unprintable. Although it attracted nearly 13,000,000 enthusiasts in a city of only half a million, it cost $28,000,000 to produce, or nearly twice as much as Uncle Sam paid for Louisiana-land, and it rolled up a smashing deficit of $14,000,000. The intelligentsia mourned that it brought no lasting benefit to the nation. The people, on the other hand, thought it was a little bit of heaven, or a reasonable earthly equivalent. No wonder they still sing in Tin Pan Alley:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE MORE OF BRITAIN . . . PAY LESS

on a BritRail tour planned just for you!

See *more* of Britain on a BritRail tour. You travel by train quickly and in comfort. And as you take your ease, you see everything — the green fields, the English villages, the busy towns.

Pay *less,* because BritRail prices are remarkably low. You stay at some of Britain's finest hotels, and live like a lord wherever you go.

Just tell us the places you wish to visit and we'll do the rest. To help you decide, here are three suggested tours . . .

9-day Journey into History.

See Cambridge, York, Chester, Stratford-upon-Avon, Bath and London — a living panorama of England's colorful history. Only $130 inclusive.

9-day Scenic tour of Scotland.

From London to Edinburgh, then to Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness and through the glorious Highlands. Back from Glasgow to London. Just $160, and every hotel a delight.

9-day Four Capitals tour.

See the majesty of London, the dignity of Edinburgh, the charms of Dublin and Belfast. $150, including first-class sea crossings.

Here are some more bargains! British Railways "Thrift Coupons" can give you up to 1,100 miles of travel for only $30. And with a "Guest Pass," you can travel anywhere in England, Scotland and Wales for just $4.20 a day.

Just mail this coupon for details of travel bargains in beautiful Britain, to:—

British & Irish Railways, Inc.,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

Please send me details of:

- ☐ An independent BritRail tour of the British Isles
- ☐ Thrift Coupons
- ☐ Guest Pass
- ☐ Please send, too, free 24-page full-color brochure, "See More of Britain by Train"

Arm yourself with this information and see your Travel Agent.

NAME .....
please print

ADDRESS .....

CITY/ZONE ..... STATE .....

British Railways SR 14/3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet me in St. Louis, Louis,
Meet me at the Fair.

If St. Louis broke all records for size and insolvency, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of San Francisco in 1915 was probably the most artistic fair ever staged in the U.S. It marked the opening of the Panama Canal the year before, as well as the rebirth of the city after the holocaust of 1906. Laid out along a three-mile stretch of reclaimed land facing the Golden Gate, the fair was named the "Jewel City." Its theme center was the exquisite Tower of Jewels, rising 435 feet in a series of seven terraces above the Court of the Sun and Stars. When the 125,000 glass baubles on the tower blazed with indirect illumination in color it created a scene of enchantment.

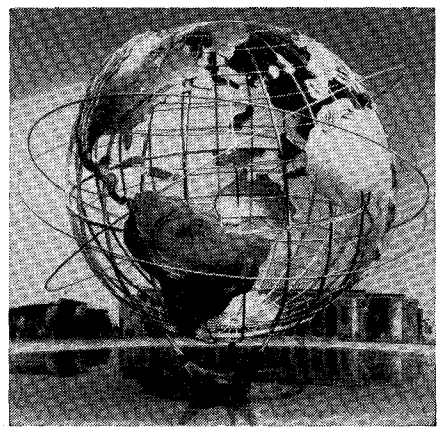
The fair opened with World War I raging across the Atlantic. Its historian wrote, perhaps prophetically, that its purpose was to produce a "microcosm so nearly complete that if all the world were destroyed except the 635 acres of land within the exposition gates, the material basis of the life of today could have been reproduced." Nothing illustrates the durability of the world's fair syndrome better than the decision of the French government to take part at San Francisco despite the conflict. With the Kaiser's armies on the Marne and the Cabinet in hiding in Bordeaux, it was decreed that the French Pavilion would be completed as agreed, and it was.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition was the first at which the public could take airplane rides with such daredevils as Lincoln Beechey and Art Smith, the Lindberghs of their day, and the first at which movies were used as a promotion tool. It also offered a "Joy Zone" with a working model of the Canal and a fourteen-acre Toyland, but no Little Egypt. In spite of its handicaps, the fair prospered artistically and financially with a surplus of over $2,500,000.

As San Francisco devoted herself to art, Chicago concentrated on science at the "Century of Progress" exhibition in 1933-34, the hundredth anniversary of the city's birth. The central feature was the great Hall of Science, covering eight acres. Here were shown the "Transparent Man" with all his organs alight, the balloon in which Professor Auguste Piccard ascended ten miles into the air, and the bathysphere in which William Beebe descended half a mile into the sea. Other scientific advances such as prefabricated materials, windowless buildings, uniform lighting, and air conditioning were displayed. Among the domestic exhibits, replicas of Abraham Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky and other buildings associated with his life were standouts.

On the foreign side, Italy presented a marble column to honor the pioneering flight of Italo Balbo from Rome to Chicago in a flying boat—a world's fair first. While science was enormously popular among young visitors, it was almost eclipsed by the Midway and the allure of Sally Rand with her fans, finally erasing the memory of Little Egypt. Coming at the depth of the Depression, the exposition was a remarkable financial success. Attendance was 39,000,000, over the two years. Experts say it was the only major world's fair to pay all its debts, reimburse its bondholders in full, and end up with a cash surplus of about $700,000.

Five years later New York City set out to redeem itself from the Crystal Palace fiasco and stage the biggest-show-on-earth-bar-none. With former Police Commissioner and City Greeter Grover Aloysius Whalen in command, they built the "World of Tomorrow" on a reformed garbage dump in Queens ten miles from Times Square, to observe the 150th anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington. If any place could surpass St. Louis, they seemed to say, it would be New York, and they gave it the old exposition try from the opening gong. The size of the stage was almost identical (1,216 acres *vs.* 1,240), but New York's resources were infinitely greater and its imagination was boundless.



—*U.S. Steel.*

The Unisphere, New York, 1964-65.

The theme center was the Trylon and Perisphere, a 728-foot-high-shaft and a 200-foot sphere that housed "Democracity" as the ideal community of the future. (The Trylon and Perisphere immediately spawned an uncountable collection of ribald jokes.) Although Europe was even then marching toward World War II, sixty-odd nations sent their finest exhibits to the Court of Peace, but Hitler's Germany was noticeably absent. By the time President Franklin D. Roosevelt had made the opening address, Czechoslovakia and Albania had been forced out before they were in, and other European nations had to curtail their exhibits.

But the giants of American industry —and some of the pygmies—came in force. General Motors offered its now-famed Futurama as a glimpse of the countryside of tomorrow; Westinghouse, its Time Capsule to be opened 5,000 years hence; RCA, the "Living Room of Tomorrow" with its promise of television; AT&T, the latest tricks in long-distance telephony; and Carrier Corp., its "Giant Igloo"; universal air conditioning was just around the corner. While the fair management had shunned the word "Midway" and taken the pledge against flesh, they provided a 280-acre amusement zone, larger than many a fair, along a two-mile loop. It was here that Billy Rose and his Aquacade, Mike Todd and his "Hot Mikado," Frank Buck and his Jungleland, and the Parachute Jump waxed fat and famous. But lesser showmen starved.

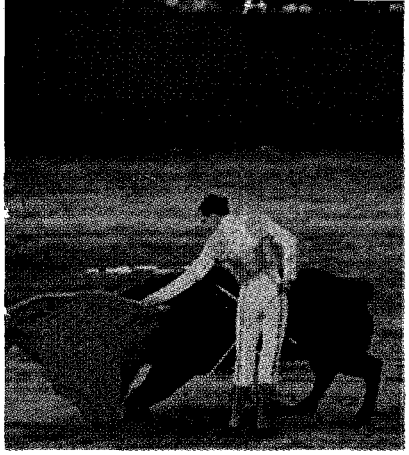
As the days passed in "Little Siberia," as some called it, the area broke out in a rash of nudity. Dove dancers (in the Crystal Palace), flame dancers, devil dancers, wine bathers, sun worshipers, and artists' models became thicker than customers. Girls were encased in cakes of ice, hung from huge magazine covers, and teamed up with "Oscar the Obscene Octopus" until police raids restored their draperies. As the late Meyer Berger wrote in the *Times*, "There would come a time late in the afternoon when nothing seemed to make sense."

By midsummer it was obvious that the fair was in deep financial trouble. The flamboyant Whalen was demoted and canny Harvey D. Gibson ("Call me Uncle Harvey"), head of the finance committee, took over the reins. When the fair opened for the second year, Nazi Germany was virtually master of Europe, the Soviet Union withdrew, and a great pall descended on Flushing Meadow. This was heightened when two detectives were killed and several wounded by a bomb explosion at the British Pavilion. As the Big Show approached the end, nevertheless, the visitors forgot the carnage in Europe and buried themselves in the fantasies of "Whalen's Wonderland"—its sounds and lights, its fountains and fireworks, its flowers and flags. When the curtain rang down, a record-breaking 45,000,000 people had looked on the "World of Tomorrow" and had the time of their lives. The deficit amounted to a staggering $19,000,000; in that respect, at least, it outdistanced St. Louis.

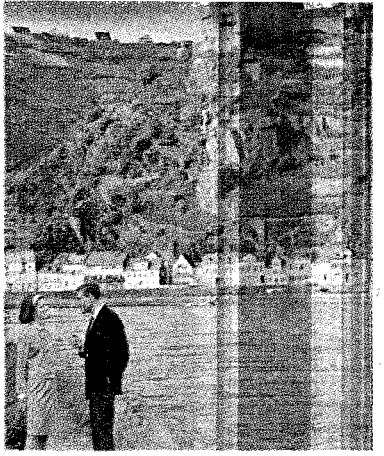
After two decades Belgium picked up the challenge with its International Exposition on the outskirts of Brussels in 1958. Its symbol was the "Atomium," a 354-foot steel and aluminum tower hung with nine spheres representing the atom

(*Continued on page* 107)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

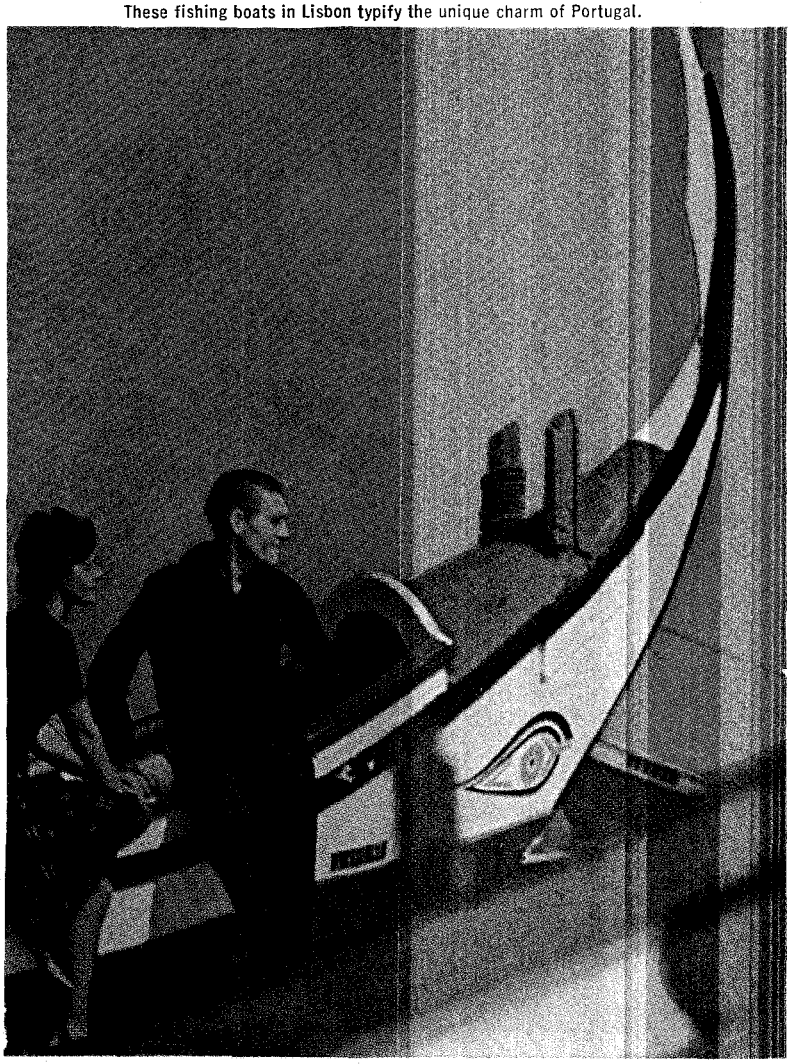


Olé!

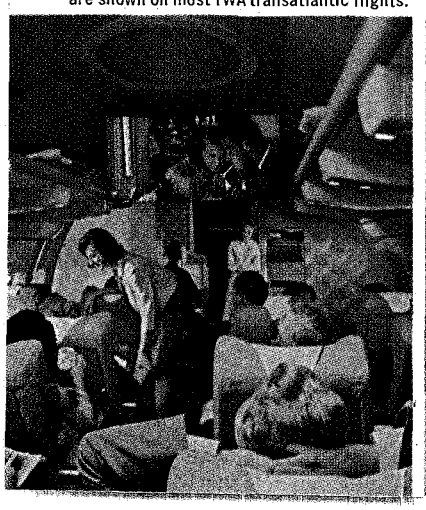


Medieval majesty: a castle on the Rhine.

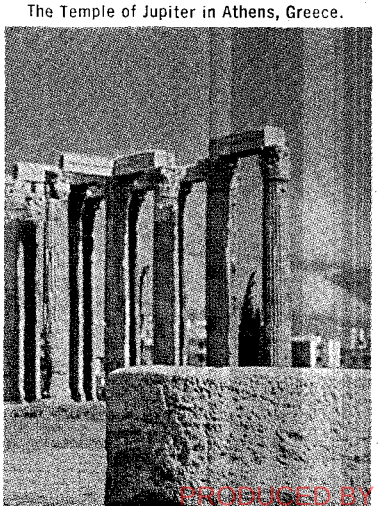
These fishing boats in Lisbon typify the unique charm of Portugal.



Movies by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc. are shown on most TWA transatlantic flights.



The Temple of Jupiter in Athens, Greece.



The adventure is EUROPE... the way is TWA!

Start with TWA's vacation planning ideas, then take an exciting low-cost tour.

When you're there, you'll know. A Paris boulevard sighs with misty enchantment. History whispers among the columns of a Greek temple. You can almost see the sentinels on the crusty ramparts of an ageless Rhine castle. All Europe bursts with excitement bigger than life.

Tear out the pink pages. They tell you how to make the most of nine countries abroad. You'll get tips on packing, passports, currencies, customs and more. And about the many TWA tours, including a plan to explore Europe by car.

Read on. Let your imagination take over. Then call TWA or your travel agent, and the dream is real.

P.S. Starting April 1, subject to government approval, you can fly TWA to Europe at the lowest jet fares in airline history. A New York-London round trip, for example, is just $300 with TWA's 21-day Economy Excursion fares. Ask about effective time periods for these new fares.

EXTRA MAIL COUPON FOR TWA TRAVEL GUIDES
50¢ EACH / $1 FOR 3 / $2.50 FOR ALL 8

The complete guides to individual countries: *England, France, Italy,* Germany, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Switzerland. Full details on the best hotels, shops, entertainment, sightseeing—right down to names, street addresses, prices.

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES Dept. 305, P.O. Box 1460 Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Enclosed is my check or money order for Travel Guides indicated

☐ 50¢ each ☐ $1.00 for 3 ☐ $2.50 all 8

☐ Britain ☐ Ireland ☐ Germany ☐ Switzerland
☐ Italy ☐ France ☐ Spain ☐ Portugal
☐ Send free reprint "Planning your Adventure in Europe."

Name_____

Address_____

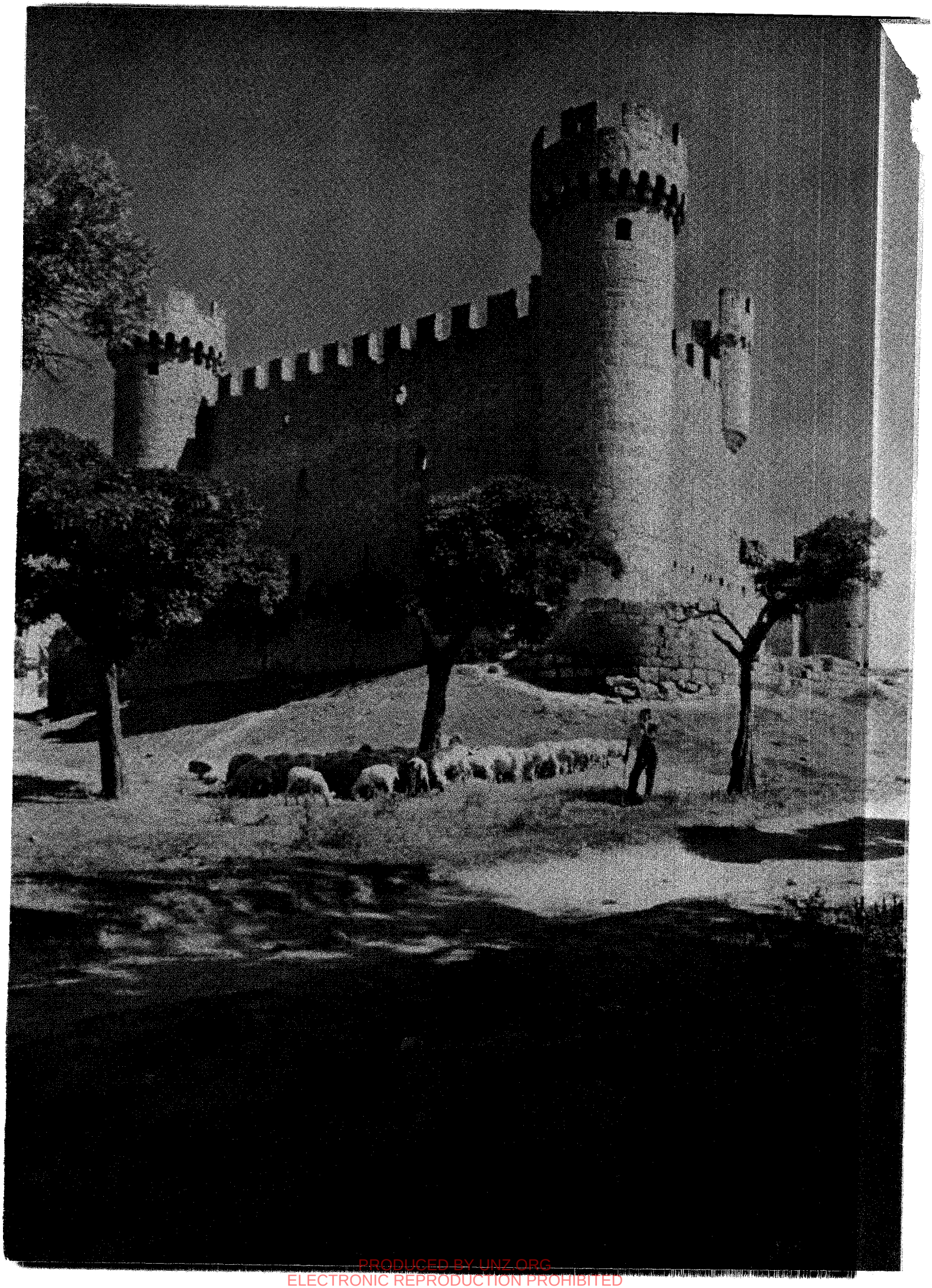
City_____ State_____ Zip code_____

Telephone_____

My travel agent is_____

Nationwide Worldwide depend on TWA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall in love with Spain

Spain is a land of contrasts. There are bullfighters, flamenco dancers, festivals and fiestas. There are magnificent cathedrals, quaint fishing villages, medieval castles and fabulous Mediterranean beaches lined with palms. Read what Spain offers at less per week than some U.S. hotels cost per day. All this is just 6½ comfortable hours from New York on Iberia Air Lines of Spain.

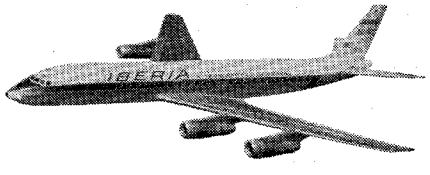
MODERN travel by Iberia DC-8 Fan Jets makes it easy to enjoy the unique beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequalled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snow-capped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca, and Costa del Sol. You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca, and year-round balmy weather along Costa del Sol.

Spain has excellent ski resorts. There are three within 120 miles of Barcelona: La Molina, Nuria, and Campodon. The popular ski resort of Puerto de Navacerada can be reached in an hour by car from Madrid. You'll find good ski runs, modern facilities and accommodations at each of these resorts.

Air travel in Spain is excellent. Iberia Air Lines of Spain serves all the major



cities, plus the Balearic and Canary Islands. Fares are low. It takes surprisingly little time or money to fly between any two cities in Spain.

You can see most of Spain within two weeks. Sight-seeing buses are modern and comfortable. There's a wide selection of low-cost tours of Spain that includes meals, lodging, entrance fees, and services of an English-speaking guide.

You'll find good hotel accommodations throughout Spain. In the cities, you have a wide choice of first-class and de luxe hotels. In the country, Spain has a unique chain of government-operated *paradores* (country inns). Many of these are converted castles and palaces. Rates, including meals, are exceptionally low.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include *Gazpacho* (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). *Cochinillo asado* (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

Iberia is the way to get there

Fly to Spain in comfort and confidence aboard Iberia Air Lines of Spain, where only the plane gets more attention than you.

Iberia Air Lines offers modern jet service to Madrid and Barcelona from New York, plus Central and South America and the leading cities of Europe.

The lavish service, luxurious surroundings and superb cuisine make you forget you're flying. Iberia's DC-8 Fan Jets and Caravelles are meticulously maintained. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. Delicious meals and wines are served en route by charming multilingual stewardesses.

When you arrive in Spain, you'll find no end of things to see and do. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And there are flamenco shows and gay orchestras in the cabarets every night.

A bargain-hunter's paradise

Bargain-hunters will enjoy shopping in Spain. The best values are jewelry, Toledo ware, linen, and lace and leather goods. Spanish perfume is also excellent and surprisingly inexpensive.

Seasoned travelers believe Spain is the best travel bargain on the continent. It is *the* place to go . . . Iberia *the* way to get there. Make the decision. Iberia Air Lines will fly you to Madrid in the utmost comfort. Your travel agent will take care of all the details. Fall in love with Spain. (A fine head start: make the Spanish Pavilion your first stop at the New York World's Fair.)

© 1964. SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York, 1418 Commerce Street, Dallas 1, Texas, 23 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois, 453 Post Street, San Francisco 2, California, and 13 Queen Street East, Toronto 1, Canada.

The castle of Olmillos de Sasamón, 19 miles from Burgos in northern Spain, is one of the smaller castles in Spain. The medieval Gothic construction is typical of Old Castile.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ME OUT TO THE FAIRGROUNDS

By PATRICIA K. BROOKS

SARAH BERNHARDT will not go aloft in a balloon on April 22. But that's one of the few spectacles the 1964-65 New York World's Fair *isn't* offering to visitors. The Divine Sarah's airborne adventure was the highlight of the Paris Fair of 1878. Fairgoers at Flushing Meadow, Queens, will have to content themselves—except for the forty-foot-high monorail and the 112-foot-high cable cars—with more earth-bound pleasures.

The pleasures are there, all right (or will be, fair officials assure us, by opening day, though at this point one is reminded a bit of the emperor's new clothes), but it will take stamina (and cash) to enjoy all of them. It is estimated that you should be able to see everything in a mere twelve days, working the full 9:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. shift.

Built on the 1939 World's Fair site with 134 pavilions spread over a square mile, the upcoming extravaganza is justifiably called "the biggest fair ever." It has a long life span, too, as fairs go. Open from April 22 to October 18 of this year, the fair will close for the winter and reopen in April 1965 for another six-month run. Connoisseurs of statistics will want to know that it is nine times as large as the 1962 Seattle Fair.

Paradoxically, it will also be the easiest fair to visit. The tired muscles and falling arches of yesterfair should be alleviated by fairground facilities. You'll be able to shuttle from place to place by bus, open-air taxi (rentable by the hour), tractor-train, four-passenger "Escorter," or monorail. And in many of the larger pavilions, you'll be able to sit-and-see or ride past the exhibits on moving ramps or in automated armchairs. There will also be assorted parks, gardens, and rest areas surfeited with benches for recovering from fair fatigue. The RCA Pavilion, anticipating a fair's inevitable hazards, is operating a closed-circuit color TV network with 200 receiving stations around the fairgrounds, at least in part to locate and return lost small fry to frantic parents.

SO what's to see? For a two-dollar admission fee (one dollar for two-to-twelve-year-olds), you can have a day jammed with an almost limitless variety of sights, sounds, and surprises. Admission to most pavilions is free, although special exhibits and programs have certain charges.

There will, it seems, be something for everybody. Many rare treasures are being exhibited—Michelangelo's *Pietà* is being removed from the Vatican for the first time and will be shown in the fair's Vatican Pavilion; ninety-nine of the Dead Sea Scrolls will be displayed at the Jordan Pavilion. There will be replicas of interest—for example, Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* at the Missouri Pavilion (where else?); Columbus's *Santa Maria*, brought from Spain and docked (at last) in the lagoon, ready for visitors to board. And for those who really care, those seekers of the superlative, there will be the world's largest cheese at (naturally) the Wisconsin Pavilion; the world's longest beer-serving bar (100 feet); a U.S. Rubber Company Ferris wheel made to look like a gargantuan auto tire; and, for the most jaded palate, the Texas Pavilion's restaurant will serve "chuck wagon beef faintly tinged with a touch of gunsmoke."

Though science proper will be amply represented at the fair (General Electric's exhibit, for instance, includes the first public demonstration of thermonuclear fusion), a preview of the fairgrounds indicates that science fiction has played *its* part in the physical layout of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you've planned a trip to Europe, this ad will ruin your plans.

Look at the price of any trip you might be considering.
Then look at ours for one like it.
Now look at what you almost went and did. Spent more money than you had to. It's much better spent on vin or vino or wein. Or at the rate you're going, champagne.
Not because we skimped anywhere. Every tour includes everything. Air, land and/or sea transportation. Excellent hotels and meals. Plus guides to help you with the unfamiliar details of foreign travel. (Passports, insurance and vino are on you.)
There are two ways for you to tour Europe with EL AL. You can take any of the tours that are outlined on the coupons below.
(The last coupon will get you information on 32 other tours that we just didn't have room for here. Pity.)
Or you can have an unescorted tour put together in any way you choose. Don't worry about the price. It gets put together with the same inexpensive pieces.
So pick a trip, clip it out, fill it in, send it along. And pack.
If you can't find a stamp, call your travel agent. He knows as much about what we have to offer as we do. And that way you get to ask questions.
Oh, sorry about your other plans. But we'd be sorrier to have us both lose money.

EL AL Israel Airlines, New York · Philadelphia · Chicago · Washington, D.C. · Cleveland · Miami · Beverly Hills · Detroit.

EL AL

EUROPEAN TABLEAU

$505*

Tour #G87: 21 days to *London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, Heidelberg, Innsbruck, Lucerne, Strasbourg, Rheims, Paris.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

INVITATION TO SPAIN, PARIS & RIVIERA
(plus 6 day Mediterranean Cruise)

$898*

Tour #757: 21 days to *Paris, Madrid, Granada, Malaga, Algeciras, Seville, Cordova, Barcelona, Palma de Majorca, Tunis, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Bastia, Cannes.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

ECSTASY TOUR

$757*

21 days to *Paris, Lyon, Nice, Pisa, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Lausanne, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

ODYSSEY TOUR

$1,197*

21 days to *Athens, Piraeus, (plus 1 week Greek Islands cruise to Crete–Rhodes–Ephesus–Istanbul –Delos–Myconos) return to Piraeus, Rome, Nice, Paris, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

HEART OF EUROPE

$529*

Tour #G83: 21 days to *London, Brussels, Konigswinter, Regensburg, Vienna, Budapest, Graz, Venice, Innsbruck, Basle, Troyes, Paris.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

TOUR E

$874‡

30 days–8 countries. *Paris, Dijon, Lucerne, Lausanne, Grenoble, Nice, Rapallo, Siena, Sorrento, Rome, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Rothenburg, Coblenz, Amsterdam, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

MEDITERRANEAN OF THE NORTH

$579*

Tour #G85: 21 days to *London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Jonkoping, Stockholm, Karlstad, Oslo, Goteborg, Flensburg, Bremen, Maastricht, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

EUROPEAN SCENIC HOLIDAYS
by Rail

$965*

21 days to *London, Paris, Amsterdam, Lucerne, Venice, Rome, Capri, Florence, Nice, Menton, Monte Carlo.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

Don't hold out on me. I'm intrigued by those 32 tours you didn't have room for. Send me a booklet describing all 40 tours. Even if I never go anywhere.

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY)_____

*BASED ON 21 DAY JET ECONOMY EXCURSION AIR FARE, ROUND TRIP FROM NEW YORK. ‡ BASED ON JET ECONOMY AIR FARE, OFF-SEASON, ROUND TRIP FROM NEW YORK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the place. No architectural style was taboo, and as a result we have a rather dazzling Motleyland, USA.

The fair's symbol, a 470-ton stainless steel Unisphere, equivalent in height to a fourteen-story building, is prosaic compared to some of the free-flowing architectural fantasies floating throughout the grounds. There are a flying red clamshell (supposed to represent the red umbrella roof of Travelers Insurance), the Bell System's fiberglass wing; a building that appears to be a huge set of drums (RCA); a large white concrete manta ray; and an enormous egg (IBM) among the bizarre beauties at the fairgrounds. Other structures resemble giant toast racks, inverted ice cream cones, a tailfin (General Motors), abstract sculptural roofs that seem to be a cross between Buck Rogers and Hong Kong's Tiger Balm Pleasure Gardens, as well as concrete-and-glass boxes, cylinders, pylons, and ovoids, in color schemes that will probably send decorators reeling.

Interspersed with all these wonders are a few traditional replicas: a typical Chinese pagoda, Bangkok's Temple of Dawn, a Swiss chalet, thatch-roofed African villages, a Belgian rathskeller, the Church of the Latter Day Saints in Salt Lake City, an 1890s Little Old New York street, and a Japanese feudal castle. Over all stands the Tower of Light Pavilion, whose beacon is meant to be seen on clear nights four states away.

To point your compass in the right direction, American Express has an orientation center at the fair's entrance, with a scale model of the grounds. But it might be of some advance help to know that the fair is divided into five major areas: Industrial, International, Federal and State, Transportation, and Lake Amusement.

The Industrial area occupies one-third of the fairgrounds, but you need not be frightened off by visions of tractors and turbines dancing through your head. Most of the exhibitors have added an element of show business to their presentations ("There's no biz like the science biz"), so chances are the most pedantic message about computers, say, will be sung to you by a Walt Disney-animated chorus of dancing dachshunds.

IBM's egg pavilion sports a "People Wall," which may cause you to recoil, until you discover it is merely a wall of seats. When all 450 are peopled, you will be hoisted ever so gently into the egg's interior, where a nine-screen-wide presentation will entertain you while

stuffing your head with IBM facts and figures.

By then you might be ready for a change of pace, with a visit to the three Houses of Good Taste, an architect-decorator collaboration that presents three distinct styles of living. The Du Pont Pavilion shows you all the chemical wonders ahead of us. In the Westinghouse exhibit you'll see all the materials collected for inclusion in the Time Capsule, which will be buried in 1965 and reopened (how do they *know*?) in 6,939 A.D.

The Coca-Cola Pavilion offers to give you a world tour within its walls and let you "smell, touch, and taste far-off

Free Fair Bonuses

Reservations at hotels will be made without charge by the World's Fair Housing Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020. (Over 350 hotels and motels have pledged not to raise rates during the fair seasons.)

Polaroid picture of you taken in the garden of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion.

Four fashion shows daily at the Better Living Pavilion.

Recipes from famous chefs in the Theater of Food at the Festival of Gas Pavilion.

Telephone booths—for ladies only—in the Clairol Pavilion, where you can dial hair-color consultants for free advice.

Automatic shoeshine, courtesy of Johnson's Wax Pavilion.

The Parker Pen Pavilion's computer matches you with an overseas pen pal of similar interests, then provides a postcard with your new pen pal's name and address on it. All you have to do is write a message.

Puppet shows at the IBM Pavilion, also a chance to try new electric typewriters and free postcards for typing messages home.

For camera fans, a bulletin board at the Kodak Pavilion lists each day's events of special interest to photo addicts, also provides a "surface of the moon" background for taking pictures. Picture-taking deck is thirty feet above fairgrounds.

You can watch yourself appear on TV in the RCA Pavilion.

You can test your driving skill in the Socony Mobil Pavilion and receive a free rating of your ability.

You'll see a magic show at the General Cigar Pavilion.

Children are welcome to play on the abstract sculptured play forms at the Chunky Chocolate Pavilion.

A chance to view the fairgrounds from the highest point of all—the 200-foot observation towers at the New York State exhibit.

Nightly fireworks at dusk at the Fountain of the Planets.

Folk dances, square dancing, barbershop quartets, school and college band concerts, choral groups at various places.

Earphones to listen to facts about your home state—at the Equitable Life Assurance Society exhibit.

A chance to match wits with computers in the National Cash Register Company exhibit.

Admission to most of the fair pavilions. (Charges for special exhibits and presentations at certain pavilions.)

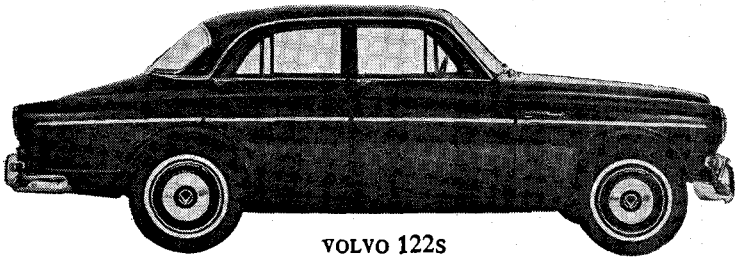
Continuous transportation from the fair parking lots to the entrance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's got the best overseas delivery plan?

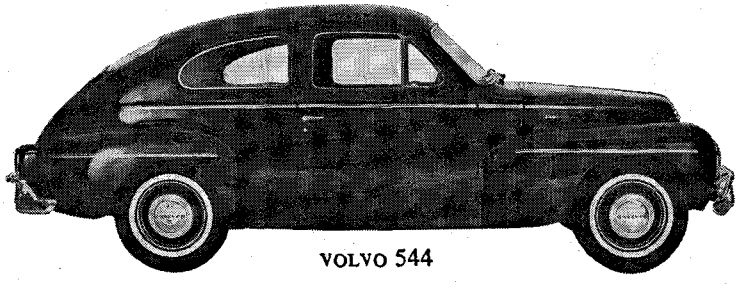
(Not us. Not anyone else, either.)

All overseas delivery plans work the same: order your car here, pick it up in Europe, ship it home and pocket hundreds. We do have one thing the other car makers can't offer though: A compact that out-accelerates every other popular-priced compact in every speed range, gets over 25 miles to the gallon like the little economy cars, is virtually indestructible and proves it at trade-in time. Volvo prices in Europe start at a low $1820 *delivered.** If this sounds good to you, see your travel agent, your Volvo dealer, or write to: Volvo Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.



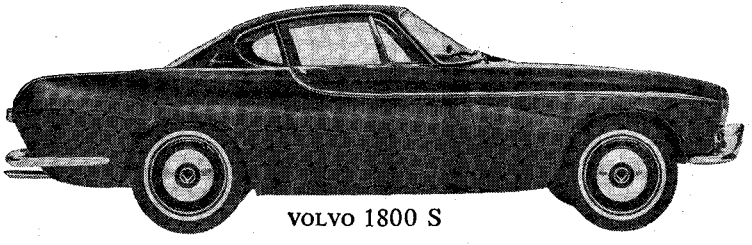
VOLVO 122S

Family-size compact. Also available as a 2-door sedan and 4-door station wagon.



VOLVO 544

Been entered in more races and won more races than any compact ever made.



VOLVO 1800 S

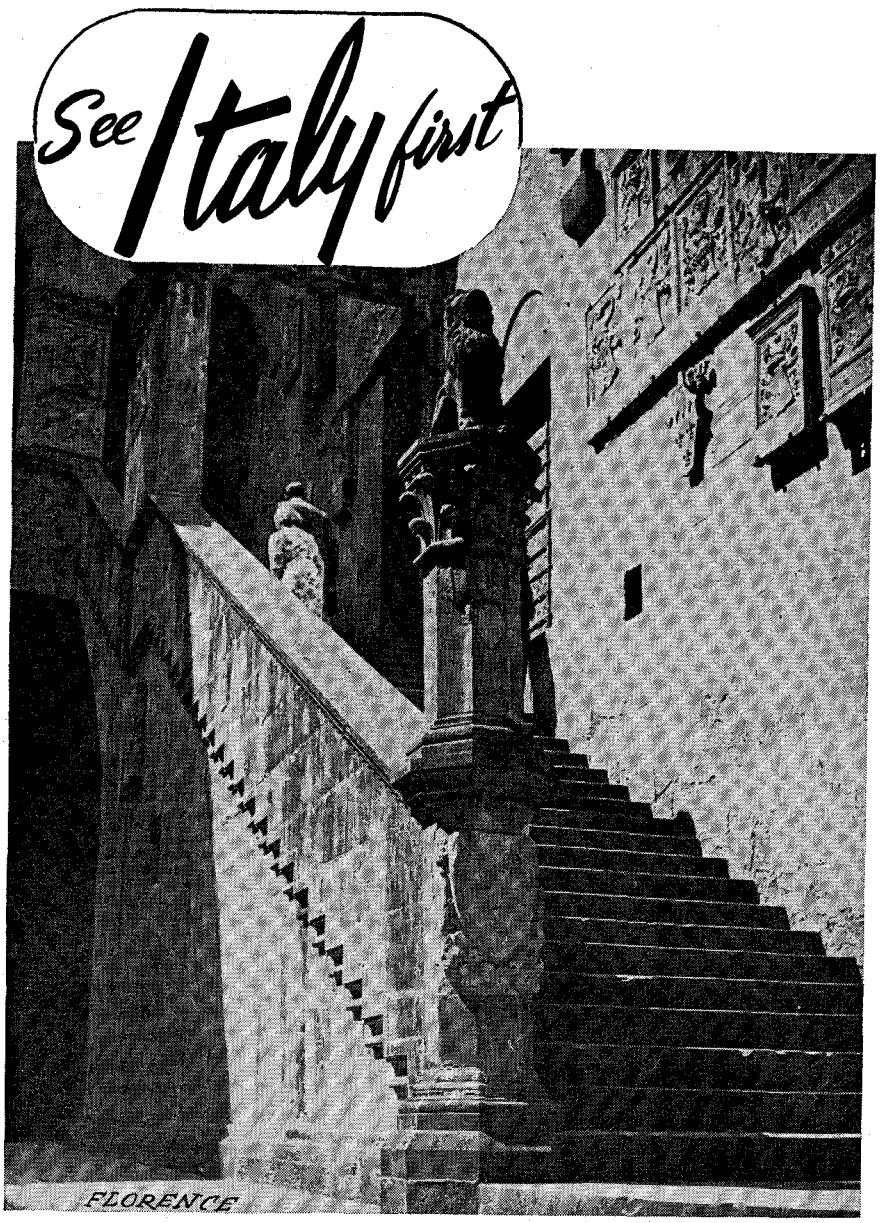
Road & Track magazine said it best, "The 1800 S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

VOLVO

*FOB COPENHAGEN, DENMARK; GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN; OSLO, NORWAY. OTHER EUROPEAN POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A STAY IN ITALY OFFERS YOU:
CITIES FULL OF ART TREASURES — SUNLIT SHORE RESORTS — PICTURESQUE LAKES — MAJESTIC SNOW-CAPPED ALPS — RESPLENDENT VALLEYS — SEASONAL SPORTS — ENRICHED BY FOLKLORE — CULTURAL EVENTS — A GAY SOCIAL LIFE — TEMPTING FOOD AND WINES — AND FOR DISCRIMINATING FEMININE TASTE: THE WORLD FAMOUS ITALIAN FASHION AND PRECIOUS HANDICRAFTS.



ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—ENIT

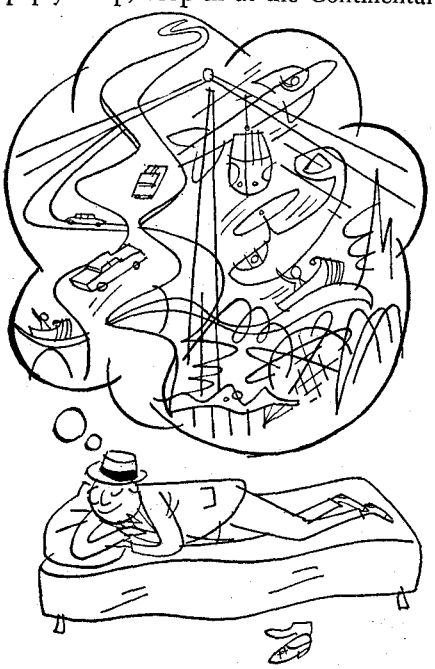
ENIT

NEW YORK — 626 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO — 333 North Michigan Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO — St. Francis Hotel, Post Street
CANADA:
MONTREAL — Place Ville Marie

. . . and all Travel Agents.

places." (After this, you may *need* that pause that refreshes.) Animated electronic children in national costumes are on hand to give you another world cruise, this time at the Pepsi-Cola building. The soft-drink people seem to have reached some secret *entente*, for the Seven-Up Pavilion also goes international with food and entertainment from hither and yon.

After all this galloping global excitement, you may want to rent a bed for 50 cents at the Simmons Pavilion and take a thirty-minute siesta. Then, as a pep-you-up, drop in at the Continental



Insurance Pavilion for a firsthand view of the sea battle between John Paul Jones's *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* and other dioramic scenes of the Revolutionary War.

The cheapest way to see the world *this* year is certainly via the fair's International area. All in one day you may visit a Belgian village and observe sand painting, lace making, and glass blowing; listen to steel bands and calypso singing and see limbo dancers in action at the Caribbean Pavilion; witness the Guinea Ballet in a typical Guinean hut; and indulge in the Korean national weakness, spicy *kimchee* and *bulgoki* (those are *foods*, man).

For diversity, you may want to watch pearl-diving in the Polynesian lagoon, take an aerial cable Swiss Sky Ride to get a top-side view of the glittering spectacle below, have a sampling of the steer being barbecued *complet* the Argentinian way, sip some authentic *ouzu* in a genuine imitation Greek *taverna*, and let the rest of the fair go by.

If you're weakening, you'll want to visit the three Japanese pavilions (the fair's third largest International exhibit). There, after the serenity of the flower arrangements, tea ceremony, and garden contemplating, you may remove

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your shoes, wiggle your toes in comfort on the *tatami*-matted restaurant floor, and enjoy some *sukiyaki* and *saki*, served by kimonoed lovelies who even serenade you as you eat. It's a long way from Muzak.

Runner-up in international exhibit size is the Spanish Pavilion, where Andres Segovia will perform, flamenco dancers will stomp up a storm and, in between, you may relax in one of five patios and enjoy the frequently changing exhibits in the two art galleries. In one, celebrated paintings by Goya, El Greco, Velasquez, and Zurbarán will vie with other Prado treasures. The other will feature works by Picasso, Miró, and the newer, contemporary Spanish painters and sculptors.

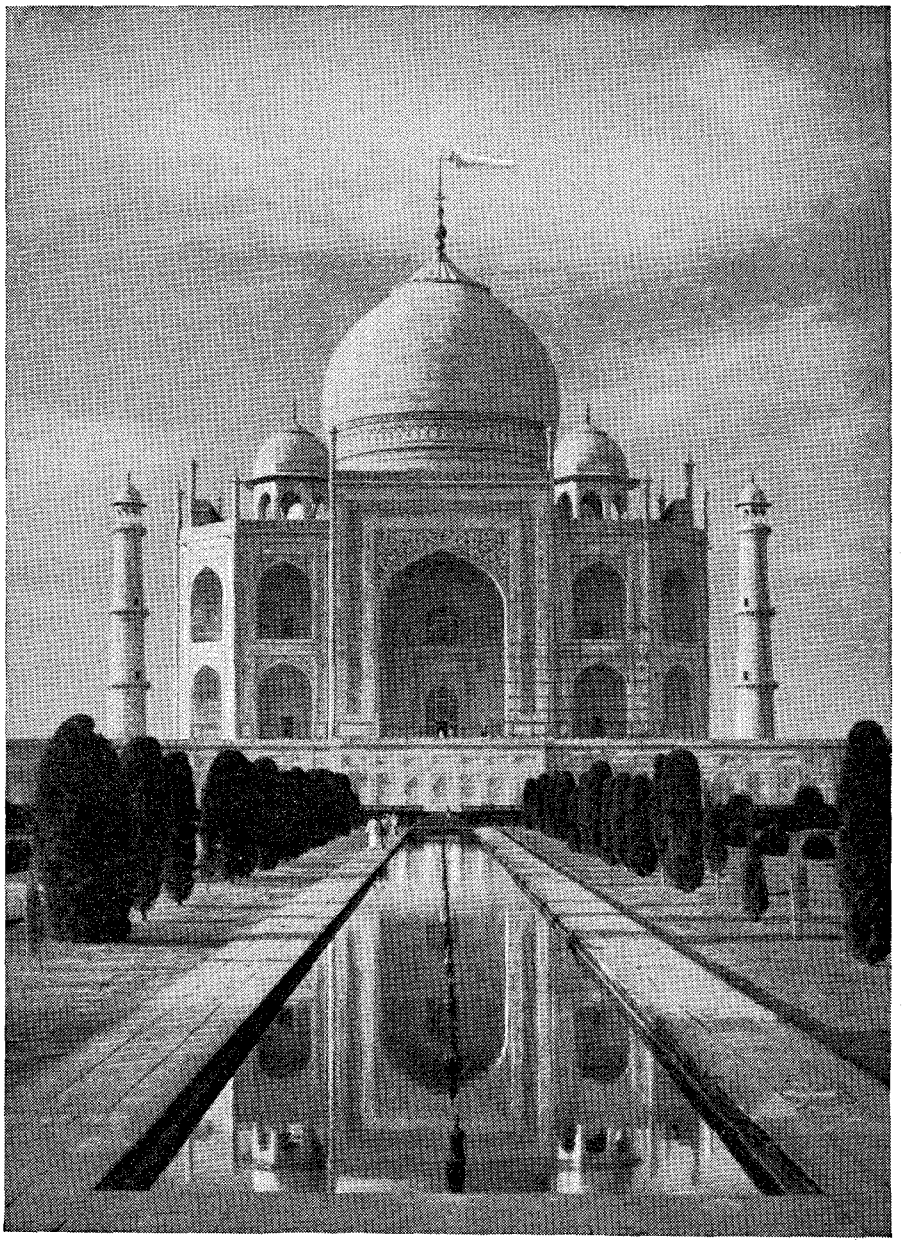
IT LOOKS as though the fair will be a gourmet paradise. There will be 111 restaurants and numerous snack bars. Almost every foreign pavilion plans at least *one* restaurant with its own national specialties. I don't promise that you'll find filet of iguana, but if you've the courage and the currency, you'll be able to eat your way from Chicago to Calcutta and back.

From a seven-course Chinese dinner for 99 cents you can work up the price scale to rather heady luxury dining. A three-hour Hawaiian *luau*, a Spanish "marisqueria" (seafood restaurant to landlubbers) in an open courtyard, Swedish smorgasbord, shish kabob in all its Middle Eastern variations, rare Chinese delicacies served in a glass teahouse, Belgian waffles, umpteen varieties of pizza, regional American dishes—well you name it.

And then, back to the action. There is plenty of it Stateside, too. You'll be able to watch a movie being made at the Hollywood, California, Pavilion and attend a "timber festival" at the Oregon Pavilion, in which log rolling and ax throwing are featured. A bit less rugged is the frog jumping contest of the New England States exhibit. You may want to trek through a West Virginia coal mine, climb aboard Montana's Centennial train, stop by a New Mexican trading post, or view the live porpoise show at the Florida Pavilion. The largest exhibit in this area is, undoubtedly, the $17,000,000 Federal Pavilion, with its elaborate "Challenge to Greatness" theme. A Cinerama movie, *Pioneer Spirit of America*, is a high point. It's livelier than you'd think.

The Transportation area is, if you'll forgive the obvious, geared to keep you moving. You'll be able to take a brief spin into the past in a rented Stanley Steamer or other antique auto replica at the Avis Pavilion. The Transportation and Travel Pavilion takes you into the future, with a ride in a moving

(*Continued on page* 110)



Unfortunately, they wouldn't let us build it

Oh, well. Even if our new terminal at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport doesn't quite rival the Taj, it's still a splendid indication of how we feel about our passengers.

Not to be immodest, we might say it's also an indication of how our passengers feel about *us*. After all, if it hadn't been for the widespread success of our transatlantic service over the past few years, we wouldn't have had the occasion for a new terminal at all.

As it is, we think you will find our new airport terminal reflects all the sumptuous atmosphere and warmth you'd expect of AIR-INDIA... and a lot of practical pleasures as well. An increased staff of ground personnel, expert in anticipating whatever you may require. Deft, efficient service at every hand. In fact, everything that's necessary to make your departure as beautifully smooth and serene as your flight.

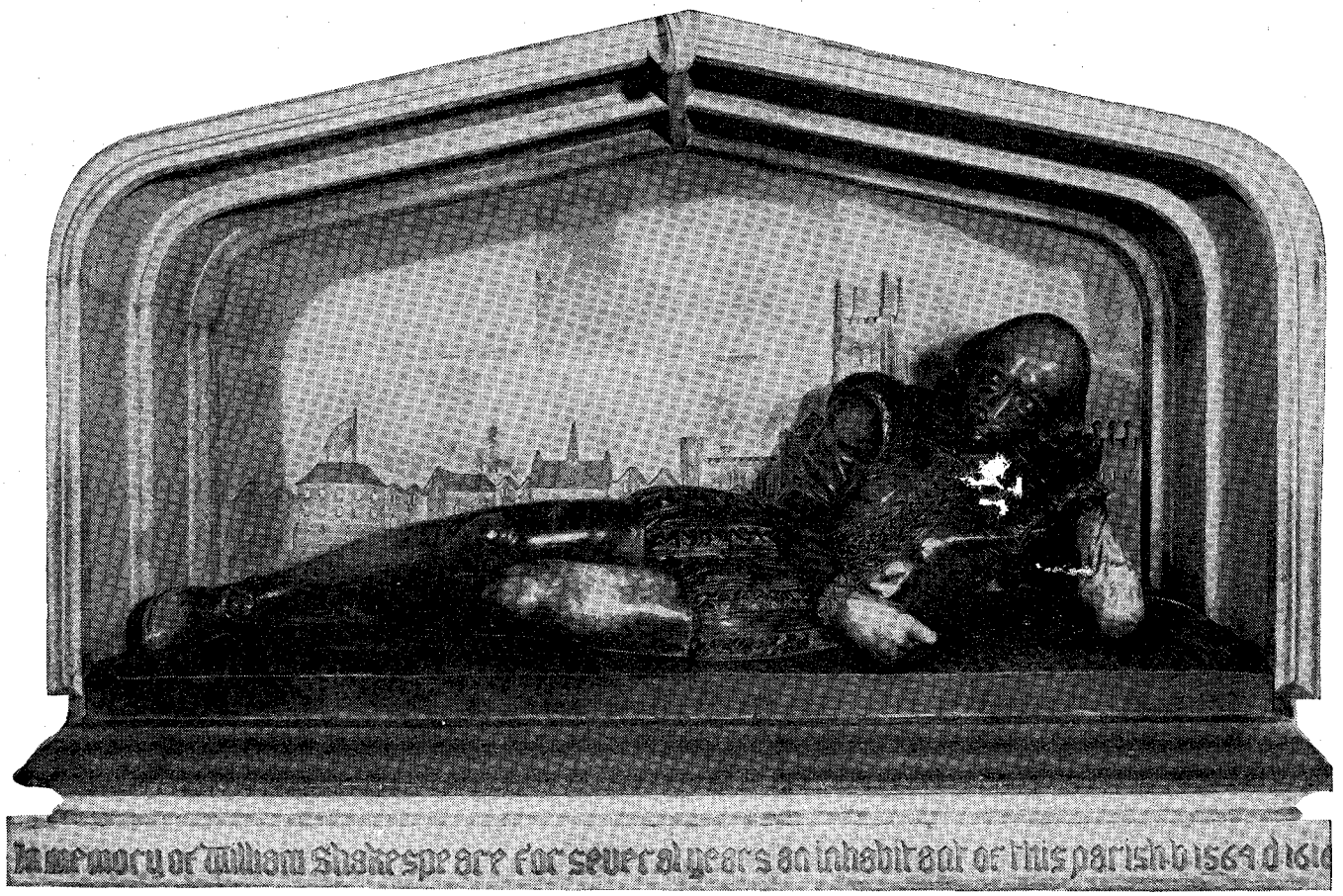
Even if you're not flying with us, we'd love to have you drop by for a visit at our new airport home. It's *almost* like a visit to India. And quite a bit more lively than the Taj.

For reservations or information see your travel agent or AIR-INDIA 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, Plaza 1-6200 Offices in principal cities.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah
Over 30 Years of Flying Experience

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—B.T.A.

BRUSH UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

"HAVE a *Hamlet* . . ." In theatrical digs this means a ham omelette. In the roadside cafés along Waterloo Road, lorry drivers can be heard referring to the Old Vic as Old Nick's. At the Elephant and Castle (a mile to the south), boys will shout "Shakespeare" after men with beards, just as before the war they shouted "Beaver."

Metaphor and rhyming slang have always been part of the Shakespearean-Cockney scene. A century ago, London youths were known as Shakespeare-navels—a phrase that could also mean long-pointed, turned-down collars. In this 400th anniversary year there is a new renaissance brewing in all things Shakespearean, from ham omelets to little-known byways that bear his name.

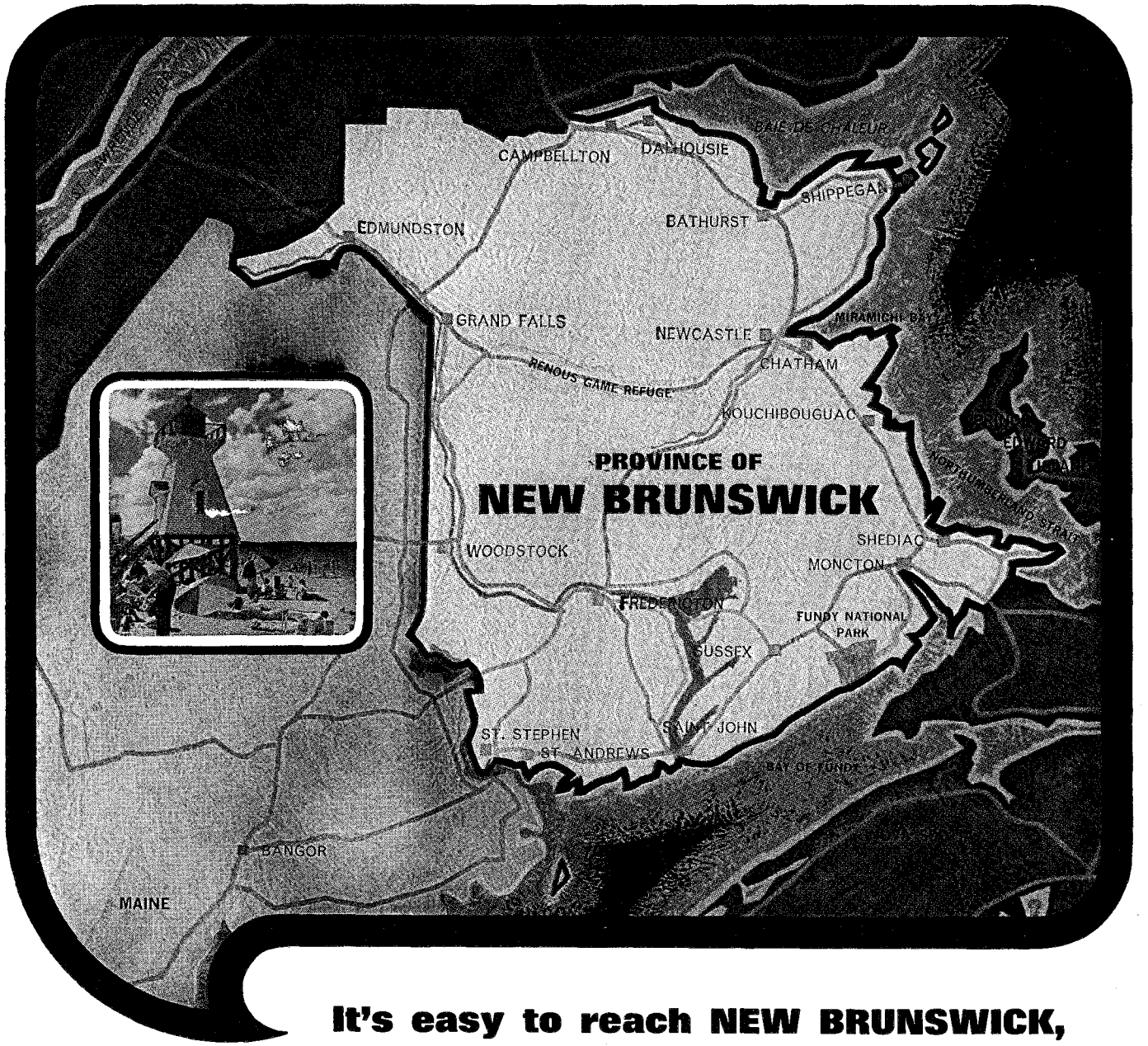
If not a street in Westminster, Southwark, or London commemorates the Bard, there are avenues, crescents, and roads named after him at places like Harrow, Herne Hill, and East Ham. The street directory lists eleven in all, and I thought that I would try to discover the cause of this outcropping on the edges of central London. I began alphabetically with Acton, which lies six miles to the west of Charing Cross.

Early maps show the area as one of scattered villas, terraces, and lodges. As you walk through it, you can still make out the earlier lay of the land. Kingston Lodge, dated 1863, is followed by Leamington Lodge, dated 1869; the space that was once between them has been filled in with houses. Farther down, on the other side of the road, you will see Alfield Terrace, dated 1869, and Falfield Terrace, which went up a year later. Such names only evoke the time when nearly all the ground must have been made up of fallow fields. In 1886, with more and more building going on, the local council decided to link the row under one name and call it Shakespeare Road. The postman became a happier man. Other nearby roads were also named Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton at the same time. Only a decade before, a similar thing had happened at Lambeth across the river.

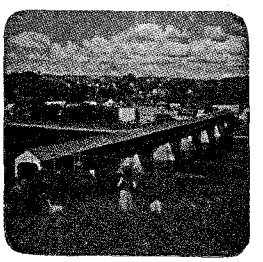
Shakespeare Road there has rather come down in the world. At one end, the residences of petty tradesmen have now become the homes of petty clerks in ministries. But at the other (it stretches for well over a mile), there is just a jumble: on one side, a shabby terrace of artisan cottages and a block of drab but newer working-class flats squeeze between them a shack that sells coal done up in bags, as well as fizzy lemonade; on the other, there is Herne Hill Goods Depot, which has become, in part, a rag-and-bone man's dump. When I passed it in January, a broken blackboard had been thrown on it, and the last chemistry lesson was being slowly washed away by the rain. All in all, this is a road of fits and starts, constantly cut at right angles by others. To rationalize the situation, it was decided in the 1870s to give the different sectors one name: Shakespeare. Today, the street name covers a multitude of sins.

Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's easy to reach NEW BRUNSWICK,



but it's hard to say goodbye

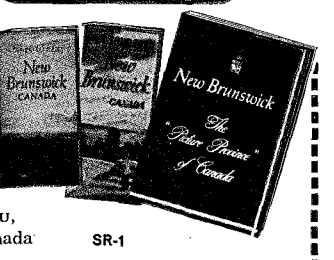
On this shrinking continent, New Brunswick's a near neighbor—but it's oh so delightfully different.

It's a vacation dream come true for hundreds of thousands—for families who seek the seashore, for the fisherman, the sightseer, the lover of the outdoors. It looks different, sounds different . . . is different.

Memories will pile up as every turn of the road reveals yet another picture postcard scene. You'll feel rested, relaxed and enjoy every minute of it. *It'll be hard to say goodbye.*

Free

NEW HOLIDAY KIT WITH ROAD MAP



NEW BRUNSWICK TRAVEL BUREAU,
Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada SR-1

Please send New Brunswick Holiday Kit to:

NAME_____

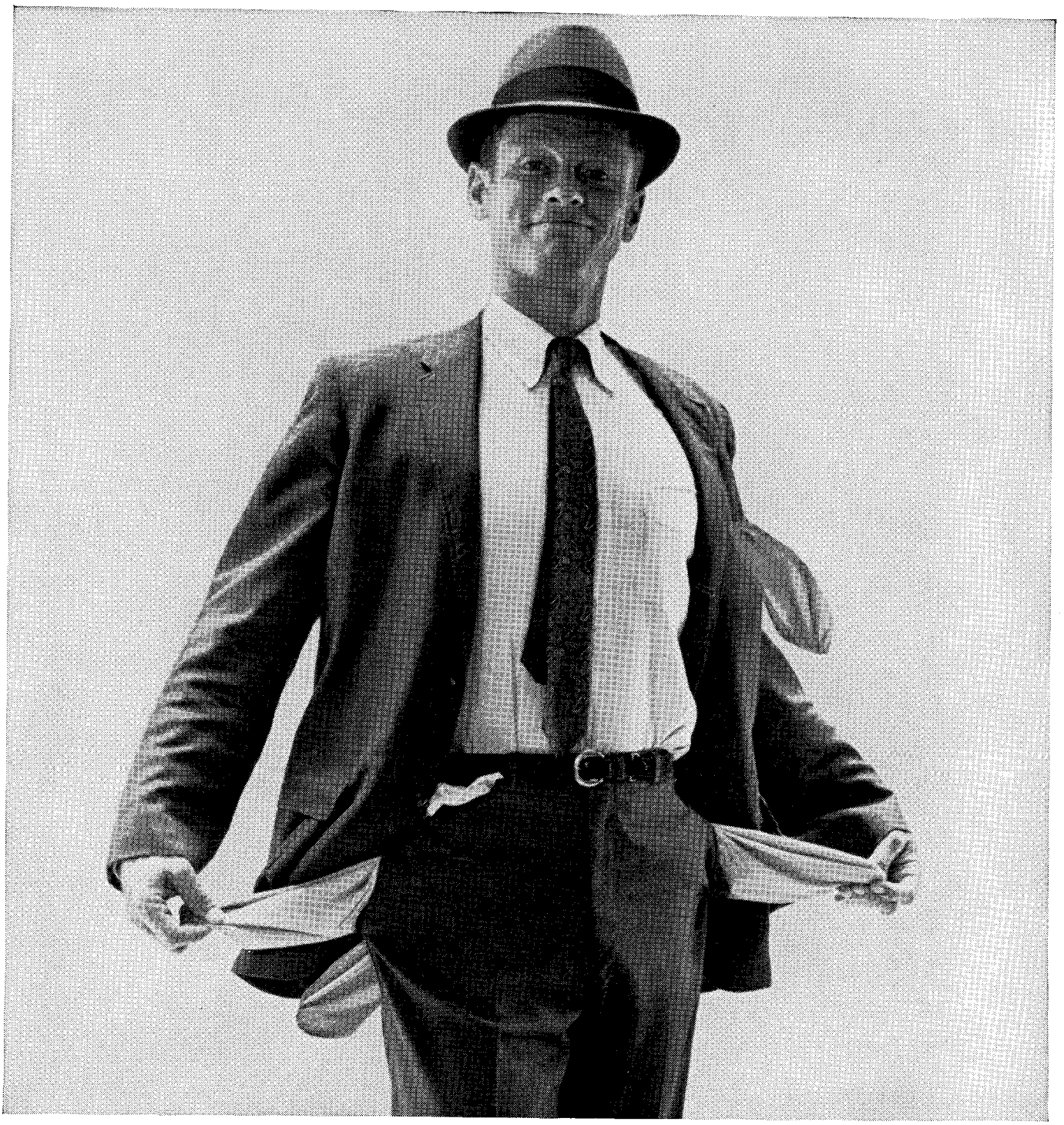
ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____ STATE _____

PLEASE PRINT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

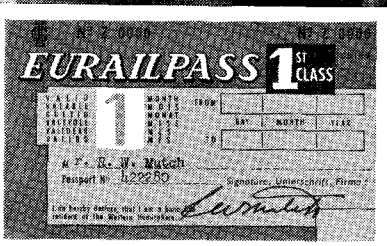
"Imagine! Traveling first class all over Europe without a penny in your pocket."



All you need is a Eurailpass!

This one convenient pass is all you need to travel anywhere — everywhere — first class for a whole month by train throughout Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland.

$130 is all you pay! (A 2-month Eurailpass is only $175; 3-month just $205.) Children under 4 free.



Under 10 half fare. What a bargain! What a gift idea! No other tickets are necessary. No currency difficulties. No language problems as you sightsee your way from country to country by train.

With a Eurailpass in your pocket you can start anywhere. Stop anywhere (as often as you like). Stay over. Then wander on at whim choosing from over 100,000 memorable miles including many free bus, boat, or ferry trips. Imagine!

FREE FOLDER AND MAP AT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE: EURAILPASS, DEPT. A12, BOX 191, MADISON SQUARE STATION, NEW YORK 10010, NEW YORK. NOT SOLD IN EUROPE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakespeare, make up a familiar quartet on the London street map. At Willesden one finds it—though Chaucer is replaced there by Carylyle. At Stoke Newington Chaucer is replaced by Cowper. Incidentally, at Stoke Newington, Shakespeare's name is spelled as it should be: Shakspeare, which was how he signed his will and other legal documents. These documents can be seen on demand at the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane.

In all these cases the name Shakespeare served a utilitarian purpose. But at East Finchley, just before the war, it was used for pictorial reasons. A quiet estate of twenty-six houses was given the name of Shakespeare Gardens by the builders because they thought it would be "appropriate to the mock-Tudor style" they had employed. The phrase is theirs, and "mock" is the right word. If you cut behind this estate you will discover that, whereas at the front the houses are all gables and beams, at the back the walls are plain cement. It reminds one of the world of stage scenery, with its two sides. This is probably the right point to speak of the two Shakespeares that such a tour reveals.

If you have a car, the tour can fit into a day. Throughout, you will be traveling far closer to the people of his plays than did Baron Leighton in his portrait of Romeo and Juliet, or Holman Hunt in his portrait of Claudio and Isabella (both are on view at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square). Also, not a member of the original Bankside audiences would have thought of the star-crossed lovers of Verona as anything other than Londoners, just as none of the audience would have found it incongruous that Viola on her arrival at Illyria should have been told to lodge in the south suburbs, at the Elephant.

Shakespeare in the suburbs may be

(*Continued on page* 108)

The Bard in Britain

MARCH	*Twelfth Night* acted by the Salisbury Players in a quaint Elizabethan town.	Salisbury, Wiltshire
5-14	Salisbury Playhouse.	
13, 14, 18	*Merchant of Venice* near Durham Cathedral, the castle of the famous Percy family and George Washington's ancestral home. Empire Theatre.	Sunderland, Durham
16, 17	*King Lear* done in the rugged north country that sets the mood of the play. Empire Theatre.	Sunderland, Durham
18-25	*All's Well That Ends Well.* The Caxton Players. Little Theatre.	Grimsby, Lincolnshire
APRIL		
5-25	*Richard II.* The play is the centerpiece of a festival highlighting a dozen characters in the play connected with the historic city of Lincoln. A pageant, *A Muse of Fire;* services in the famous cathedral; concerts; plays in the Theatre Royal; civic sword presented by Richard II on exhibition; cathedral and castle floodlit. Special all-inclusive tickets.	Lincoln, Lincolnshire
6-25	*Timon of Athens* and *Love's Labour Lost* in a tribute by Canada's Stratford Ontario Shakespeare Festival Company. The performances will take place in one of Britain's most ancient cities, once a Roman port on the south coast. Festival Theatre.	Chichester, Sussex
15-early June	*Richard II, Henry IV,* Parts I and II. In repertory, Royal Shakespeare Theatre.	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
18-Oct. 3	*Twelfth Night* in repertory, in the Scottish highlands near Glamis Castle, home of Macbeth. Pitlochry Drama Festival, Festival Theatre.	Pitlochry, Scotland
19-May 9	*Richard II* in repertory with Marlowe's *Edward II.* King Lear's palace was in Leicester and King Richard III died at Bosworth Field nearby. Phoenix Theatre.	Leicester, Leicestershire
20-May 16	*King John* and "Shakespeare Inheritance," the latter an exhibition, at a town closely associated with Shakespeare and near Stratford-Upon-Avon. Sir Laurence Olivier opens the exhibition. Repertory Theatre.	Northampton, Northamptonshire
21-May 9	*Anthony and Cleopatra* to be played on a part of Yorkshire much fought over in the historical plays. Sheffield Playhouse.	Sheffield, Yorkshire
21-May 21	Exhibition. Birmingham Shakespeare Library, Art Gallery. One of the world's outstanding collections of Shakespeariana. Close to Stratford.	Birmingham, Warwickshire
23-Aug. 5	Shakespeare Exhibition illustrating his life and career. Pavilion on the bank of the Avon.	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
24-May 1	*A Winter's Tale* as part of "Shakespeare at the Bluecoat," festival. Liverpool Shakespeare Society.	Liverpool, Lancashire
26	Yehudi Menuhin and Bath Chamber Orchestra concert, Holy Trinity Church where Shakespeare was baptized and buried.	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
27-May 2	"Elizabethan Music," Tudor interludes and madrigals, music of Byrd, Dowland and Orlando Gibbons, in the Great Hall, Bristol University.	Bristol, Gloucestershire
27-May 2	"Elizabethan Plays" by Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries. Little Theatre and Drama Studio.	Bristol, Gloucestershire
28-May 16	*Love's Labour Lost, Henry V,* and *Othello,* in repertory. Bristol Old Vic Company, Theatre Royal.	Bristol, Gloucestershire
MAY		
1	*A Winter's Tale* (see April)	Liverpool, Lancashire
1-2	"Elizabethan Music" and "Elizabethan Plays" (see April)	Bristol, Gloucestershire
1-9	*Richard II* and Marlowe's *Edward II* (see April)	Leicester, Leicestershire
1-9	*Antony and Cleopatra* (see April)	Sheffield, Yorkshire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1-16	*Love's Labour Lost, Henry V* and *Othello* (see April)	Bristol, Gloucestershire
1-16	*King John* and "Shakespeare Inheritance" (see April)	Northampton, Northamptonshire
1-21	Exhibition (see April)	Birmingham, Warwickshire
17	London Symphony Concert, conductor Pierre Monteux. Royal Shakespeare Theatre.	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
21-Aug. 16	*Macbeth*, the Verdi opera, in repertory. Glyndebourne Festival Opera.	Glyndebourne, Sussex
During month	*Richard II, Henry IV*, Parts I and II, and Shakespeare Exhibition. (see April)	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
During month	*Twelfth Night* (see April)	Pitlochry, Scotland
JUNE		
1-13	*Romeo and Juliet* in the Welsh border country not far from Stratford-Upon-Avon, a region that has close connections with Shakespeare's chronicle plays. Royal Theatre.	Hereford, Herefordshire
9-28	*Twelfth Night* in a town famous both for its Roman ruins and connections with the historical plays and Sir Francis Bacon. Near London. St. Albans School Open Air Theatre.	St. Albans, Hertfordshire
During month	*Richard II, Henry IV*, Parts I and II, and Shakespeare Exhibition. (see April)	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
During month	*Macbeth* (see May)	Glyndebourne, Sussex
During month	*Twelfth Night* (see April)	Pitlochry, Scotland
JULY		
8-18	"Pageant of Dover Castle," twenty scenes from Shakespeare in one of the most historic spots in England. The castle is mentioned in *King John* and several other plays. Outdoors, overlooking the white cliffs.	Dover, Kent
Through August	*Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III* (War of the Roses trilogy), in repertory. Royal Shakespeare Theatre.	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
During month	*Macbeth* (see May)	Glyndebourne, Sussex
During month	*Twelfth Night* (see April)	Pitlochry, Scotland
AUGUST		
1-5	Shakespeare Exhibition (see April)	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
1-16	*Macbeth* (see May)	Glyndebourne, Sussex
3-9	Shakespeare in Welsh. National Eisteddfod.	Swansea, Wales
18-Oct. 5	"Shakespeare Exhibition." The giant exhibition from Stratford brought to Scotland's historic capital for the Edinburgh Festival of art and music. Waverly Market.	Edinburgh, Scotland
During month	*Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III* (see July)	Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire
During month	*Twelfth Night* (see April)	Pitlochry, Scotland
SEPTEMBER		
14-28	*Hamlet*, near some of Britain's greatest houses and most historic countryside. Derby Playhouse.	Derby, Derbyshire
17-19	*Taming of the Shrew* in the resort town of London's cockneys at the mouth of the Thames. New Cliffs Pavilion.	Southend-on-Sea, Essex
During month	*Twelfth Night* (see April)	Pitlochry, Scotland
During month	"Shakespeare Exhibition" (see August)	Edinburgh, Scotland
OCTOBER		
1-3	*Twelfth Night* (see April)	Pitlochry, Scotland
1-5	"Shakespeare Exhibition" (see August)	Edinburgh, Scotland

—Compiled by Barbara Coletti.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London's Shakespeare Year

Several classic European theater companies will stage a three-month tribute to Shakespeare at the Aldwych Theatre, March 17-June 13. The Comédie Française will play March 17-28; the Schiller Theater from Berlin, March 30-April 4; Peppino de Filippo and his Company from Naples, April 7-18; the Abbey Theater from Dublin, April 21-May 2; the Teatr Wspolezesny from Warsaw, May 5-16; the Technis Theater from Athens, May 18-23; the Moscow Arts Theater, May 26-June 13.

Shakespeare in Exhibition: Shakespeare in Art, Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1, April 9-May 9; the Shakespeare Exhibition, illustrating Shakespeare's life and career, will open October 26 at the site of the National Theater on the South Bank (at Stratford-Upon-Avon April 23-August 5 and at Edinburgh August 18-October 5).

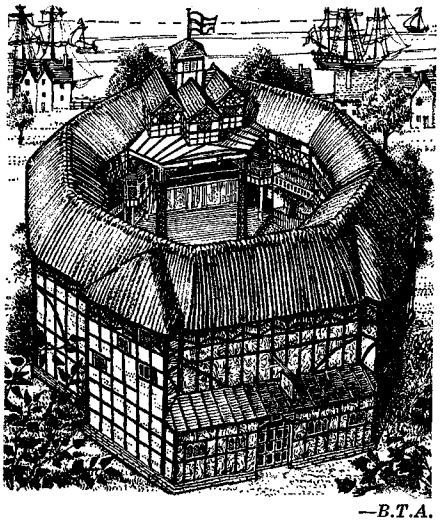
Music inspired by Shakespeare will be performed at a Royal Philharmonic Society Concert given by the Halle Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall, April 22.

Macbeth and three Elizabethan plays will be presented for five months at the Thames-side Mermaid Theater, opening on April 22.

Sir Laurence Olivier will appear as the Moor of Venice in *Othello* with the National Theater Company, opening on April 23 at the Old Vic.

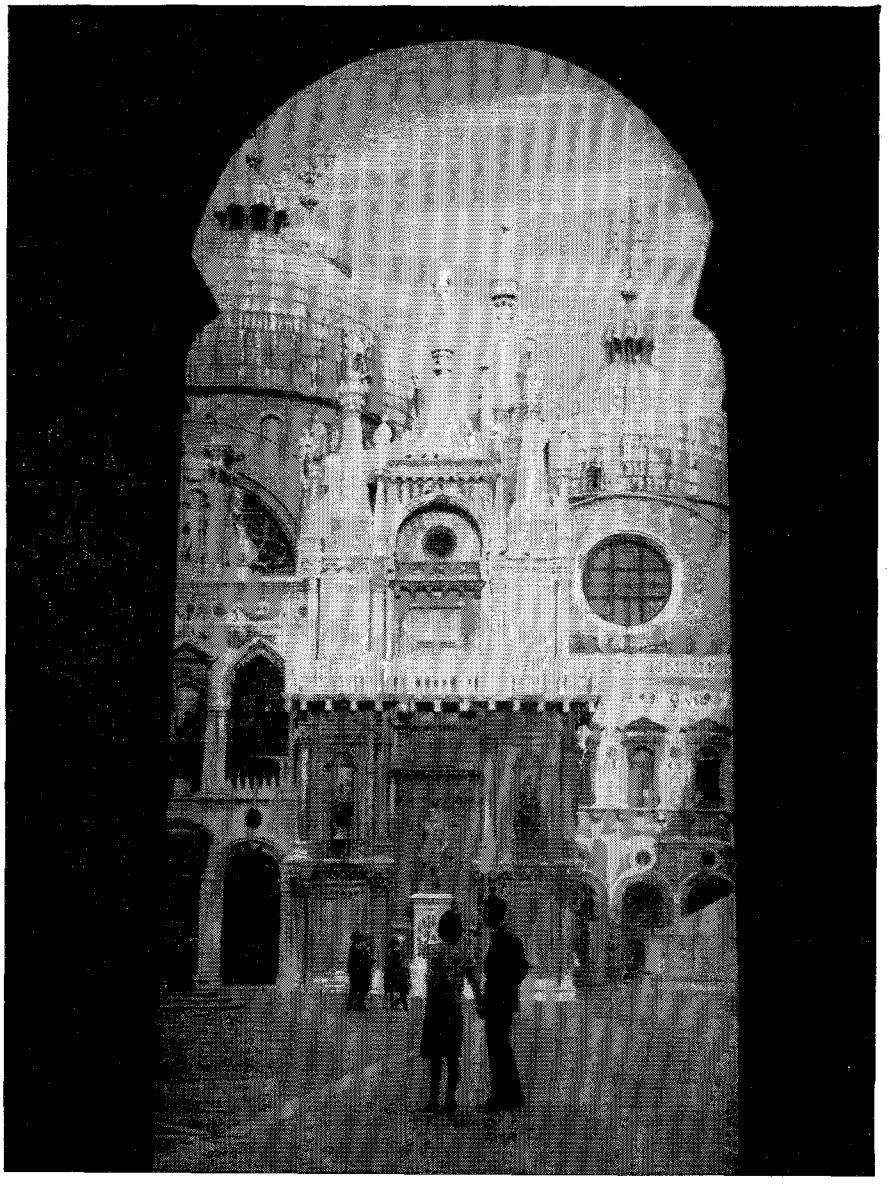
The London Symphony will perform *Romeo and Juliet* by Berlioz, at the Royal Festival Hall on April 30.

At Regent's Park Open-Air Theater the New Shakespeare Company will perform *Henry V* from May 25 to July 11 and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* from July 13 to August 15.



—B.T.A.

Model of the Globe Theater.



"Half the fun of traveling is doing things you've never done before.

"And seeing things you've never seen before or ever really imagined were true.

"When you stand in one of Venice's old Palazzos and look up at the 500 year old ceiling, the murals, the almost crumbling walls — a thing happens to you.

"No matter what you've learned of Venice, or been told, or read, you can never get the magnificent feeling of its agelessness or its ancientness.

"Until you see it yourself.

"Originally built on a series of islands to escape the invading Barbarians, ancient Venice emerged to become a major sea power.

"For centuries, the shape of the city served both as a natural defense and as a symbol of its commercial endeavor.

"Venice had developed into a beautiful mixture of brilliant palaces, mansions and cathedrals joined by waterways and thousands of bridges.

"Today, miraculously, most of Venice in its Golden Age has been preserved. The glamourous Lido — glamourous for 700 years.

"The crystal and glass shops. The Venetian lace industry which is really a time-honored craft, an art unincumbered by modern manufacturing methods.

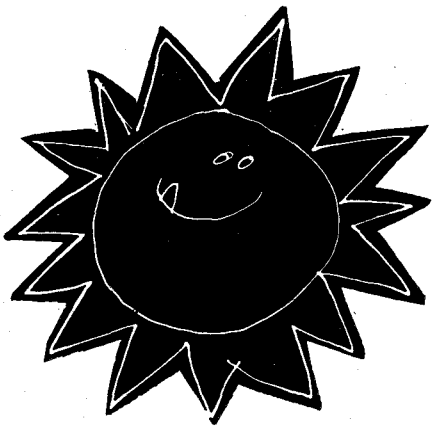
"They are all yours for the price of a gondola ride. (And the ride is worth the price itself!)"

Ask your Travel Agent for details. Or write: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Ave., New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Azienda Autonoma Soggiorno e Turismo, Venice, Italy.

And, since you can enjoy the most modern facilities amidst all this medieval grandeur, you'll agree too . . .

Venice becomes you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ZIMPATICO

(zim-pa′-tik-o) adj. 1. In agreement with one's moods, tastes, feelings. 2. A very special get-away-from-it-all Mediterranean voyage. 3. Friendly, flexible, fun-loving.

Spending time abroad this year? Put yourself (and Europe and Israel) in perspective. Sail the sunny Mediterranean from Marseilles or Naples or Venice to Haifa. The waves are gentle. The air is refreshing. The pace is relaxing. Your Zim liner is your hotel as you sight-see and shop in Naples, dance the night away in romantic Athens. It's different. It's delightful. It's Zimpatico... the vacation-within-a-vacation more and more travel-weary tourists are discovering. Fly to Europe if you must, but once there indulge in an economical Zimpatico voyage. Of course, we'd be delighted if you want to go Zim all the way. We leave New York for Haifa and the Mediterranean every third Friday throughout the year. See your travel agent or, call us directly.

BE A "GUEST"...GO ZIM LINES

Owner's Representative: American Israeli Shipping Company, Inc. 42 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y. Midtown Office: 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. DIgby 4-7600. Other Offices: Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami Beach, Montreal, Toronto.

A Shakespeare Schedule

U.S.A.

Princeton University, Princeton, N.J.: *Romeo and Juliet*, Mar. 5, 8, 13; Apr. 18. *Taming of the Shrew*, Mar. 6, 7, 21, 22; Apr. 3, 16. *Othello*, Mar. 12, 14; Apr. 17. *Much Ado About Nothing*, Apr. 9, 10, 11, 19.

Shakespeare Festival, Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va., Mar. 13-14.

The romantic comedies, March 17; the dark comedies, April 7; the tragedies, April 14, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Taming of the Shrew, National Players, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C., Mar. 17. *Ballet of Romeo and Juliet*, a film, Apr. 29.

Hamlet, starring Richard Burton, New York City, Mar. 19-June 6.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.: "Shakespeare as Stage Director," lecture by B. Iden Payne, March 18; Elizabethan music, sonnets and songs of Shakespeare, April 7; "The Clowns of Shakespeare," lecture by Hiram Sherman, April 16; "Shakespeare's *Henry V*," lecture by Professor George B. Harrison, April 20; *Henry V*, April 22-25.

The Tempest, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., April 10, 11, 15-18.

Much Ado About Nothing, Citadel Night at Dock Street Theatre, Charleston, S.C., mid-April. The Citadel: Shakespearean Exhibit, Apr. 15-26; All-Shakespearean program by Basil Rathbone, April 23.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.: *Richard III*, April 21-25; *The Bride From Mantua*, in a verse adaptation by Richard Eberhart of Lope de Vega's *El Castigo Sin Venganza*, May 5-9.

Shakespeare Drama Festival, Harpur College, Endicott, N. Y., Apr. 23-24.

Love's Labour's Lost, Erskine College, Due West, S.C., Apr. 23-25. Part of school's 125th anniversary celebration as well as salute to Shakespeare.

Shakespeare Birthday Party, Columbia University, New York, N.Y., April 23. Low Memorial Library to be scene of celebration. Exhibition of Shakespeariana; probably Elizabethan musical interludes.

Troilus and Cressida, University of Washington School of Drama, Seattle, Wash., Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, April 23-May 16.

Twelfth Night, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 23-May 25.

Hamlet, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Apr. 25.

King Lear and *A Comedy of Errors*, starring Paul Scofield, Wash., D.C., Apr. 13-25; Boston, Mass., Apr. 27-May 9; Toronto, Canada, May 11-16; New York City, May 18-June 6.

American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn., *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Richard III*, May 30-Sept. 13.

Macbeth, *Measure for Measure*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, National Shakespeare Festival, San Diego, Calif., June 9-Sept. 13.

Hamlet, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and David Amram's opera inspired by *Twelfth Night*, New York Shakespeare Festival, Central Park, New York City, June 10-Sept. 6.

The Tempest, Longwood Gardens, Pa., June 26-27.

Henry VI, Part 1; *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare Festival at Stanford University, Stanford, Calif., June 23-July 4. To be followed by *Macbeth*, *Measure for Measure*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, presented by players of National Shakespeare Festival, July 5-13.

Antony and Cleopatra, *Hamlet*, *Henry VI*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Richard III*, Lakewood, Ohio, June 30-Sept. 18.

Macbeth, *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, *Henry IV*, Part I, and *Hamlet*, July 1-Sept. 6, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

King Lear, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Othello*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Southern Shakespeare Repertory Theatre, University of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla., July 7-Aug. 2.

Macbeth, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Twelfth Night*, Utah Shakespearean Festival, College of Southern Utah, Cedar City, Utah, July 9-25.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Sylvan Theater, Washington Monument Grounds, Wash., D.C., July 11-Aug. 9, nightly except Monday.

The Merchant of Venice, *King Lear*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Henry VI*, Part 1, Oregon Shakespearean Festival, Ashland, Ore., July 11-Sept. 6.

Merry Wives of Windsor, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Taming of the Shrew*, Marin Shakespeare Festival, Ross, Calif., Wednesdays through Saturdays, July 15-Sept. 5.

As You Like It, *King John*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, Colorado Shakespeare

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Festival, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo., Aug. 1-15.

As You Like It, King John, Romeo and Juliet, Champlain Shakespeare Festival, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt., Aug. 1-Sept. 5.

Austria

Shakespeare celebration, University of Vienna, Apr. 23.

400th Anniversary ceremony, Burgtheater, Vienna, Apr. 26. Address by Christopher Fry.

A new production of *Henry VI,* plus *Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V,* and *Richard III,* Vienna Festival, May 19-26. *Henry VI* will be given in one evening performance lasting five hours.

Othello, the Verdi opera, Vienna Festival, Vienna, May 25.

Love's Labour Lost, Old Vic guest appearance, Vienna, May 25-26.

Graz Summer Festival, Graz: Verdi's *Othello,* June 20; Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure,* June 25-28.

Salzburg Festival, Salzburg: Verdi's *Macbeth,* Aug. 7, 14, 19; Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Aug. 27.

Germany

German-speaking theaters will feature 135 productions of 29 plays by Shakespeare during 1964. Most frequently played comedies will be *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Taming of the Shrew.* Most frequently played dramas: *Hamlet,* (10); *Macbeth, King Lear* and *Othello,* eight each.

Troilus and Cressida, Shakespeare Festival, Bochum, Apr. 22-26.

May Festival, Wiesbaden. *A Comedy of Errors, Hamlet, King Henry IV, Love's Labour's Lost, Much Ado About Nothing, Othello, Romeo and Juliet.*

Hamlet, one of several plays scheduled for Cloister Plays, in 800-year-old abbey, Feuchtwagen.

At the Herrenhausen Park Ballet, Drama and Music Festival, Hanover, the Bristol, England, Old Vic Company will perform *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Henry V,* June 18-20; *Hamlet,* July 18-31; *Comedy of Errors,* July 25-Aug. 16.

Macbeth and *Midsummer Night's Dream,* Bad Hersfeld, July 3-Aug. 5.

Handel's *Julius Caesar,* Munich Opera Festival, July 17-Aug. 16.

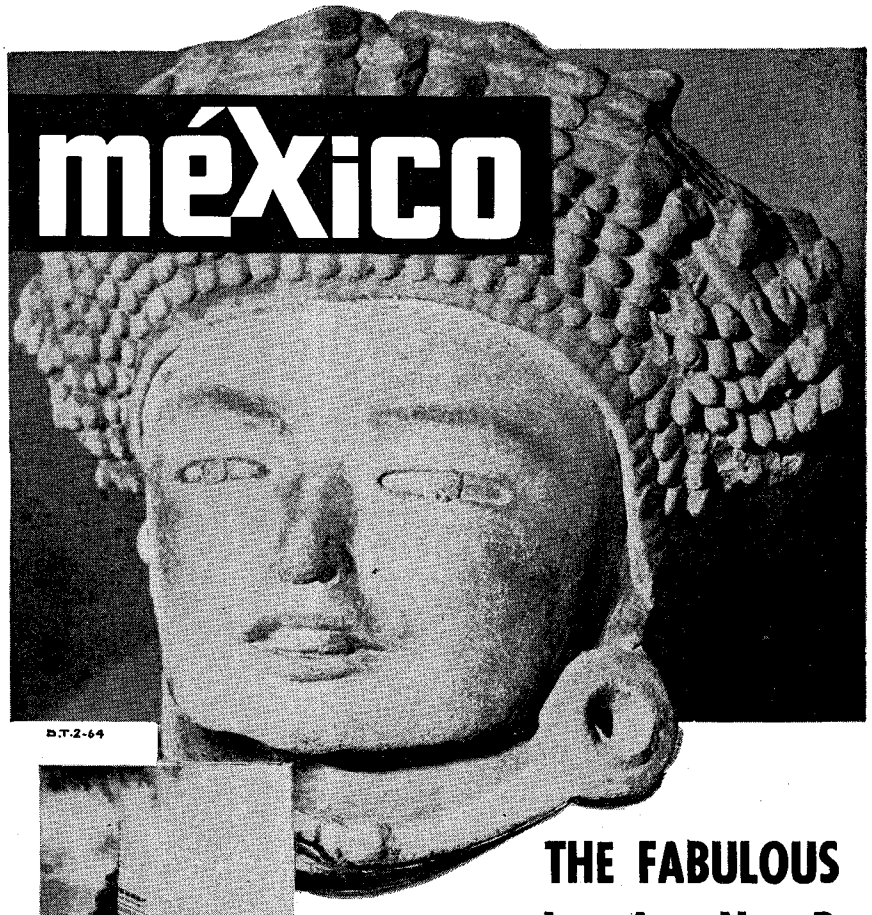
Merry Wives of Windsor, State Theater of Hesse, Hanover, Aug. 9-16.

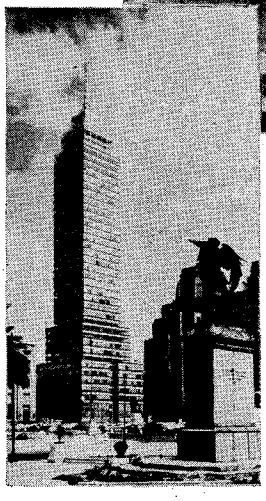
Italy

Verdi's *Othello,* during season at Teatro Nuovo, Turin, Mar. 10-May 31.

Shakespeare's plays to be presented in the Roman Theatre, Verona, July-August.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.





THE FABULOUS
L A N D
To see - and enjoy

Vacation in Mexico
So near and
yet so foreign.

What's ancient, what's modern, what's in between - - you find it all in Mexico.

The capital itself is a vast mosaic of pre-Columbian culture, of teeming contemporary vitality, of the romantic colonial period.

For the visitor it affords both the comforts and entertainment of contemporary times with nostalgic souvenirs of the mystical and colorful past.

In Mexico you live in the present and savor the past. Like so many others, you will find that to know it is an unforgettable experience.

30 DAY TOURIST CARD FREE

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR OUR OFFICES AT:

CHICAGO 3, ILL. — 210 North Michigan Ave.
DALLAS 1, TEX. — 1905 Commerce Street
HOUSTON 2, TEX. — 809 Walker Ave. Suite 146
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF. — 3106 Wilshire Blvd.
MIAMI 5, FLA. — First National Bank Bldg., Arcade, Office No. 20 315 S. E. 2nd St.
MONTREAL 3, P.Q. CANADA Internacional Aviation Bldg. Annex First Floor, 700 Dorchester Blvd. West.
NEW ORLEANS 12, LA. — 203 Saint Charles Street.
NEW YORK 20, N.Y. — 630 Fifth Ave. Suite 3508
SAN ANTONIO 5 TEX. — 209 E. Travis St.
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIF. — 1301 Fifth Ave.
TORONTO 5, ONT., CANADA — 13 Bloor St. West.
TUCSON, ARIZ. — 80 North Stone Ave.
WASHINGTON 6, D. C. 1302 Connecticut Ave. N.W.

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT PASEO DE LA REFORMA 35, MEXICO CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fumiko

✻ Like every daughter of her household since antiquity, Fumiko Nakamura has been brought up in the highest traditions of Japanese etiquette. In the kimono of a Japan Air Lines hostess, Fumiko has the flower-like grace of a classic wood-block print; yet she serves your favorite beverages and cuisine and attends your every wish with a precise awareness of your Western tastes. It is this delightful duality of Fumiko and her sister hostesses that gives the serenity of a Japanese home to your Jet Courier flight. Add the enchanting "extra" of flying Japan Air Lines to your next trip to Japan, the Orient, or on around the world to Europe. It is a travel experience unique in all the world.

JAPAN AIR LINES

See your travel agent for jet reservations from San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu to Japan, the Orient, and around the world to Europe.

Recollections of An Olympic Torchbearer

By FRED SPARKS

SINCE the first Olympics were held in 776 B.C., they've been recorded in story, poem, play, legend, song, and the *World Almanac*. Victors have been deified on papyrus, monuments, friezes, vases, and boxes of breakfast cereal. Everyone has had his say, from Socrates to Red Smith.

The realization that for 2,724 years experts had been doing this appalled me when, in 1948, I was ordered from Paris by the Chicago *Daily News* to cover the first postwar games in London. No one writing for newspapers at the time had less knowledge of sports. Even Emily Post knew a thing or two about croquet. With half a floor of crack sportswriters, why had my discerning editor, Basil L. ("Stuffy") Walters, selected *me*? Me, who thought runners came from Wall Street and discus throwers advertised Jockey shorts.

As we bobbled over the Channel, I saw the light! Stuffy had not lost his touch; he was sending me, a feature writer, because few readers give a hoot about the technical side of the games. Suppose someone does crack the hop-skip-and-jump record? How many papers would that sell? Particularly in the summer of '48, when Senator McCarthy was going through the State Department like Sherman through Georgia and Thomas E. Dewey was winning the Presidency in a walk. (Since then, of course, TV has brought the athletes' agonizing exertions into the living room, providing an exceptional opportunity for deodorant commercials.)

I can't say I was entirely uninformed; I *had* lived in Greece a year. I remembered that the Marathon stems from Pheidippides's run to Athens carrying the "We Stopped Persia" message. Those of us who have seen, in more recent times, Western Union boys in action know Pheidippides was the last messenger who ran.

I also recalled how, in an early Olympic, one brute killed his opponent in the pancratium, a severe boxing-wrestling combination. The judges agreed that killing was permitted, but the killer had fouled; they named the deceased the victor. *He* was one Olympic hero who could not open a restaurant, like Duke Kahanamoku, or play Tarzan, like Johnny Weissmuller.

Stuffy was right: *non-sports* incidents always won the meatiest headlines. Take 1936, the last pre-war Olympics, when Germany was the host country. That year Eleanor Holm, the back stroke whiz, commanded national attention by *not* competing. Miss Holm, later married to Billy Rose of AT&T, was removed from the team aboard the SS *America* on the way over by Avery Brundage, then, as now, head of the American Olympic Committee. Miss Holm, it was indicated, broke training with a few of the boys over Piper-Heidsieck; Mr. Brundage, ever the house mother, felt this a shabby example for the 4H Clubs.

In Berlin it was politics that won most newspaper space. Herr Hitler, who

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Long distance runners, from a vase painting, 6th century.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

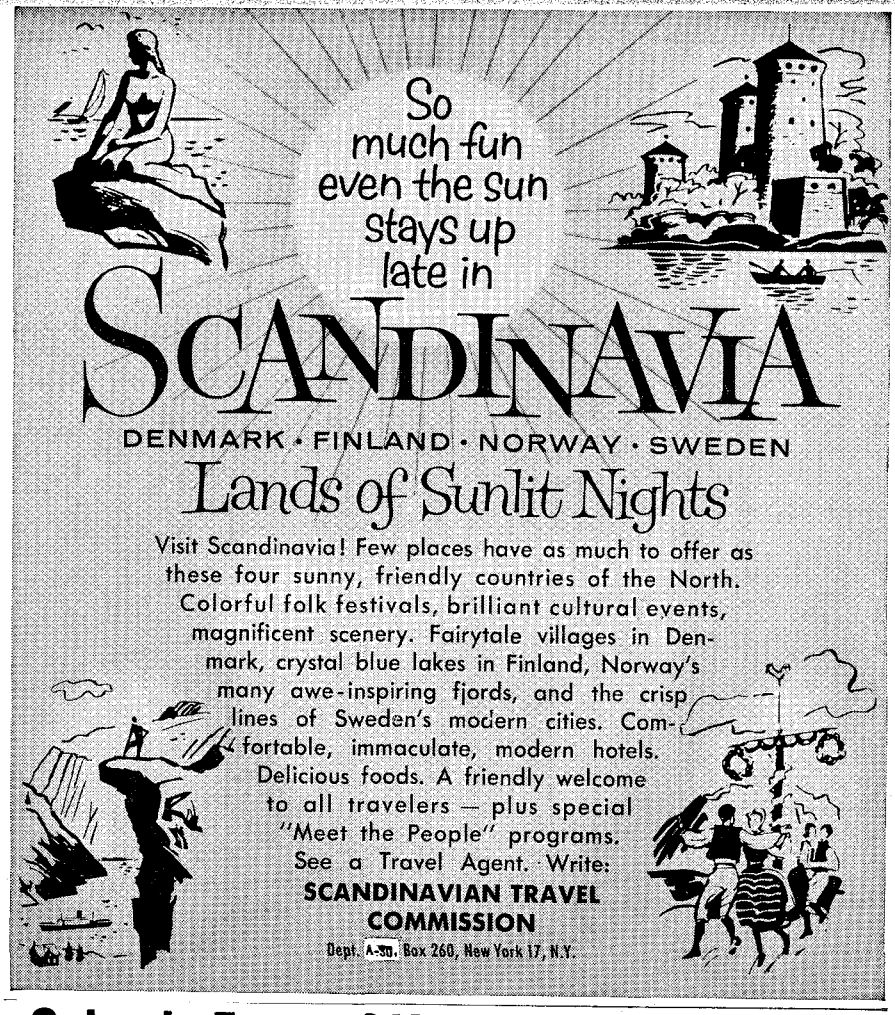
staged the flashiest Olympics ever, had been preaching, you will recollect, that the Nordic was Superman; a week before he had put Negroes high on his list of inferiors. Adolf was the main attraction as he arrived, surrounded by his oldest comrades, most of whom have since been hanged. Der Fuehrer intended to congratulate each winner personally. Suddenly, his blond heavens darkened. The opening events were copped by Americans, Jesse Owens, Ralph Metcalfe, Johnny Woodruff, and Cornelius Johnson. Not one could qualify for a Mississippi lunch counter. As they lined up to receive his blessings, 110,000 spectators watched, enthralled. Herr Hitler fled the field! Official spokesmen mumbled something about "a head cold" and "it looked like rain." "America's Black Auxiliaries," as Goebbels labeled them, had forced the first Nazi retreat.

Politics infests every Olympics; 1948 was no exception. The Arab athletes had folded their tents and were prepared to depart when the International Olympic Committee forbade Israeli participation; the new state lacked proper recognition. A princely Saudi Arabian whom I first met in Beirut was immensely relieved. "I would have had to go with the rest," he sighed, "after spending a fortune on passage for six of my wives."

IF you're going to Tokyo and, like me, cannot take scores seriously, you'll still tingle at the attendant pomp. TV couldn't handle that for me; I can't love a parade vicariously. Unfortunately, the particulars of surrender peeled from Japan its showy trappings. You've got to have at least one mounted, ceremonial troop to do these things up. No doubt Tokyo will *try*, and some samurai will be atop armored ponies, even if borrowed from Toho Studios.

The British, as was expected, did wonders. Helsinki, '52, Melbourne, '56, Rome, '60, couldn't rival the regal inauguration at Wembley. The Household Cavalry, helmets gleaming like palace silver, made fanfares. Then there was a crash of Marine brass and drums, surely heard at Land's End, followed by Sol Hurok's Own: the Regimental Band and Massed Pipers of the Black Watch Royal Highland Regiment, each kilt's pleat pressed, each bare knee Simonized. King George and family made *their* entrance, as Cecil Beaton clicked away, and a decent number of Grenadiers, in tall bearskin headdresses, fainted.

Now the Empire stepped aside and the teams passed in review in alphabetical order—but for Greece, given the lead for her seniority. Finally a local boy—a Cambridge blue, naturally—materialized with the sputtering torch, grandly circled the track, ran up the peristyle, and ignited a vast bronze urn like a crêpe suzette for Zeus. Then a sol-

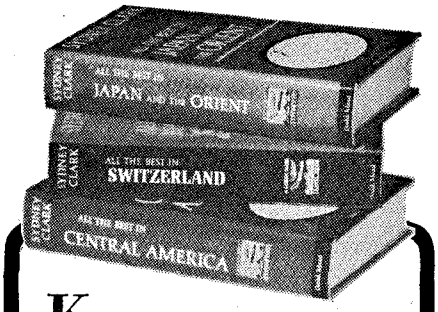

So much fun even the sun stays up late in
SCANDINAVIA
DENMARK • FINLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN
Lands of Sunlit Nights
Visit Scandinavia! Few places have as much to offer as these four sunny, friendly countries of the North. Colorful folk festivals, brilliant cultural events, magnificent scenery. Fairytale villages in Denmark, crystal blue lakes in Finland, Norway's many awe-inspiring fjords, and the crisp lines of Sweden's modern cities. Comfortable, immaculate, modern hotels. Delicious foods. A friendly welcome to all travelers — plus special "Meet the People" programs.
See a Travel Agent. Write:
SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION
Dept. A-30, Box 260, New York 17, N.Y.

Going to Europe? You'll need a Car there!
DS19-ID19: 5 PASSENGER 4 DOOR SEDAN
STATION WAGON: 7-10 PASSENGERS
AMI-6: 4 PASSENGERS
2CV: 4 PASSENGERS
Citroen of France is your best choice, with a car and a plan for every budget. Take advantage of a car manufacturer's tax-free delivery. Orders placed in the United States will be delivered in time for your arrival. Bring it home for further savings. See your Citroen dealer today, or for full description of each car in the Citroen line: Write for FREE Overseas Delivery Brochure.
CITROEN CARS CORPORATION SR-14
IN NEW YORK, N.Y. AT: 300 Park Avenue, N.Y. 22
IN BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. AT: 8423 Wilshire Blvd.
GENTLEMEN: Send me Factory Direct European Delivery Plans and name of nearest Citroen Dealer.
My Name Is
Address
City
CITROËN
THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE CARS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All up-to-date,
the travel books of

Sydney Clark



Known as the "dean of today's travel writers," only Sydney Clark covers the world to keep right up to date his famous set of books. Each one of these handsome, well-bound books gives basic information about customs, money, transportation, hotels, climate, clothes and other basic data. Each book tells what to see where to go, where to shop, eat, drink, and have fun. Brief historical and present-day background sections are included, and maps and diagrams are added to the many photographic illustrations.

Spring 1964 Revisions

ALL THE BEST IN
JAPAN and the ORIENT
Including the Philippines, Hong Kong, Macao and Taiwan. $5.95

ALL THE BEST IN
SWITZERLAND
$4.95

ALL THE BEST IN
CENTRAL AMERICA
Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama, etc.
$4.95

Newly revised
ALL THE BEST IN:

BELGIUM & Luxembourg	$4.95
THE CARIBBEAN	$4.95
CENTRAL AMERICA	$4.95
EUROPE	$5.95
FRANCE	$4.95
GERMANY & AUSTRIA	$5.95
HAWAII	$4.95
HOLLAND	$4.95
ITALY	$4.95
THE MEDITERRANEAN	$5.95
MEXICO	$4.95
SCANDINAVIA	$4.95
SOUTH AMERICA East Coast	$4.95
SOUTH AMERICA West Coast	$4.95
SPAIN & PORTUGAL	$4.95

At all bookstores
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
432 Park Avenue South, N. Y. 10016

emn chorus chanted Kipling's "Olympic Hymn," and the Archbishop of York allowed that pagan rites were not offensive to the Church of England.

At circuses I enjoy side shows more than the formalized doings in the three rings. Similarly, I was amused by the side-show Olympics more than track-and-field, the main event, in Wembley; I sought out games I had not seen before. If your unguided middle worries you and you've thought of Vic Tanney's, witness a bout of weight-lifting in Tokyo. After watching the well-muscled chaps in London push overhead what appeared to be railroad wheels on axles, *I* resolved to remain forever a *before*.

None of the contestants watched those performing. They looked at themselves in the many "guide" mirrors—madly, madly in love with their own gross biceps, triceps, pectoralis, and hamstrings. It's just as well; no one else could love a weight-lifter *except* another weight-lifter. One Turk—he must have been 6 foot 7 and 305 pounds—was followed around by a simpering fan who carried his towel, resin, comb, brush, scent, and moustache wax.

If water polo is a "sport," so is strolling in front of speeding Fifth Avenue buses. I saw an English ball carrier, in the fulness of his youth, pulled under by two human whales. When they wrenched away the ball and let him come up for air, he looked ready for Medicare. He had swallowed enough chlorinated water to disinfect Lake Erie.

If you are in Tokyo without your wife, don't miss the women's gymnastics. The moment I entered the hall in London I saw everything that a young, middle-aged, or old man needs. Beauty that you wouldn't believe flew through the air with the greatest of ease, each specimen fit for three *Playboy* pages. The Americans never shine at these Sokol-type acrobatics, but it does such miracles for the female torso that I advise Elizabeth Arden to unload her vibrator belts and install parallel bars.

I fell in love, five or six times, particularly with a Swedish side-horse specialist who could make a ninety-two-year-old Republican explode in his wheelchair. Flashing my press card, I asked to interview her. That night? She agreed to come to the Chicago *Daily News* flat on Victoria Embankment. This would be *my* best story—I FOUND ROMANCE AT THE OLYMPICS.

I hastened to Fortnum-and-Mason's and splurged on iced Russian caviar, tinned Polish ham, jarred French escargots, and boxed Danish pastry. The candles and my heart were burning expectantly when Helga arrived, flashing teeth such as Ipana never saw. Alas, still in training, she brought her own brown bag with black bread, yellow

YOURS FREE!

A NEW 80-PAGE TRAVEL GUIDE TO NEW YORK STATE AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

Double the fun of your World's Fair trip. Plan to see all of New York State. New Travel Guide tells you how. It contains: ★ Special World's Fair section that lists all the exciting exhibits at the Fair. ★ Facts on the New York State Pavilion, "The High Point of the Fair." ★ 80 pages of travel suggestions for New York State. ★ Listing of over 500 resorts and resort areas. ★ Hundreds of color photographs of historic landmarks, museums, children's attractions, natural wonders. Hours of opening and admission prices included. ★ Information on how to get there by car, bus, train or plane. Take advantage of this free offer. Mail this coupon today.

New York State Department of Commerce
Dept. SR-4, P.O. Box 1350, Albany 7, N.Y.
Please send me the new 1964 "Vacationlands" guide to New York State and the World's Fair.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheese, and green yogurt, of all things.

After dining she said: "Now, for the interview"—and took off her dress. Underneath was a leotard. "All writers ask how we keep fit," she said. She showed me, bending, twisting, stretching, gyrating. Then Helga ate a fig and asked: "Anything else you want?" Fortunately, the jangling doorbell smothered my reply. There stood a man with shoulders so wide I thought he'd forgotten to take the hanger out of his jacket. Helga introduced me to her fiancé, a member of Sweden's wrestling team.

My way-out Olympic coverage was *not* impressing the sports desk; for the first few days Stuffy withheld comment. Then, out of the blue, I had a bannerline windfall that drew his cabled compliments.

I received a call from a man I can best describe as the Bobby Baker of Fleet Street, a nonwriting fixer always available to assist visiting newsmen—for the King's penny. "I have in my kitchen," said Percy, "a Czech pole-vaulter."

No sooner said than I was taxiing to his digs in Chelsea. I had anticipated defections from the East, but never dreamt the first would be mine, exclusively. Over Bass Ale and admirable Chilton, I got the classic quotes: "The weather might be foul in England, but here you can soar free without a Communist on your back." Percy "borrowed" twenty pounds.

IN THE last days of the London Olympiad so many Czechs and Hungarian athletes emulated *my* pole-vaulter that a disgusted Iron Curtain official said: "Next time we'll buy one-way tickets." The same sort of thing is bound to happen in Tokyo. If only the Russians who don't want to go back home will defect *before* they participate; then we'd have a chance.

The Americans had a few days, after Zeus's urn was formally extinguished, to do London. They shook off the long moral arm of Avery Brundage and, with precious hard currency in their pockets, swept through Soho as they had swept the Olympics. Few, I am sure, sought cultural opportunities; not one, to my knowledge, climbed the Tower.

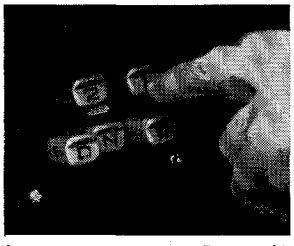
I intend to go to the Tokyo Olympics and there I shall, as in London, leave the springing and foot-racing to the hungry electronic eye and concentrate on politics and romance. If we could merge these elements! What a story!

Imagine a lady Russian 200-meter runner flipping for a clean-cut American oarsman from, say, Spearfish, North Dakota! They could marry at the U.N., Chairman Khrushchev giving the bride away, with President Johnson as best man. *That* would, in the true Olympic spirit, thaw the cold war.

travel in Europe... vacation in Switzerland

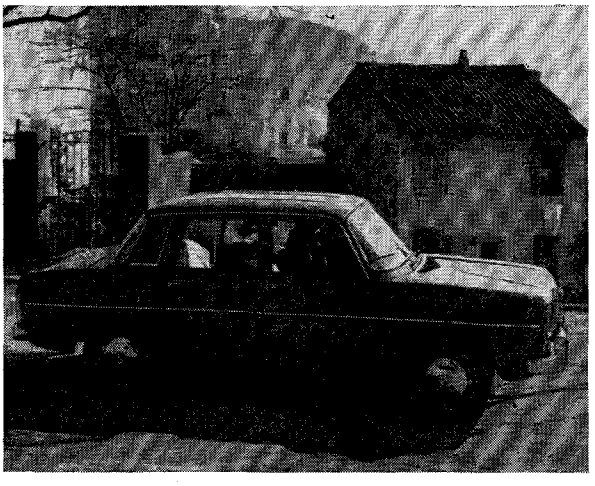
Everything in one place! Snow-coned mountains and palm trees. Modern cities & pre-Roman settlements. Superb cuisine. Incomparable shopping at tempting prices. Resorts, spas, hotels, in spectacular settings. Riotous nature and peace everywhere. And, this year, the biggest event in Europe—The Swiss National Exposition. All of Switzerland will be on show, in Lausanne, April 30-October 25.

Your travel agent has the best answers. See him for free information, maps, and folders, or write Dept. A, Swiss National Tourist Office, 10 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y. or 661 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.



Europe at your fingertips...

in your own new Renault Dauphine or R-8 with push-button automatic transmission. Up to 64 kilometers per gallon (40 miles of Europe!). All this driving comfort and economy for as little as $1,191 f.o.b. Paris. ♦ Over 5,500 Renault dealers throughout Europe are ready and equipped to help you should the occasion arise. Learn more about the car geared for American driving that knows its way around Europe. Visit your Renault dealer or mail this coupon today, and we'll see that you get the full story on the Renault Overseas Plan.



RENAULT OVERSEAS SALES

RENAULT, INC., 750 THIRD AVE. NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

S-4

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Maupintour
THE FUN WAY TO TRAVEL ABROAD

☐ **WESTERN EUROPE.** 3 week, 5 week, and 8 week escorted tours. Superior hotels. See Europe's best.
☐ **SCANDINAVIA.** Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Escorted, 23 days. May thru Sept. Superior hotels.
☐ **ALPS OF EUROPE.** Unique 7 Nations summer tour. Magnificent vistas. Famous resorts. 28 days.
☐ **SPAIN.** 15 to 22 days. Weekly. Portugal, Majorca, Morocco, too!
☐ **RUSSIA/EASTERN EUROPE.** Four different escorted tours. 17 to 54 days. Also, Cities of Central Asia.
☐ **MIDDLE EAST/HOLY LANDS.** Escorted **Prestige Tours** each month. Superior in every way. 24 days.
☐ **AROUND THE WORLD.** 3 week, 4 week, and 7 week escorted tours. Superior hotels. From $1797.

For folders, see your Travel Agent or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Telephone Plaza 3-2466.

ASTA TRAVEL AGENT

ROBERT S. KANE

ASIA A TO Z

Some people write guidebooks. Bob Kane "smashes stereotypes."* He covered *Africa A to Z* and *South America A to Z*. Now he moves from Tokyo to Tehran, from Delhi to Djakarta, in a vital, *modern* guide that is as candid as a passport-photo—about politics ...palaces... and *people*. With maps, prices, photographs, $5.75 **DOUBLEDAY**

*New York Post

Where to See Practically Everybody

By HENRY C. WOLFE

CHARLES DE GAULLE'S dinner, the night of August 25, 1944, was catered by the Café de la Paix, the restaurant rimmed by sidewalk tables at that frantic crossroads, the Place de l'Opéra. There was still fighting in the Paris streets—the main German battle line was only a few miles away—but behind the closed doors of the café chefs and waiters hurriedly assembled a cold meal of sorts and dispatched it to the improvised headquarters of France's top military hero.

Several years later, when Harry Truman made his first post-Presidential visit to Paris, he lost no time in getting to the terrace of the Café de la Paix. In 1918, as a young AEF captain on leave, he had spent pleasant hours there watching the passing show.

Since 1865, French social and political life has swirled about this world-famous establishment so close to the Opéra. (Philippe Egalité had a special suite in "La Grange aux Belles," which once occupied the location of the Café de la Paix.) Revolutions, wars, and military occupations have shaken the café but never conquered it. In the course of its ninety-eight years it has been the rendezvous of artists, musicians, writers, princes of the blood and of finance—of Massenet, Zola, Father Dupin, Diaghilev, Goncourt, Rothschild, de Maupassant. It was in its spacious Second Empire rooms that these and other celebrated patrons created the legend: "Sit long enough in the Café de la Paix and you will see everyone worth seeing."

After World War I, it is true, the *avant-garde*, especially the American expatriates of the "lost generation," gathered in Montparnasse at the Dôme, the Rotonde, and the Coupole. Since World War II, a second expatriate generation—Fulbright scholars and student GIs—have made the Flore and the Deux Magots in the St.-Germain-des-Prés sector their hangout. But the Café de la Paix never lost its popularity among international celebrities and celebrity-watchers. Tourists from everywhere still scurry for a place at the little round table on its sycamore-shaded terrace.

The Café de la Paix has seen—by candle-light, gas lamps, and finally electric bulbs—the melodrama of the 1870-71 siege of Paris, the bloody period of the Commune, the lush era of *la belle époque* which came to a crashing end in 1914, two world wars, German occupation. During the liberation of Paris there was fighting on the café terrace, and bullets shattered some of the mirrors. In 1948, Allied officers met in a heavily guarded, second-floor dining room to map out the formation of NATO.

Once Paris was liberated, American soldiers, like their fathers in World War I, headed for the place they had heard so much about. A few hours after the German garrison had surrendered, GIs were waving slips of paper bearing the café's name and asking how to get there.

Even the Eiffel Tower holds no stronger fascination for tourists than the Café de la Paix. Patrons come from every part of the globe; at the height of the French vacation season, foreigners heavily outnumber the natives. One August day, they say, a Frenchman saw a Parisian friend sitting there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

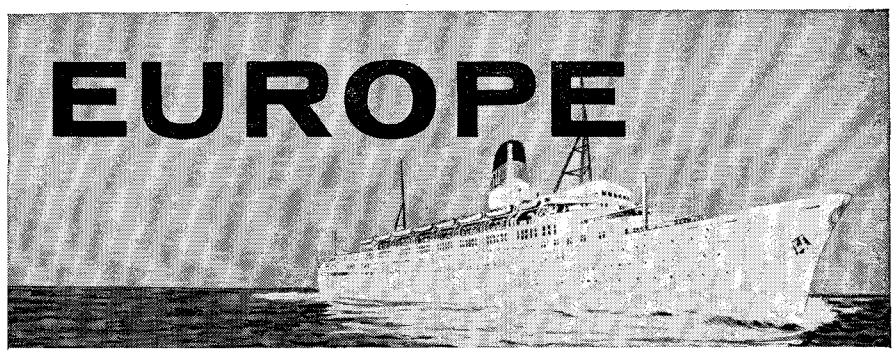
among the turbaned Sikhs, noisy Scandinavians, opulent Latin Americans, and sport-shirted Texans. What was he doing there, *mon vieux*? The Parisian on the terrace explained: "I am representing France."

On the terrace under the bright-striped awning, the *flâneur* toys with a drink, while he stares and is stared at by the passing multitude. Until his recent death, a tall, eagle-faced, mysterious old Levantine—habitués called him *Le Colonel*—used to spend his days and evenings on the terrace. During the winter he hibernated in some secret Mediterranean retreat. *Le Colonel* knew all the local characters and the raciest gossip and was usually privy to hot developments in international affairs, high finance, and high society. Asked why he spent all his waking hours there, he pointed to the terrace, the sidewalk, and the Grand Boulevard. "Why not?" he snorted. "This is the best show in Paris, and the only one that constantly changes."

THE Café de la Paix is at once French and cosmopolitan. At one table four swarthy Moroccans in flowing white robes converse in Arabic. At the next a party of Brazilians drink heavily sweetened *café noir*, read newspapers, and make occasional comments. Nearby, a group of Helen Hokinson women—unmistakably Americans—try a vermouth and compare sightseeing adventures. At their right a Japanese student blinks attentive eyes at his high-coiffed French girl companion. Not far away several bearded Britons—the less angry young men—sip pernod and self-consciously discuss John Betjeman and Yevtushenko. Military uniforms from many nations add to the color and the global atmosphere. Seasoned waiters can recognize bits of Finnish, Romanian, Spanish, patois, and dialects from all the continents.

A much-publicized international oil millionaire always chooses a certain table in the back tier. An Italian cinema actress, the delight of gossip-mongers, arrives with her escort to court the stares of the terrace sitters and the promenaders along the Boulevard des Capucines. Opera stars, boulevardiers, prostitutes, yokels, sophisticates are all patrons.

One elderly American became so attached to his place on the terrace that he bought his favorite table and took it back to the United States. Another American wanted to have his wedding ceremony performed in one of the golden Second Empire rooms. *Hélas*, he was told, a wedding must take place in the *mairie* of the *arrondissement* where he lived. He was mollified when offered a private dining room for the wedding luncheon. Naturally, he and his party



"OLYMPIA"

23,000 tons • 21 knots

STABILIZED FOR SMOOTH SAILING • FULLY AIR CONDITIONED

Fastest to Greece
via Portugal • Italy • Sicily • Cyprus • Israel

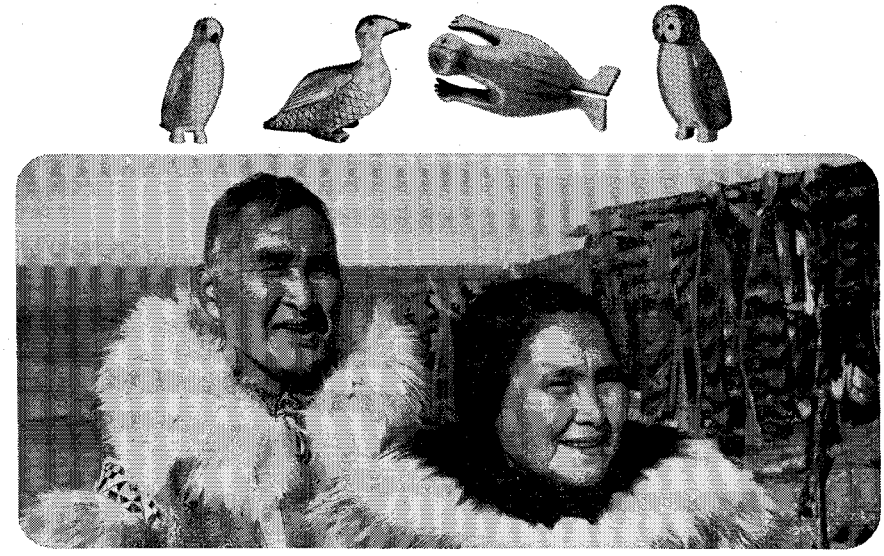
A magnificent modern ship. Deluxe staterooms, with private bathrooms. 22 public rooms. 2 pools. Theatre, lounges, nightclubs, planned entertainment. American and Continental cuisine, meticulous service.

"ARKADIA"—20,650 tons. Comfortable, congenial, economical! From Montreal to Bremerhaven via Cobh, Le Havre, London, Amsterdam.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or

GREEK LINE

New York · Atlanta · Boston
Chicago · Cleveland · Detroit · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Montreal · Toronto · Vancouver



You'll like the friendly face of Alaska

Today, the vast, wild, hauntingly beautiful Alaska Arctic isn't just a place to read about in adventure stories. It's *there*—brief hours away—*waiting for you* to live your own adventure! Generous, warm-hearted Eskimos will welcome you, tell you about their customs and work and fun, offer you exquisite carvings of jade or ivory—to buy or admire. This year, enjoy kingsize adventure in *friendly* Alaska. Write Dept. R-2, Alaska Travel Division, Juneau.

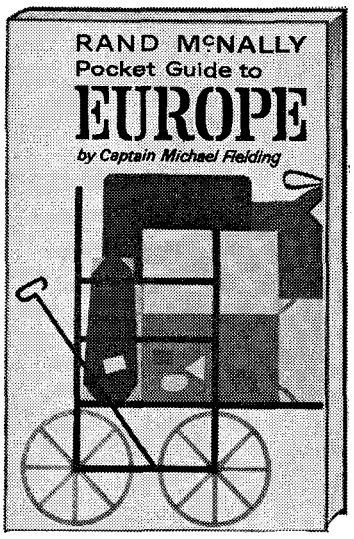
You haven't seen your country if you haven't seen

Alaska

Alaska Travel Div.—Dept. of Economic Development and Planning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going to Europe?



Take this with you for a carefree trip!

RAND McNALLY'S

POCKET GUIDE TO EUROPE

1964 EDITION
By Captain Michael Fielding

- The most useful travel guide ever compiled, just the right size for carrying in pocket or purse.
- Handy guide to 24 European countries including the Soviet Union, Greece, and Finland
- Thumbnail linguist gives French, German, Italian, and Spanish translation of often used words and phrases
- What to see—Europe's scenic and historic spots
- Where to stay—rates major hotels
- Places to eat—comments on principal restaurants and nightclubs
- Where to shop—lists stores and shops and their specialties
- How to get there—maps of most countries and major cities and facts on customs and currency exchanges
- 4⅞" x 7¼". Heavy flexible leatherette cover, full-color jacket. $3.50

at all bookstores
& department stores

RAND McNALLY & CO.
P. O. Box 7600, Chicago 60680

In Canada:
Thomas Allen Ltd.
266 King St., W., Toronto.

were served a real connoisseur's menu.

Since the Café de la Paix is almost across the street from the Opéra, stage and music luminaries have taken their suppers there, among them Zambelli and Lifar. The Golden Book, kept locked in a safe and shown only to a select few, has a dazzling sequence of autographs. It dates from the era when a reigning stage beauty arrived in a coach drawn by four white mules and marks the visits of today's newest Hollywood celebrities and foreign political figures.

In World War I, Café de la Paix patrons used to watch for the arrival of great air heroes, their chests laden with "bananas" (decorations). Nungesser, Thaw, or Lufbery would often drop in. In World War II the German occupation authorities talked of confiscating the café and turning it into an officers' club, but someone in a high German military echelon, certainly a secret friend of *la maison*, was able to postpone the seizure indefinitely. Then came Liberation. Despite the danger and confusion during the fighting in the Place de l'Opéra, the skeleton staff carried on. Even though that meal General de Gaulle sent for was cold, it had the gourmet flavor of the traditional Café de la Paix cuisine.

The café has always enjoyed a good foreign press. The London *News Chronicle* once published a drawing that showed Molotov, Byrnes, and Bidault in conference there. Daring political coups have been planned under its roof, Balkan revolutions have had their inception there, fabulous business deals have been consummated over its tables, historic love affairs have waxed and waned in its private dining rooms.

Although the Café de la Paix is open to strangers from all over the world, there is no welcome for criminals and operators of the underworld. The management has its own subtle way of handling undesirables. One day the writer noticed at the next table an expensively dressed, sharply barbered, glossily manicured man who was having trouble getting service. He snapped his fingers, even shouted, but the waiter seemed not to hear him. The man's tactics began to attract attention, but still the waiter ignored him. Finally, the stranger got up and walked off. The management knew him and had ordered the waiters not to serve him.

Thanks to its central location, but even more to its romantic traditions and worldwide fame, the Café de la Paix holds its own through changing eras and shifting vogues. If the *avant-garde* prefers the Left Bank, that is all right with the management and patrons of the Café de la Paix. But for the majority of visitors from abroad, the café is the heart of Paris.

Want to see the real EUROPE?

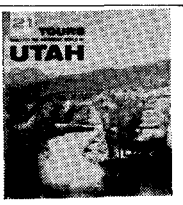
ASK Mr. FOSTER for a wide range of ESCORTED TOURS

Rely on ASK Mr. FOSTER'S 75 years of experience to provide you with professional escorts who are career experts in European customs and culture, dining and entertainment. Choose the time to suit yourself—over a hundred departures by air or sea from March to October, with 2, 3, 4 or 5 weeks abroad. A wide range of prices to fit any budget, too. And you travel across Europe in deluxe motor coaches or first class rail. For details and brochure, see your travel agent or ***ASK Mr. FOSTER***

NEW YORK: One Park Avenue, MU 3-2010. Also Lord & Taylor and 6 West 51st Street. OTHER OFFICES IN: Beverly Hills, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Hollywood, Houston, Jennings, Mo., Long Beach, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Pomona, Portland, Ore.; St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. CANADA: Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

Wherever you are "on the go" remember to carry First National City Traveler's Checks—better than money.

FAMILY VACATION?
DISCOVER



UTAH

Tall, cool, pine-tipped peaks and colorful, many-hued canyons . . .

Mine-country ghost towns, rural Mormon hamlets, big, bustling Salt Lake City . . .

Placid, mountain-rimmed lakes for fishing and water-skiing, quick-tumbling trout streams, wilderness river-rapids . . .

Luxury hotels, well-manicured golf clubs; dude ranches, wilderness trails . . .

A two-mile "sky ride," the nation's biggest copper mine; forest havens, desert campsites; Shakespeare festivals, chamber music, art exhibits, wild-west rodeos . . .

Vacation costs are low, accommodations plentiful, the people friendly in the different world of Utah.

FAMILY VACATION? DISCOVER THE DIFFERENT WORLD OF UTAH!

SEND FOR FREE TRAVEL KIT ▪ 21 TOURS FOLDER

UTAH TOURIST COUNCIL
DEPT. 165 COUNCIL HALL
STATE CAPITOL, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Please send me FREE Utah Travel Information.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

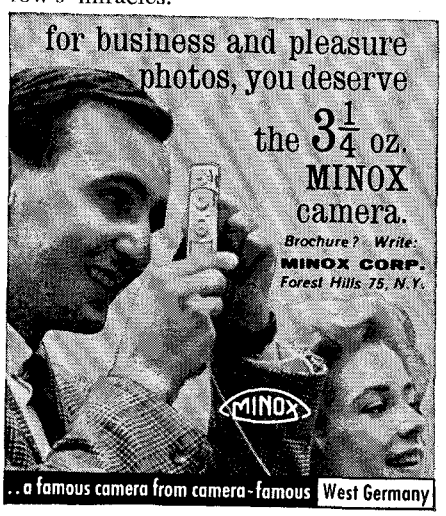
World's Fair

Continued from page 54

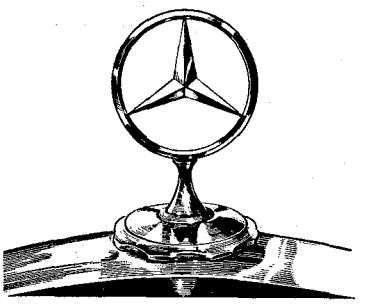
magnified 160 billion times. The theme was "Humanism." The fair ushered in the nuclear age, with its threat of total annihilation, and it posed man's hopes of applying atomic energy to peaceful purposes. As one of forty-five countries exhibiting, the USSR displayed replicas of the world's first Sputniks to an admiring audience. The U.S. countered with Edward Durrell Stone's dazzling pavilion, which some critics described as the most beautiful building ever designed for a fair, and Walt Disney's Circarama Theater. One of the biggest

hits was IBM's Ramac, the electronic brain, which could spiel off 5,000,000 facts in ten languages at the push of a key. Compared with other fairs, Brussels was a sober experience in which mankind meditated its destiny with little frivolity. It cost $400,000,000 to produce, of which half was subsidized by the Belgian government. According to the 'experts' estimates, 41,000,000 people came through the gates.

After every world's fair the bruised and bloodied contestants crawl out from the wreckage with the vow: "Never again." At the close of the first New York extravaganza writer Sidney Shalett predicted in *Harper's*: "It is altogether likely that the mammoth show on Flushing Meadow has demonstrated that the day of big expositions is over—at least for a long while—and the New York World's Fair may go down in history as the last of its tribe." But world's fairs are a hardy breed, as a new look at Flushing Meadow will show, and will be with us as long as man possesses the urge to show off and the capacity to marvel at tomorrow's miracles.



This year— you can afford a trip to Europe and the world's finest motorcar, too!



See your Mercedes-Benz dealer now. You can have a gleaming new Mercedes awaiting you in Europe. You can then drive away on a luxury tour in one of the world's finest motorcars. And by ordering through your Mercedes-Benz dealer here, you'll get the lowest possible factory price overseas.

With your Mercedes-Benz you're not tied down by European rail and air timetables...and you can go where you choose, *when* you choose.

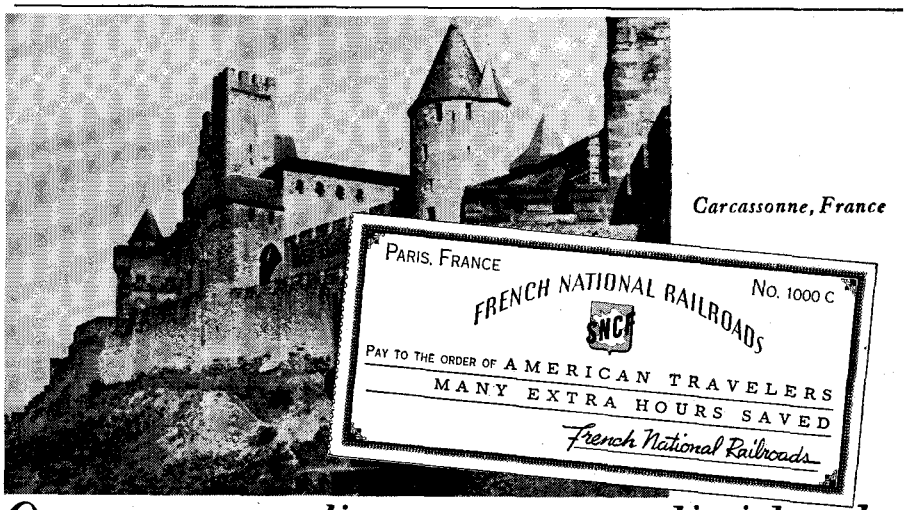
You may even save enough to pay for your round-trip air fare.

This is what you save on: the trouble and expense of renting a car, the import duty on a new car, and the cost of installing U.S. equipment.

You receive a full warranty—honored by any of the 400 Mercedes-Benz dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Make that trip to Europe pay. And come home to luxury motoring, too.

For particulars see your dealer or write to Bob Stevens, Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc., South Bend, Indiana. 46627



Carcassonne, France

Our punctuality pays you dividends

The convenient schedules of the French National Railroads combined with punctual arrivals (96.8% ON TIME) can be counted on to save precious hours otherwise wasted in waiting and delays.

This dependability enables you to quickly plan surprise short side trips, a little something extra, without interfering with your original plans. Gives you a holiday plus.

For traveling in France "The Railway is the Right Way."

You can buy your tickets and make reservations for France and Europe before you leave the United States. See your Travel Agent or write us for information about all our services, including "Eurailpass," the Magic Pass.

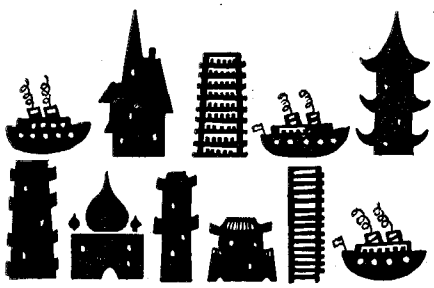
● ***Please send me illustrated literature on FRANCE. Dept. S3***

610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

French NATIONAL RAILROADS

11 E. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. • 323 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal. • 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. • 1500 Stanley St., Montreal, Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Around the World in 11 Hotels
(3 of them ships)

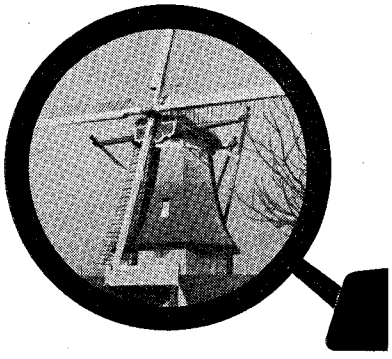
It's a most unique world tour. 55 extraordinary days in all. Half your trip is aboard famous cruise liners; lavish vessels like the Queen Elizabeth and the France. The other half is spent discovering the great cities of the world. You stay at the finest hotels, like the Peninsula in Hong Kong and the Imperial in Tokyo. During extended inland visits, you really see each country and its people. **It's such a complete tour that it takes a 16-page brochure to describe it.**

One low cruise fare covers everything: visits to 22 ports of call, hotels, sightseeing, transfers, and most meals. 4 departures monthly: 2 from New York; 2 from San Francisco. 55 days from **$2295.**

See your travel agent or write:
Four Winds Travel, Inc., Dept. SR-6
175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.
Rush your **FREE** 16 page brochure.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ **State** _____

FOUR WINDS®



SEE THE EUROPE ONLY SEEN BY CAR!

Exciting, uncrowded, economical Europe. It's the Europe *only* seen by car. Purchase, Lease or Rent a car from Auto-Europe and see Europe at its level best. For complete information, Auto-Europe's *free,* full-color guide, "The ABC's of European Auto Travel" covers everything on wheels... it's as necessary as a passport. For free copy see your travel agent or write—

Name_____
Address_____
Car preference (if any)_____Dept. 11

auto@europe

New York: 25 W. 58 St. PL 2-2424. *Chicago:* 153 E. Ohio St. MI 2-3211. *Beverly Hills:* 268 S. Beverly Drive. BR 2-3149. *San Francisco:* 150 Powell St. EX 2-7894. *Seattle:* White-Henry-Stuart Bldg. MA 2-3456. *Toronto:* 88 Eglinton Ave. E. HU 7-0173. *Vancouver, B.C.:* 685 Hornby St. MU 1-5936.

Shakespeare

Continued from page 95

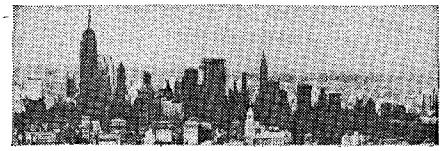
off the beaten track for most scholars, but it is the right trail if you want to find out how little Londoners have changed since they went to the Globe. In *The Merchant of Venice* Antonio speaks in timeless accents when he says that his mind is with his argosies abroad. Nor does he speak for his own mercantile class alone.

If you run the gamut of the eleven Shakespearean addresses in London—or contrast the Shakespeare dining rooms in Whitecross Street, near London Wall, with the Shakespeare Head pub, behind Sadlers Wells Theater (listen to them order "bangers and mash" at the first, and say "Half a tankard, Mary" at the second)—you will recognize at every level of conversation a general concern with affairs abroad: "I sees Nasser's up to his tricks now," or "I see there's going to be a change of government in Kenya soon."

This "I see" or "I sees" is not vicarious living, because on an island it is inevitable that everybody has either a nephew at sea or a friend of a friend of a friend who lives abroad. So, if there is an earthquake at Osaka, somebody in the local pub is sure to have been there once, or to know somebody who has. When I walked into the Tuck Shop in Shakespeare Road, Acton, there was news that morning in the papers about unrest in Punjab. A fellow customer immediately used it as an excuse to tell me how once he had been a chauffeur to a maharajah. In Shakespeare Crescent, East Ham, there is also another Tuck Shop. No sooner had I entered it than I was buttonholed by a woman whose son had come back unexpectedly from Johannesburg. He had told his mother that he was sure revolution would break out there before the month was over.

In casual conversation in London, the next topic after the weather is what is happening abroad. You can be sure that within earshot there will always be someone who either has inside information of a government about to fall, or some tip to pass on about prices connected with export. "Tidings do I bring . . . and happy news of price," says Pistol in *Henry IV*. "What news on the Rialto?" Antonio's friends ask each other. Shakespeare's Londoners, like their descendants, never forget that their capital is first and foremost a market port.

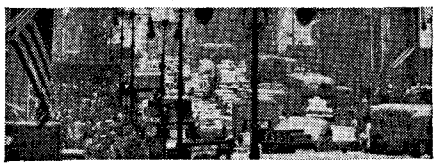
Shakespeare endures, and so does property, as he knew when he was the cautious, litigant proprietor of New Place. At Dulwich there is Alleyn's School, founded by his actor-manager in 1619. The boys still pray for their patron at morning assembly: "We give thee most humble and hearty thanks, O



NEW YORK

If, as an early report has it, New York once grew palm trees and sheltered unicorns, these wonders are as nothing to the fabulous, ridiculous, extravagant city that exists today. And here it all is—spread before you in striking new photographs by **ANDREAS FEININGER,** with a wise, affectionate, anecdotal text by **KATE SIMON.** It's a big book of marvels, with 52 black and white pictures and 57 color photographs. 9″ x 12″ $10.00

NEW YORK



THE VIKING PRESS

TRAVELLING?
TAKE
HARPER'S PHRASEBOOKS

Make your trip easier, more enjoyable, more exciting—by being able to make yourself understood in the language of the country you visit. Slip one of these phrasebooks in your pocket, and face any language emergency with confidence.

SPANISH • GERMAN • ITALIAN
FRENCH • PORTUGUESE • DUTCH

Each handy, vest-pocket sized phrasebook contains 115 pages of the phrases you will need, with easy simulated pronunciations, to help you order a meal, buy a ticket, find your hotel, go shopping, or just pass the time of day.

Authentic—Convenient—Inexpensive

Only 69 cents each
from your bookseller or direct from
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
101 Fifth Ave.—New York 10003

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

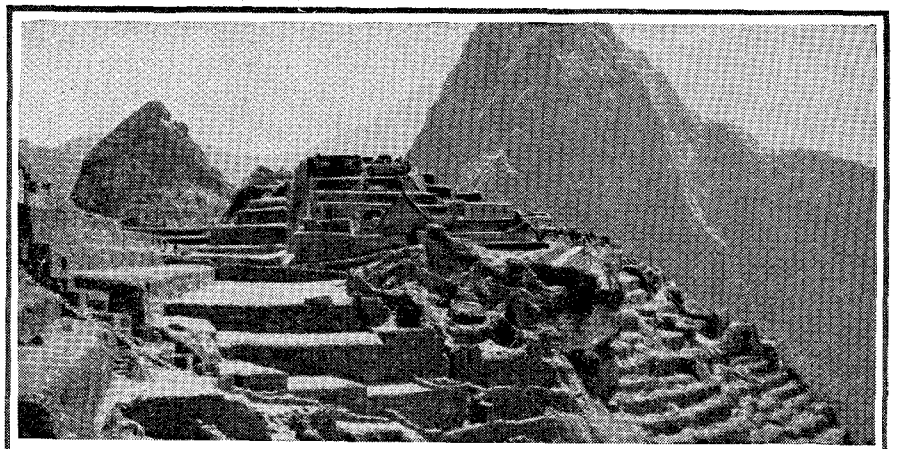
most merciful Father, for the memory in this place of Edward Alleyn, our founder and benefactor, by whose benefit this whole College of God's Gift is brought up to godliness and good learning. . . ."

The prayer dates back to long before any Shakespearean plaques or monuments appeared. A hundred and forty years were to pass before his statue was first placed in the Abbey, a piece of work whose one claim to fame is a misprint. Instead of Prospero's "cloud-capp'd towers dissolving and leaving not a *rack* [*i.e.*, a cloud] behind," the sculptor has put *wreck*. Some consider it a psychological slip, but whatever the case, the figure is irrelevant and lifeless.

Far warmer and more infused with affection is the changed line on a tombstone at the Pets' Cemetery in Hyde Park (next to the Victoria Gate entrance). The epitaph for a dog is borrowed from one of Shakespeare's kings. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." This has been edited, in the canine's case, to read, "After life's fitful slumber he sleeps well." The adaptation has a nice familiarity because it treats the poet not simply as a name to be reverenced or utilized, but as a public source of inspiration. Yet what a contrast this is to Bankside four centuries ago, when dogs would be urged to charge at growling bears—and sometimes get their heads crunched like rotten apples.

This was sport at the Paris Garden, where yelling apes and howling curs constantly rivaled the players next door. Now, only the addresses remain: Bear Gardens and Bear Lane, Paris Garden and Paris Street. Close by, in Park Street, a tablet fixed to the walls of Barclay Perkin's Brewery recalls it as the site of the Globe Theater. It was placed in 1909, and pundits have been debating ever since whether it should not have been located another fifty yards to the south.

In any case, these narrow streets of Southwark, where all now is the noise of commerce, were once the setting for noisy entertainment—the clip-clop of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the roar of applause. Here, where ale is now brewed but there was once a wooden O, lines were spoken that would encompass the globe, some to drop at their doorstep into the speech of the town: "Too much of a good thing" and "Greek to me." Some were passed on to wherever other theaters would spring up: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. . . ."



Almost 2,000 years old, Machu Picchu was rediscovered in 1911.

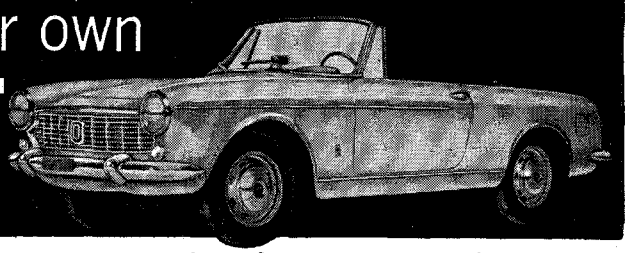
Cruise to Peru–land of Incas

(and 6 other Caribbean and South American ports)

GRACE

Grace Line's 20,000-ton *Santa Magdalena, Santa Mariana, Santa Maria* and *Santa Mercedes* offer a service never before available. Each new "Santa" caters to just 117 guests. A unique combination of all-first-class comfort, easy-going informality. There's a 26-day cruise every week from the Port of New York. Ships call at ports in the Caribbean and Panama, sail through the Canal, cross the Equator and visit the Pacific Coast of South America. Shore tours available in Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Panama. For information or reservations see a Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Sq. or 628 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), New York. Digby 4-6000.

see **Europe** in your own **FIAT** ...AND SAVE



For free brochure on money-saving Fiat Overseas Delivery Plans contact your FIAT Dealer, your Travel Agent or write

FIAT MOTOR COMPANY, INC. OVERSEAS ASSISTANCE 500 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

EUROPE by CAR

FREE

The most complete folder on:
- All Car plans (includes Renting, Leasing, Purchase, Repurchase)
- Europe by Car "trip-kit" information and shipping home costs.
- European Car Licenses, Insurance, Documents

SIMCA MERCEDES CITROEN RENAULT HILLMAN VOLKSW'GN JAGUAR PEUGEOT MG, etc.

MAIL COUPON OR PRESENT TO YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

I'm interested in_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ SR-14

EUROPE BY CAR • 45 Rockefeller Plaza (at 50th St.) N. Y. 20 • TEL. LT 1-3040

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I can get it for you 'olesale

Buy a Triumph in England and save hundreds of dollars. Order it here and it'll be delivered where you specify. Pick any model. 1. The hot TR-4—a real sports car—$2149*. 2. The new Spitfire—the most sports car for the least money—$1517*. 3. The Triumph 1200—the one good looking economy car — Sedan $1373*, Convertible $1520*

*Overseas retail price, exclusive of optional extras. U.S. specifications on all models.

TRIUMPH

---------- Mail this coupon today----------

To: Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., Dept. 3, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Please send me free facts and figures on buying a Triumph for less in Europe.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

SAVE insist on COOK'S Travelers Cheques they cost 25% less* than the others

*issuance charge still only 75¢ per $100 WHY PAY MORE?

THOS. COOK & SON
THE WORLD'S LARGEST TRAVEL ORGANIZATION

Fairgrounds

Continued from page 91

ramp around the rim of a "moon crater." In the Ford Pavilion you may ride an electric-powered convertible along Disney's Magic Skyway, from the past (you're scheduled to see prehistoric monsters battle, while cavemen create fire and invent the wheel) to the future, where you'll find yourself surrounded by strange spacecraft ("Is there a Ford in *your* future?").

General Motors offers its own vision of the future with a Futurama ride into the World of Tomorrow. GM's prophesies of wonders to come include a vacation hotel on the bottom of the sea, highway-building machines in jungles, electronically controlled traffic, and automatic parking.

If the future is too hard to face, you might retreat to the Underground World Home. It's a luxurious bungalow with nine rooms, terrace, lily pond, and fountain, all neatly encased in concrete five full feet below people level.

Surfacing again, you'll discover something new has been added to world's fairs. Fair planners have found religion —and enveloped it in steel, glass, and concrete. Eight religious groups have constructed fair pavilions. A Protestant Center, with twelve denominations participating, plans a series of art and rare manuscript exhibits, as well as music programs. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir will perform at its pavilion, Billy Graham will perform at *his*. The Vatican Pavilion, in addition to the *Pietà*, will have other treasures from the Lateran Museum.

Probably the most contemporary religious building will be the Christian Scientist—designed by architect Edward Durrell Stone. The American Israel Pavilion plans dioramas of ancient Israel. But perhaps the most unusual religious exhibit will be found at the Pavilion of 2,000 Tribes. A five-scene, 100-foot mural depicts an Amazon headhunter's conversion to Christianity. The kiddies will love the demonstrations of make-your-own-blow-gun-and-dart kits.

Fair officials, a euphemistic bunch, had styled one of the garden-rest areas a Garden of Meditation, and the new "in" word for midway is "Lake Amusement Area." If you inquire about the midway, you'll be told rather scathingly that it has been banned from *this* fair. Banned it is. You'll find no Little Egypts, no sleazy shills, con men, or sideshow freaks. This doesn't mean you're in for a dull time of it, with nothing but exhibits and exhortations. On the contrary, the watchword of this fair seems to be *fun.*

If you aren't amused, it won't be because Robert Moses hasn't tried. Take a look at the "Dancing Waters" show, in which jet sprays explode into cascades of different colors and shapes, synchronized to music; John Ringling North's one-ring continental circus, with a daily parade through the fairgrounds; Dick Button's Ice-travaganza; an American Indian Village where live snake dances and hot-coal dances will be performed; a wax museum with Salome and Dr. Kildare, of all unlikely couples, among those immortalized; a nightly explosion of $1,000 worth of fireworks near the Fountain of Planets.

You'll also be able to "shoot the rapids" in a floating hollow log, take boat rides around Meadow Lake, and give the children rides in a "space ship" and simulated helicopter. There's a Mississippi River Showboat for dinner and a supper-club revue. An amphitheater features "Wonderworld," a three-level musicale, to be presented in the water, on land, and in the air. Most pavilions have special shows, dance programs, and myriad divertisements. While the exhibit halls generally are open only until 10 P.M., there are many bars, shows, and night clubs on the fairgrounds that stay open until 2 A.M.

THE official theme of the fair is "Peace Through Understanding." But the unofficial theme must surely be "Animation."

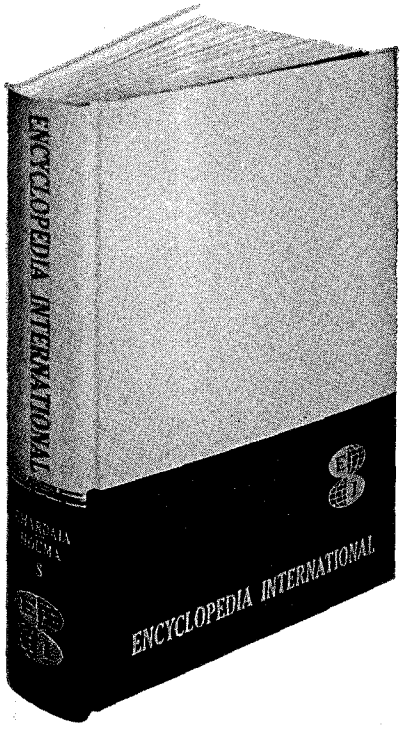
A "live" musical at the Tower of Light features animated 3-D "actors." One pavilion has a nine-dinosaur display, with three animated ones ("Head for the exit, Willie, that tyrannosaurus just moved"). Another pavilion features animated chickens that cluck Cassius Clay-type "poems" about their mash, while animated cows moo the praises of an electric milker.

But the *pièce de résistance* of animation is surely the Illinois Pavilion, with its "Land of Lincoln" theme. According to two guides, who must have rehearsed from the same script, we were told that an animated, life-size Lincoln "talks to you, fidgets, sneezes, and recites the Gettysburg Address."

Aside from the ingenuity of those electronic sneezes, I am not sure I care for the new Disney image of Lincoln the Fidgeter. But as an added attraction, promised the second guide, "If you have a conference with Mr. Disney, he will have Lincoln shake hands with you and wave goodbye."

My question, Doctor: how does one arrange a "conference" with Mr. Disney? Come to the fair from April 22 onward and get the answers to all such mysteries!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



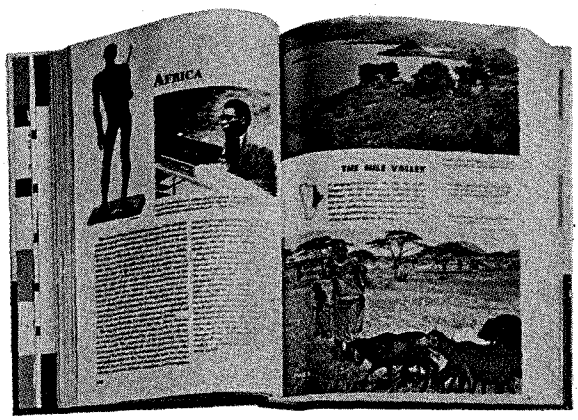
Encyclopedia International:

today's only totally new major reference work.

Written by today's experts from today's point of view.
This all-new encyclopedia is the only truly international, completely up-to-date reference set you can buy!

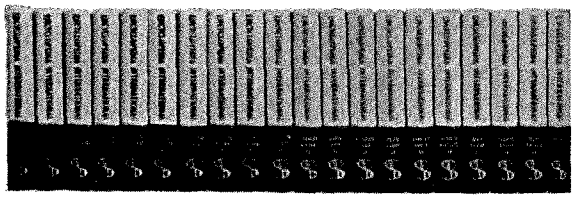
Today's world is one of new nations, new problems, new ways of looking at things. Modern technology has made it a jet-propelled, wash-and-wear, transistorized world, complete with astronauts, computers and hydrofoil ships. In the last decade alone, our world has undergone a flood of social, scientific and political changes unparalleled in the history of the world.

Only *a totally new encyclopedia* can tell the up-to-date story of this changed world.



Easily read, easily understood

The Encyclopedia International's style is as fresh and concise as your morning newspaper. Study guides and summaries highlight all the basic facts. Both the generally interested reader and the scholar will find the International easy to use, yet mature and comprehensive.



The scope of the new International is broad. For example, it analyzes the latest developments in nuclear power. The story of Telstar is there, with all the implications of intercontinental television. It explores the changing geography of Africa, explains today's political and economic advances. It examines the latest developments in automation, in medicine, in the materials, products and techniques of world industry.

It serves the family

The International covers all the subjects the modern student may study in school. But because it is designed to serve the entire family, it goes far beyond the academic world. It has articles on sports, theatre, music and art; on consumer problems, household management, recreation, human relations, and hundreds of other family and business matters. And it is the only encyclopedia to include, within the regular articles, career guides for major jobs and professions.

Pre-publication price

More than four million dollars has been spent to develop Encyclopedia International. 1783 editors, educators and specialists have prepared 37,000 brand-new articles—which have never before appeared in print—covering every branch of knowledge. (11,600 pages, 18,000 illustrations of which 7,500 are in color; 20 volumes, including a separate index volume of 102,000 references.) And yet, the International is modestly priced to keep it within the means of every family.

Find out how easily you can put the Encyclopedia International to work for your family, in your home. Send for the illustrated booklet that gives you all the details.

Encyclopedia International
A PUBLICATION OF GROLIER INCORPORATED

Encyclopedia International
Spencer International Press
155 North Wacker Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a free copy of the 24-page booklet on Encyclopedia International, "The Most Useful Encyclopedia," which includes a message from noted author and lecturer John Gunther.

Name _____

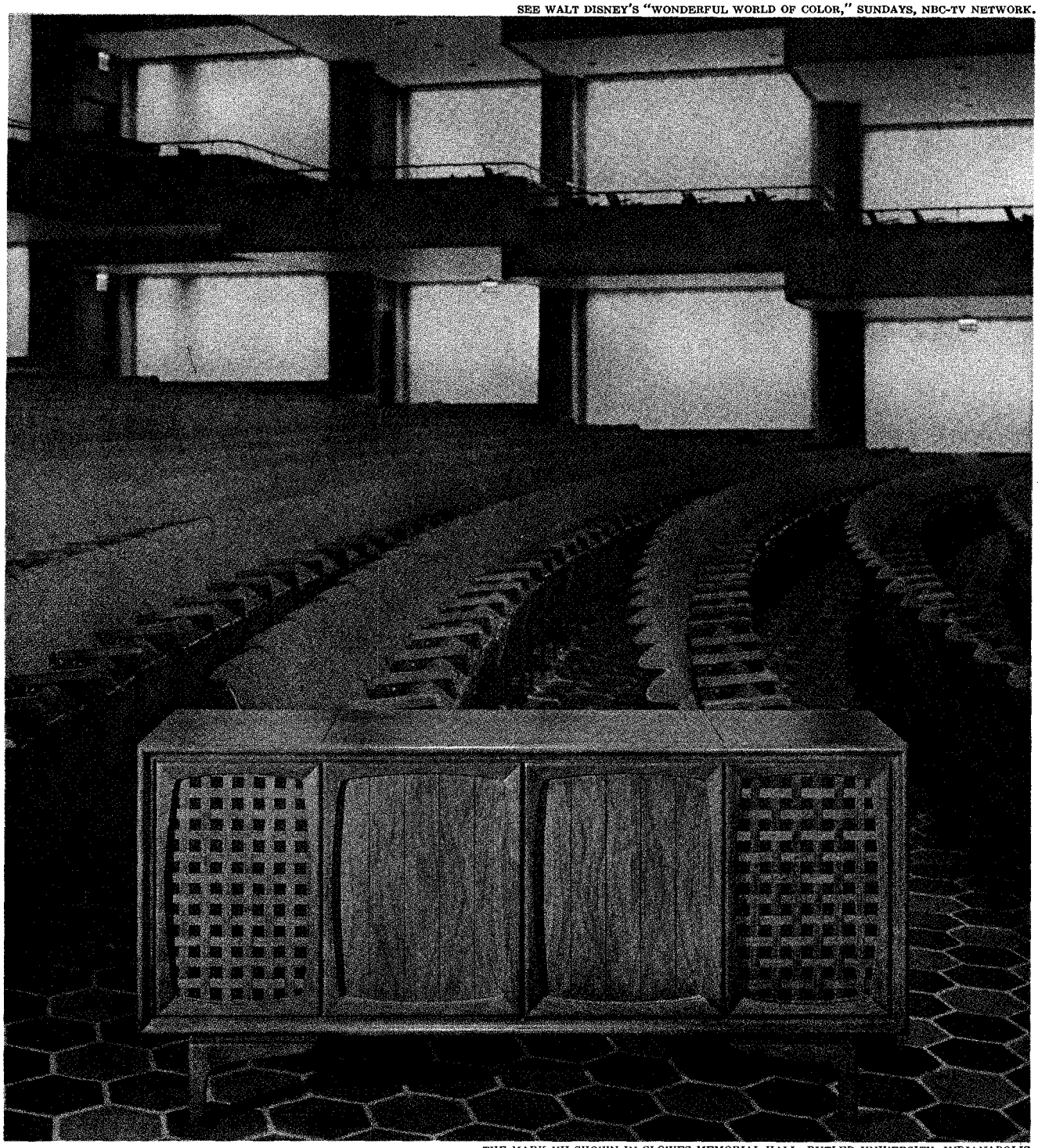
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State or Prov. _____ SAT. REVIEW 3/14/64

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK.



THE MARK VII SHOWN IN CLOWES MEMORIAL HALL, BUTLER UNIVERSITY, INDIANAPOLIS

After the concert is over

When you go home haunted by a musical passage you especially like, you can hear it again and again—with realism that rivals the concert hall—on your RCA Victor New Vista Stereo.

Here's *how* New Vista Stereo turns your living room into a concert hall: big, powerful Dual Channel Amplifier; eight speakers in the Mark VII, above; and the new Studiomatic Record Changer that protects your records at the spindle and in the groove.

Even if you accidentally bounce or slide the Feather Action Tone Arm across your most precious record—you are assured of protection against audible record scratch.

And for your radio listening pleasure, a superbly sensitive FM-AM and FM Stereo Tuner. And there's a New Vista Stereo furniture design that will be happily "at home" in *your* living room.

Before you buy *any* phonograph, compare RCA Victor's experience in the reproduction of sound, dating back to the first days of the famous "Victrola"® phonograph. Only then will you truly understand why more people own RCA Victor phonographs than any other kind.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Sound

Tmk(s)®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dvorak's Requiem Revived—Solti, Sergi

NOW that Frederic Waldman and the Musica Aeterna, of which he is director, have demonstrated publicly that Dvořák's Requiem is the impressive thing known to some privately, the question arises: Why have fifty years elapsed since it was last given in a performance of comparable professionalism in New York? Any answer would have to be an assumption, of course, but it is possible that such neglect is as much a result of ignorance as of discrimination, and a cycle of musical change had to come full circle, to make possible a revaluation which is in fact a true valuation.

For the generation that was not quite contemporary with his creation, Dvořák enjoyed high rank in certain specialized areas: this symphony, that overture, some chamber music, the Slavonic Dances, a few songs, a choral work or two. But, beside the towering accomplishments of Verdi and Brahms, his Requiem didn't quite make a match. And for the near miss at greatness, there is a less immediate public than for the complete miss. (Banality, traditionally, has had a larger market than second best.) The next generation was so busy searching for a "better" Dvořák that it overlooked the merits of the real one. Now, however, we are detached from both subjective viewpoints, and can see such a work, objectively, for the rare and precious thing it is.

It is rare and precious, in the atypical conception of a Requiem it conveys. It is as though a man whose roots were deep in the folk had grown branches that thrust themselves to unexpected heights by the application of all the (musical) horticultural skills available. In his Requiem, Dvořák makes a remarkable blend of the method of certain contemporary works—Verdi's, in particular—with the material of his own Czech folk heritage. Repeatedly the purple panoply of the liturgy is revitalized and given a fresh glint of color by soaring folk melody, as in the "Quid sum miser" and the "Recordare." There are solo passages from time to time, but the note of personal supplication is never permitted to take precedence over the communal manifestation. Whereas Verdi's Requiem conveys a tremendous sense of personal drama—the composer's own—Dvořák's tends to sublimate the individual case in the general destiny. It doesn't achieve its objective as consistently as some others—hence its qualification as a near miss—but when it does, and that is most of the time, it strikes a note of eloquence distinctively its own.

While the work has been dormant in New York's concert halls, there is ample evidence that such has not been the case elsewhere. Part of the revitalized interest it had for me in this performance was the recognition in it of some procedures and modes of expression that have lately come to attention in another outstanding choral work: Britten's *War Requiem*. Such, for example, is the underlying phrase at the opening which, according to Joseph Braunstein's uncommonly informative commentary, was employed by Dvořák more than 100 times. It is more than a motto or a motive; it is, rather, a strong central thread binding the various sections together. A comparable formation serves Britten at the beginning and the end, and at many points between, of the *War Requiem*.

The value of Waldman's participation in this useful undertaking would be hard to overstate. Unlike some others possessed of a worthwhile impulse, he has the musical abilities to realize them on a high level of artistic merit. His chorus, though not inordinately large, produces a solid sound from bassos to sopranos, and one that is always resonant. This argues the possibility that every voice commands musical quality, that some are not present merely to add to volume. His choice of singers for the solo quartet was doubly shrewd, for each one—Martina Arroyo, Maureen Forrester, Jan Peerce and Giorgio Tozzi—provided an order of sound very close to Dvořák's requirements, while exerting a degree of appeal that probably contributed to the size of the audience. Miss Arroyo would seem to be anybody's preference for the soprano voice of a Beethoven Ninth, for example, combining a malleable middle with an effortfree top, and Miss Forrester makes the same sumptuous sound in a Latin text one can't understand as in a German. Peerce cannot produce the volume now to match these, or the sonorous bass of Tozzi, but he excelled all in the accent of authenticity at a critical moment. Here is a work and the interpreters for it which should attract even more listeners the next time it is given (preferably less than fifty, or even five, years hence).

THE excellent series of orchestral concerts being presented in Carnegie Hall under the sponsorship of the hall's administration provided an opportunity that might have been absent otherwise this season to hear Georg Solti and the Philadelphia Orchestra collaborate in a Beethoven-Stravinsky program. And collaborate they did, in performances of the *Leonore* No. 3, the *Pastorale* Symphony and the *Rite of Spring* that had unmistakable suggestions of a Solti style. As remarked on other occasions, this is by no means a simple achievement with an orchestra possessed of so strong a playing personality as this one.

The Overture was strongly outlined and almost as strongly controlled, the Symphony a springy (in both the physical and the chronological sense) likeness of its best self. Solti courted monotony in taking the first repetition (most conductors now ignore this convention), thus adding minutes to the length of the performance, but it made for a more spacious, leisurely experience altogether. Solti's view of the *Pastorale* is, presently, head-on—which is to say that he plays what is written rather than seeking to dramatize or psychoanalyze Beethoven's "hidden purpose," and it tends to be overliteral. But it also proceeded with a strong sense of musical logic. Much of the orchestral performance was of enviable finesse, though an inexplicable series of blunders from the French horn section in the "thanksgiving" hymn offset the compliments they earned in the more difficult passages of the "Jolly gathering of country folk."

In the *Sacre*, Solti tended more to impact than insinuation, which is not the way to get the most from a score that has been heard here at every extreme of emphasis. Technically, Solti remains vulnerable in an important aspect of his art: the crescendo. Most of his start too loud and crest too soon, with the result that dramatic tension degenerates into noise. It also gives a nervously spasmodic contour to such a work as the *Leonore No. 3*, in which tonal buildup is as much a part of the composer's scheme as harmonic formulations or orchestral colorations.

ON the same evening, Arturo Sergi had the opportunity to add Otello to a list of Metropolitan roles that have previously included Dmitri in *Boris* and Lohengrin. As heard in the first act, Sergi showed about minimal attributes of range and volume (the B of "Esultate" was a glancing blow rather than a grace note) that seemed to proceed from a maximum expenditure of effort. Even so, he has an aptitude that should be guarded carefully rather than spent recklessly. With him, in place of an indisposed Leonie Rysanek, was Zinka Milanov, whose Desdemona produced a remarkable demonstration of vocal finesse in lieu of tonal resources she no longer commands.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Praise of Jack Teagarden!

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Jack Teagarden—"a very special, personal aura."

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE audience might be composed of the sort of avid fans who would applaud no matter what he played. Or it might be only partly attentive. In either case he seemed to play and sing with complete relaxation and professional poise. Yet if you watched his quietly genial face closely, you might see a fleeting frown or a quick downward turn at the corners of his mouth that would let you know that he hadn't been quite satisfied with what he had just done, that the last solo hadn't come off as well as he had wanted it to.

Jack Teagarden (who died on January 15 in New Orleans) was a professional jazz musician for more than forty years, performing night after night in situations that were sometimes trying or downright harassing. And, by the nature of his craft, he had to extemporize at least some of his music each time he undertook to play it. Yet, on occasion, he remained capable of exacting self-criticism.

Teagarden was one of those exceptional musicians who, by the late Twenties, perceived not only what jazz had achieved, but also which part of that achievement seemed most worth preserving and what such music might best undertake next. This means that Teagarden belongs with Louis Armstrong (who towers above the rest), with Bix Beiderbecke, with Earl Hines, with Coleman Hawkins, in the advanced guard of the period. (Sidney Bechet belongs with them, too, yet Bechet, as Ernest Ansermet pointed out at the time, was already a major figure by 1919.) All these men were very good instrumentalists; each in his way knew his instrument as many of his important predecessors in jazz had not known theirs. And Teagarden was a superb trombonist by almost any standard. Teagarden shares with Jimmy Harrison (and possibly Dickie Wells and Miff Mole as well) the distinction of having lifted the trombone from its mournfully effective, sometimes clownish percussive-harmonic role at the bottom of the Dixieland ensemble and raised it to the level of a subtle, flexible melodic voice in jazz. Yet each of these men, certainly Teagarden and Harrison, found his way for himself, independently of the others.

Weldon Leo Teagarden was born in Vernon, Texas, in 1905. His parents were both of German ancestry (and apparently not with any American Indian ancestry as is sometimes said), and both were musical. So were and are their other children: trumpeter Charlie, drummer Clois, and pianist Norma. Jack began piano at five; then he had some lessons on the baritone horn; and finally his father presented him with a trombone. He was playing professional jobs by 1920, when his family was living in Oklahoma City, and he was already developing the largely self-discovered trombone technique that he retained all his life. He spent the early Twenties barnstorming through Oklahoma, New Mexico, Texas, and northern Mexico with various dance groups, moving as far away as Kansas City in 1924.

THREE years later he was in New York. The word was out among jazzmen about his abilities. He continued of necessity to work with the sort of semicommercial orchestras that were to earn him his bread and butter until the late Thirties—groups like Sam Lanin's and Roger Wolfe Kahn's. With drummer Ben Pollack's orchestra, Teagarden, Benny Goodman, and Jimmy McPartland could often share a final chorus or two of jazz, improvising after a grim opening ensemble and quaint "period" vocal chorus. Meanwhile, Teagarden was making his most important early recordings with various casual "pickup" combinations under various leaderships. He remained in commercial dance groups (Mal Hallett's and Paul Whiteman's) until late 1938 when he formed his own big band, which continually struggled with financial unsuccess until 1947. Then he joined Louis Armstrong's newly formed small group, staying with him until 1951. Teagarden led a small quasi-Dixieland group of his own.

If I seem to be making a historical figure of Jack Teagarden by my claims to his role in the Twenties, it is very far from my intention. He left a large and uneven heritage of recordings, but the unevenness is not always his fault.

Teagarden was capable of creating and sustaining a very special, personal aura, even in adverse circumstances—even in the company of a man like Louis Armstrong, whose grandiloquent statements are emotionally quite removed from Teagarden's deceptively easy, self-contained moments. There was, for example, a superb evening in 1947 at New York's Town Hall with Armstrong and Teagarden that virtually renewed the careers of both men and happily was recorded.

Teagarden was able to follow Armstrong's devastating vocal burlesque on one of his specialties, "Pennies from Heaven," with a half-chorus solo that is an effortless lyric gem. He makes very little of the melody line of that piece as written; he invents one of his own that is more interesting, punctuated by typical Teagarden virtuoso flourishes. Some of those flourishes come close to decorativeness, and they have a kind of quiet elegance that one would never hear from an Armstrong. Yet nothing in that half-chorus seems *merely* decorative, and that, I think, is a good measure of his talent.

On the same stage and the same evening Teagarden did "St. James Infirmary." In it we have the best example I know of the Teagarden aura, the calm, almost lazy, deceptively understated, musical demeanor that is all firmness and power under the surface.

Like Armstrong or Billie Holiday—for that matter, like Leopold Stokowski—Teagarden returned to the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repertory year after year. He could do "Beale Street Blues," "After You've Gone," "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Sheik of Araby," "Basin St. Blues," and the rest night after night; do them well; and occasionally do them as if this night were going to be the last. And he could also do them very differently. There is another good "St. James Infirmary" from 1940, with Teagarden and the then-Ellingtonians (Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, and Ben Webster) that not only offers different musical ideas but a radically different emotional approach to the piece.

I have said that in "Pennies from Heaven" Teagarden's solo is largely an invention. So also is his early, celebrated "Sheik of Araby" from 1930 with Red Nichols, wherein Teagarden invented out of the chords while a lesser trombonist, Glenn Miller, hummed the original theme behind him.

However, most of Teagarden's best solos are paraphrases of melodies as written, and they show his taste in knowing what to add, what to leave out, what to rephrase. I have a particular favorite, the 1956 version of "My Kinda Love." The piece has a very good main melody, but the "bridge" or "middle" part of the song is not so good, except that it has a charming final descending phrase. On the recording, Teagarden has his solo on that middle or bridge, and he wisely keeps that final phrase. However, he tosses out the inferior beginning, inventing a new one. It is a good one, which also leads up to that final phrase more logically and beautifully.

On "After You've Gone," also from 1956, the trombonist alternates the written phrases from that familiar piece with inventions of his own. If one refuses to care about how the original is supposed to go, Teagarden's version does not fall into disparate pieces, but has a clear and original logic of its own.

Although it seems spurious to me to describe Teagarden as "the king" of blues trombonists, as recent album huckstering does, I am sure that (unlike Hines and Beiderbecke, for example) he was authentically a blues man, that he could play the twelve-bar blues with a real feel for the idiom, and not just play in the form. And I am also sure that, like many another important jazzman, he could use such blues feeling discreetly no matter what sort of piece he was playing. His blues playing was not like any other man's blues. That, it seems to me, attests to the individuality Teagarden was able to find in the idiom, not to a lack of authenticity.

The indigenous twelve-bar form is surely the core of the Teagarden heritage on record. He did "Makin' Friends" vocally and instrumentally on his first important record date in 1928 with an Eddie Condon ensemble. And Teagarden's preliminary solo on the 1929 "Knockin' a Jug" survives even after Louis Armstrong's final bravura statement at the end of the record. Following these, there were the variants of "Makin' Friends" like "Dirty Dog," "That's a Serious Thing" (which, incidentally, forecast Harold Arlen's "Stormy Weather" melody), "Jack Hits the Road," etc., which punctuate his subsequent career in the studios. An exceptional tribute occurs on "The Blues" from a 1939 *Metronome* magazine-poll "all star" recording: Tommy Dorsey refused to solo as long as Teagarden was present, but finally played a discreet background to Teagarden's blues improvising.

The strength in his blues playing also provides an answer to those who have said that a sentimentality in his work accounts for his durability as a popular performer. It also seems to me that any committed sentimentality in a man who performed "Stars Fell on Alabama" night after night would have done him in long ago. I doubt if a sentimentalist could have gotten through the elaborate Teagarden introductions and codas without playing the fool. I have mentioned elegance and his penchant for flourishes, but elegance is not weakness and flourishes are not frou-frou.

An ability to play a simple blues well is a good esthetic test for a man who can obviously perform on more sophisticated melodies and harmonies. Similarly, an ability to rediscover the early jazz repertory and return to the simpler structures of "Muskrat Ramble" or "Panama" or "My Monday Date" is also a test, and Teagarden did all these pieces well with the Armstrong All Stars.

IT has been said that Teagarden's voice is almost a version of his trombone; like many untrained voices, it deepened through the years and thereby became even more like his trombone. Conversely, we can hear how much of his flexibility on trombone simply had to be self-taught because it is so personally vocalized. (This also applies to his device of removing the bell of his horn and muting the end of its tubing with a water glass, the only trombone mute he ever cared to use.) He recorded trombone and vocal versions of "Basin St. Blues" many times but a comparison of two of the best versions, from 1931 with Benny Goodman and 1956 with Bobby Hackett, is fine evidence of his durability.

Teagarden had a genuine desire to reach people with his music, but that desire had nothing to do with compromise. He was always well-mannered; he would show you musically how he felt without apology, but he would never grab you by the hair and demand that you be moved. And he was unapologetically himself and true to his talent. Thereby, Jack Teagarden walked with an artistic dignity all his life.

DISCOGRAPHY

The 1947 evening at Town Hall with Armstrong and Teagarden, including "Pennies from Heaven" and "St. James Infirmary," is on RCA Victor LPM 1443. Capitol T 721 has "My Kinda Love," "After You've Gone," and a version of "Sheik of Araby" not up to the original, done with Red Nichols and available on Brunswick BL 54047. The Teagarden-Ben Webster-Rex Stewart "St. James Infirmary" is on Riverside RLP 141. The Teagarden-Goodman "Basin Street Blues" is on Columbia CL 821; the Teagarden-Hackett version on Capitol T 692.

"Knockin' a Jug" is on Columbia CL 854; "That's a Serious Thing," on Camden CAL 383. Another Camden, CAL 426, includes "The Blues" with Teagarden accompanied by Dorsey.

From the years with the Armstrong "All Stars," I have singled out "Muskrat Ramble" (Decca DL 8037), "A Monday Date" (DL 8041), and "Panama" (DL 8329).

The Teagarden anthology on Epic (SN 6044) is a somewhat overstuffed cross section of his work, including some Ben Pollack numbers and a variety of pick-up ensembles from the Twenties and Thirties that find Teagarden in company that is sometimes good, sometimes adequate, and sometimes decidedly less than adequate. There are also selections by Teagarden's 1939 Big Band. The set ends with four titles from a 1940 date led by Bud Freeman and featuring Teagarden. On them, the trombonist shows how a great player can inspire during collectively improvised ensembles without becoming overbearing and can then be inspired to solo well when the company is right.

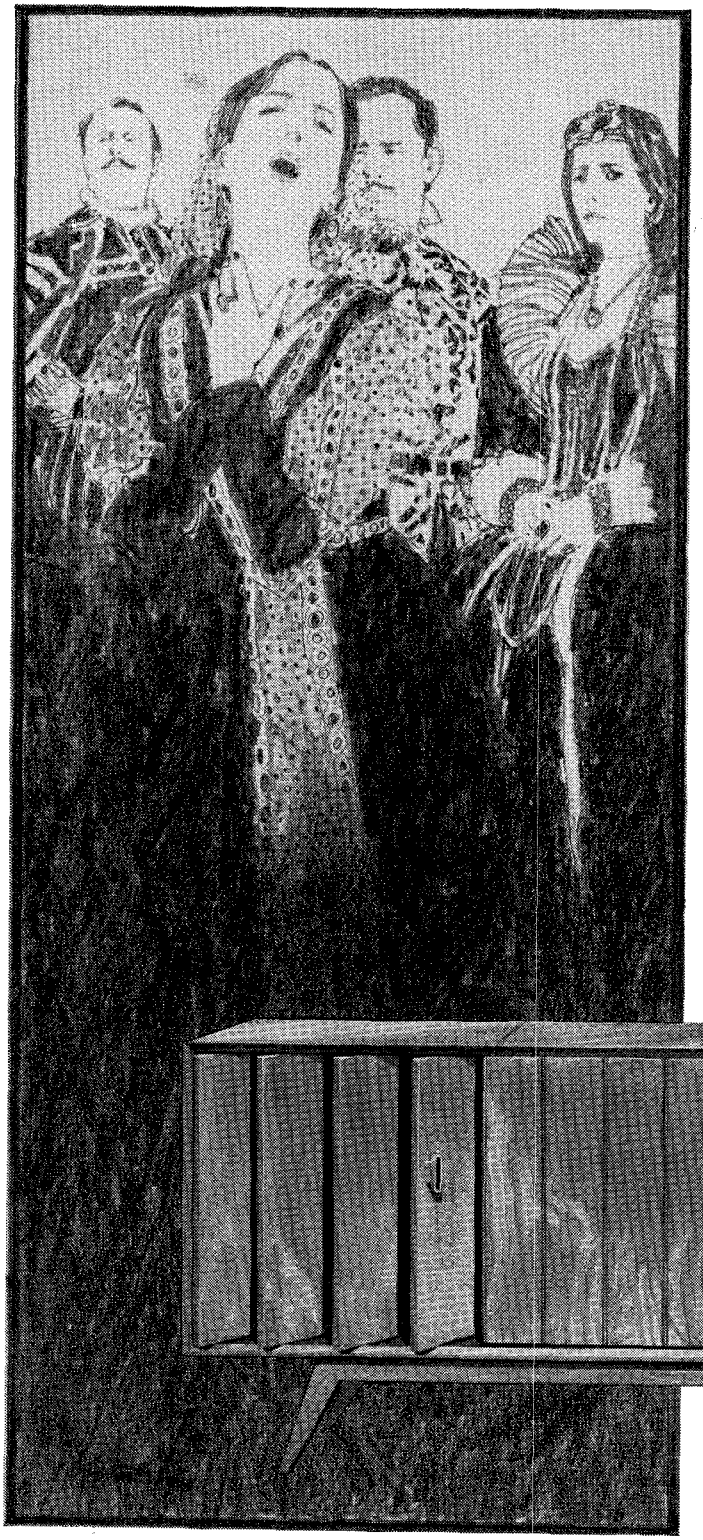
The biographical *Jack Teagarden—The Story of a Jazz Maverick*, by Jay D. Smith and Len Gutteridge, was published in 1960 by Cassell (London). The discographical *Jack Teagarden's Music*, by Howard Waters, was published the same year by Walter Allen (P.O. Box 501, Stanhope, N.J.).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
George Barnes and Carl Kress: *Town Hall Concert.* Barnes, guitar; Kress, guitar. United Artists 3335, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The two guitarists, who accompanied Bud Freeman so sympathetically on an earlier United Artists album (15033), are on their own here in a dozen excerpts from a 1963 Town Hall concert. The veteran Kress, onetime partner of Eddie Lang and Dick McDonough in similar duos, generally provides the chorded, rhythmic foundation, while Barnes is in front for single-note, melodic solos, but the roles are sometimes effectively reversed. The well-varied program is refreshing both from the point of view of sound and ideas, and it admirably displays the couple's skill and virtuosity.
Count Basie: *Easin' It.* Basie, piano, with big band; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone and arranger. Roulette R52106, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The advantages of arrangements written from within, by a playing member of the orchestra, have been evident in jazz for many years. Basie's tenor saxophonist, Frank Foster, has furnished seven numbers—five of them twelve-bar blues—that are very well suited to the band's special capabilities. The opening number is an unusual showcase for the brass. The three trombones (Henry Coker, Al Grey, and Benny Powell) first converse in four-bar phrases for three choruses, and they are followed by the four trumpets (Joe Newman, Sonny Cohn, Snooky Young, and Clark Terry), who exchange phrases of the same length for four choruses. "Brotherly Love" features three tenor saxophones (Foster, Frank Wess, and Billy Mitchell) in individual solos and a four-bar chase. Foster's understanding of the Basie tradition is nowhere more apparent, however, than in the slow "Misunderstood Blues," which contains two superb solo choruses by the leader.
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: *Smokin'.* Davis, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, flute, tenor and baritone saxophones; Shirley Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums. Prestige 7301, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Though it is almost a year since Davis gave up active music-making in favor of artists' management, the appearance of records made prior to his defection prevent him from being forgotten. This one, made in the days when Shirley Scott was his organist, is full of the expected vitality. Two of the relatively sedate vehicles are "Pennies from Heaven" and "It's a Blue World." On the latter, his infrequently revealed and very personal gift for moving, melodic playing is handsomely demonstrated. Jerome Richardson contributes to the over-all excitement with solos on flute and tenor and baritone saxophones.
Ella Fitzgerald: *These Are the Blues.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Verve V6-4062, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	That Ella Fitzgerald seldom recorded the blues in the past was presumably due to her temperament and not, as this collection of ten classic blues makes abundantly clear, to any inability. Her repertoire, like the late Billie Holiday's, normally consists mainly of ballads, but, unlike Billie, she does not consistently transform or transfuse them with blues feeling. Yet as an artist and a singer, she has both the equipment and the experience to sing the blues whenever she wishes, and here she certainly informs the time-worn verses with authority and conviction. Roy Eldridge and Wild Bill Davis are outstanding in a group that gives her warm and knowing support, Eldridge's obbligati alone justifying purchase of the set.
Jimmy Forrest: *All the Gin Is Gone.* Forrest, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Grant Green, guitar; Gene Ramey, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Delmark DL 404, mono only, $4.98.	Stylistically, Forrest belongs to the school of Wardell Gray, Gene Ammons, and Dexter Gordon, and like them he acknowledges certain debts to Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and, perhaps, Illinois Jacquet. The prominent characteristics of his playing are a big, rather hard tone and driving phraseology. Though continuity of expression is sometimes broken by clichés, his energy and enthusiasm are hard to resist. Variety of mood and tempo is provided with "Laura" and "What's New?"—the tender first chorus of the former showing a different and rewarding side of his talent.
Urbie Green: *The Urbie Green 6-Tet.* Green, trombone; Doc Severinsen, trumpet; Walt Levinsky, alto saxophone; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Don Lamond, drums. Command 857, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Command bills Green as "America's Greatest Trombonist" and, in an era more enamored of the trombone, he might well be another Tommy Dorsey. His remarkable tone and instrumental control are equally impressive on the Woody Herman successes, "Four Brothers" and "Bijou," and ballads like "Tangerine" and "The Bad and the Beautiful." The ingenious arrangements by Green himself, Ralph Burns, and Jimmy Giuffre are well tailored to the skills of an extremely professional sextet. Command's fine recording deserves special commendation.
Rod Levitt: *Dynamic Sound Patterns.* Levitt, trombone; Rolf Ericson, trumpet; Buzz Renn, alto saxophone and clarinet; George Marge, tenor saxophone, clarinet, piccolo, and English horn; Sy Johnson, piano; John Beal, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums. Riverside 471, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This eight-piece group manages to sound much bigger than it is, thanks to the leader's adroit scoring. Although it is essentially a "workshop" band, and several of its members are little known, the playing is of an agreeably high standard. Levitt's compositions are original, often humorous, and they exhibit more affinity with mainstream jazz than with the eccentricities of the *avant-garde.* Rolf Ericson, the Swedish trumpet-player currently with Duke Ellington, is the most striking soloist, but in general the ensemble and compositional development have precedence over the individual.
Billy Taylor: *Right Here, Right Now!* Taylor, piano, with 15-piece orchestra; Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor. Capitol T2039, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Taylor takes the mystique out of swinging by doing it easily and happily, but this and his clean technique result in something like stylistic anonymity on several numbers. The big band plays its part in these pocket piano concertos with spirit, creating the exciting but somewhat shrill and brassy sound arranger Oliver Nelson favors. With four trombones and five reeds at his command, more variety of tonal color was possible. The saxophones on "Something Always Happens" and the organ-like voicing on "I Wish I Knew" indicate these possibilities, but a trombone section that included Urbie Green, Britt Woodman, and Quentin Jackson might profitably have been given more prominence.
McCoy Tyner: *Live at Newport.* Tyner, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet; Charlie Mariano, alto saxophone; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Impulse A.48, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Art Blakey: *A Jazz Message.* Blakey, drums; Sonny Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Art Davis, bass. Impulse A.45, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	These two records contain attractive examples of Tyner at work outside the usual context of the John Coltrane quartet. All the odds were stacked against the quintet, but it delivered one of the more spontaneous and exciting messages at last year's Newport festival. As Willis Conover observes in the note, "McCoy is a nut on spontaneity," and here he more than matched the excitement created by Terry and Mariano. His flexibility is further shown in "Blues Back" with Art Blakey. He had previously recorded this with his own trio (Impulse A.33), but here the blues are even more direct and basic, thanks partly to Blakey's strong and resolute beat. The bass player on each set also distinguishes himself.
Harold Vick: *Steppin' Out.* Vick, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums. Blue Note 4138, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Blue Note, like Prestige, is indefatigable in introducing new talents to the jazz audience. Tenor saxophonist Vick and organist John Patton are presented here alongside a couple of established musicians: Grant Green and Horace Silver's Blue Mitchell. Vick bears the contemporary marks of Coltrane and Rollins and blows industriously, but without, on this showing, much emotion. Patton, Green, and Mitchell, however, have a good deal in common, all three leaning toward the kind of unhurried, relaxed lyricism that swings rather than pushes. The title number is recommended in this respect. What distinguishes the performances from those of the common "blowing session" is some welcome attention to ensemble work. —Stanley Dance.

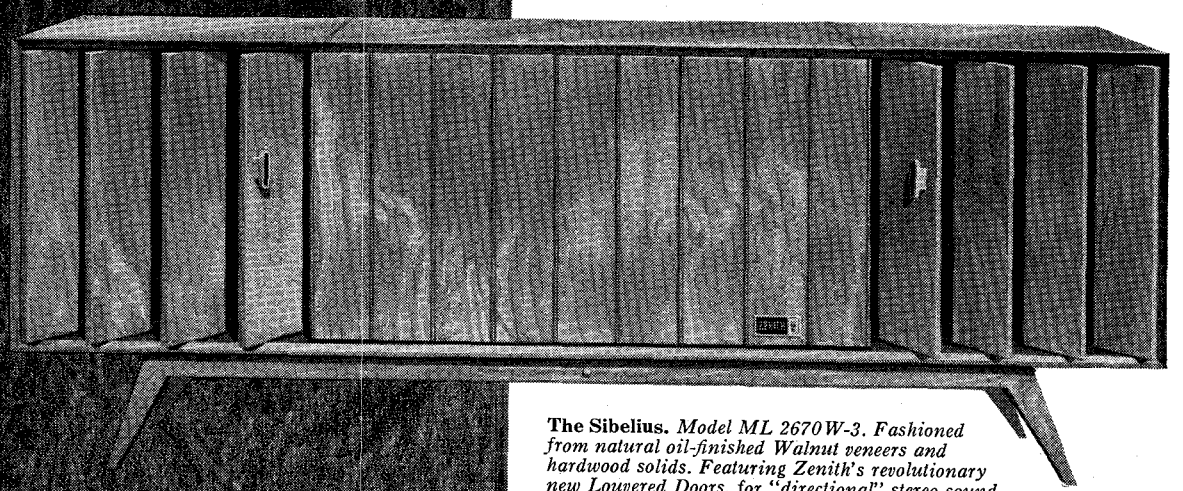
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



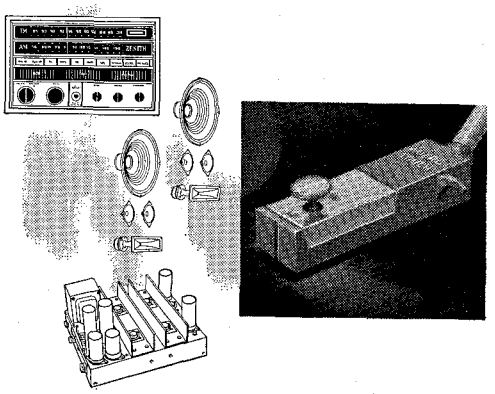
ZENITH®

Only Zenith combines
such outstanding features
in a single cabinet to bring you the

finest sound separation and finest sound reproduction ever achieved in a home console stereo!



The Sibelius. *Model ML 2670W-3. Fashioned from natural oil-finished Walnut veneers and hardwood solids. Featuring Zenith's revolutionary new Louvered Doors, for "directional" stereo sound.*



Now you can discover the hidden beauty that lies deep in the heart of every stereo record! For now Zenith combines the ultimate in stereo performance with the ultimate in fine-furniture cabinetry—to bring you the finest home stereo console ever created. The Zenith Sibelius! Its 4-speed automatic record changer is the famous Zenith Stereo Professional—featuring the world's most imitated tone arm—the Micro Touch® 2G Tone Arm. Its revolutionary Zenith 240W Solid State Amplifier brings you the most spectacular stereo sound you've ever heard. Its perfectly matched and balanced 8-speaker stereo sound system creates a room-filling kind of sound—even at low listening levels. All this, plus crystal clear FM Radio, AM Radio, and Zenith's own Stereo FM Radio. Now at your Zenith Dealer's. $800.00*.

Zenith *The quality goes in before the name goes on*

*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN VARIOUS WESTERN AND SOUTHERN AREAS. PRICE AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

En Garde, Vanguard!

By HOWARD SHANET

IT GIVES ME special displeasure to comment on the Vanguard recording of Louis Moreau Gottschalk's *A Night in the Tropics* (Vanguard 1103, $4.98; stereo VRS 2141, $5.98.) because the composition (which I revived in 1955, after it had lain silent for almost a century) is dear to me. In my opinion, the Vanguard issue represents a corruption of the composer's intentions. Those of us who have championed the cause of American nineteenth-century music are dismayed that the first complete recording of this historic work is inadequate, for it means that an opportunity has been wasted to remove the condescending attitude that prevails toward an important part of our national cultural heritage. It is all the more irritating because the notes on the Vanguard record jacket, signed by S. W. Bennett, make pretensions to authenticity and scholarliness which are not borne out by the facts.

A principal beauty of Gottschalk's score is the breathtakingly grand scale of the orchestration. Vanguard has condensed the orchestra to ordinary size, mainly by omitting about one-third of the required wind instruments. The result is something like playing a Berlioz or Mahler symphony with a salon orchestra.

The record jacket claims that "the orchestral forces for which [Gottschalk] planned the symphony were left somewhat fluid." This is inaccurate. Gottschalk's autograph manuscript in the New York Public Library is as precise as it is original in its requirements; the score, reading from top to bottom, calls for: piccolo, E-flat clarinet, flutes, oboes, a whole section of clarinets divided into four parts, bassoons, cavalry-trumpet in E-flat, a whole section of cornets divided into four parts, trumpets, horns, whole sections of trombones and euphoniums divided into four parts each, ophicleide, bass tuba, strings, and percussion. In view of this, it borders on impudence for the record annotator to call attention to "the instrumentation, like the use of a solo trumpet near the beginning and near the end, lending an impressionist color"—particularly since Gottschalk at those points scored not for a trumpet but for a cornet.

In Gottschalk's manuscript the pages containing the last thirty-six measures are missing. The Vanguard jacket comments on this problem: "While part of this symphony was long thought to have been lost, a recently discovered piano score has enabled the entire work to be reconstructed. The present performance is based on the score in the New York Public Library, Music Division, with the band parts condensed and the last thirty-six measures arranged by Gaylord Hatton, under the supervision of Maurice Abravanel, from this library score and the two-piano version."

These are imposing sentences, but to one who knows the subject they make little sense. There is no "recently discovered" piano score; on the contrary, a pieced-together piano version of the first movement was for a long time the only known score of the work. As early as 1937 Quinto Maganini used it as the basis for an attempted reconstruction which Richard Korn subsequently recorded. In 1948, however, the New York Public Library acquired not only Gottschalk's holograph orchestral score of both movements of the symphony—lacking the last thirty-six measures—but also a not quite finished arrangement for two (and sometimes three) pianos by N. R. Espadero. A few years later John Kirkpatrick of Cornell University, who is a Gottschalk enthusiast, made a brilliant transcription of the symphony for two pianos, modestly acknowledging his "grateful borrowing from the unfinished arrangement for two or three pianos by N. R. Espadero."

The Vanguard forces presumably condensed their version of the symphony from these sources, particularly the composer's incomplete orchestral score and Mr. Kirkpatrick's two-piano arrangement, of which they obtained copies from the New York Public Library. I challenge them to produce the "recently discovered piano score" which purportedly "has enabled the entire work to be reconstructed."

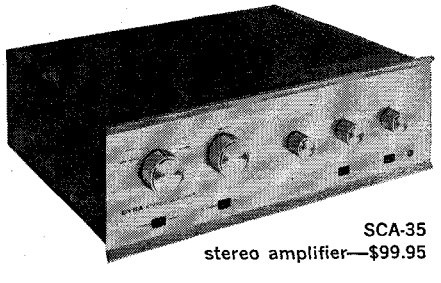
What really permitted me to reconstruct the work when I conducted its first modern performance on May 5, 1955, with the Columbia University Orchestra was my discovery among the holdings of the New York Public Library of an additional score, apparently prepared for rehearsing the wind instrument players for one of Gottschalk's performances between 1859 and 1866. Since this score does contain the final thirty-six measures for all the wind instruments, I was able to fill in those measures with some certainty that I was following the composer's intentions. But the makers of the present Vanguard recording have apparently been unaware of the very existence of this additional score; indeed, as recently as November of 1963, even the Music Division of the New York Public Library was unaware of its significance because (as I pointed out to their representative at that time) the score has been incorrectly catalogued as "*Andante (portion)*" whereas it is really a complete score of the wind tutti for the entire work.

AS A matter of fact, it was I who first proposed the Gottschalk recording to Vanguard in the spring of 1961 when they wrote to me, and to a number of other musicians, requesting suggestions of American works to record. They received with particular enthusiasm the idea of my conducting a recording of Gottschalk's *Night in the Tropics*, which had attracted the attention of the public and the press in two performances I had already conducted.

Shortly thereafter Vanguard decided instead to do the recording with the Utah Symphony Orchestra because, as an executive officer of the company eventually admitted to me, the Utah orchestra had received a subsidy that would help finance such a large-scale recording.

In my subsequent dealings with Vanguard it soon became apparent that they were not prepared to record the piece under my direction. Since I felt that my guidance was essential if my reconstruction of the composer's intentions was not to be jeopardized, I forbade Vanguard to use my copyrighted materials. Operating within this limitation, Vanguard turned out the present recording, with its façade of authenticity. They have succeeded in obscuring Gottschalk's creative imagination.

DYNAKIT
high fidelity



SCA-35
stereo amplifier—$99.95

For the cost-conscious perfectionist

• AMPLIFIERS • TUNERS
• PREAMPLIFIERS

Write for detailed specifications
and impartial test reports

DYNACO INC., 3912 Powelton Ave., Phila. 4, Pa.
Please send specifications and test reports to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

SR364

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Angel

CALLAS! The name conjures the image—the tempestuous prima donna who has electrified audiences, astounded critics, ignited imaginations from Chicago to Rome, from Paris to Athens. Maria Callas is one of the most celebrated artists in the world of opera. And in her exclusive association with Angel, she has become one of the most recorded artists in the history of serious music. Her 19 complete operas and 10 aria collections provide a panoramic showcase for her explosive artistry. Callas the woman, Callas the voice, Callas the legend... all meet and mingle in these inspired performances, many of them definitive renditions of the roles that have made her famous. From *Tosca* to *Aïda,* from *Rigoletto* to *Il Trovatore,* from *I Puritani* to *Norma* to *The Barber of Seville,* Callas on Angel has achieved what is probably the most complete and varied repertoire of any living opera star on any label. The artistic dedication of Maria Callas springs from a determination to write her name across the history of grand opera in bold strokes. In the wide range and rare quality of her Angel performances, the signature is complete.

As Tosca in *Tosca*

As Amina in *La Sonnambula*

As Cio-Cio-San in *Madame Butterfly*

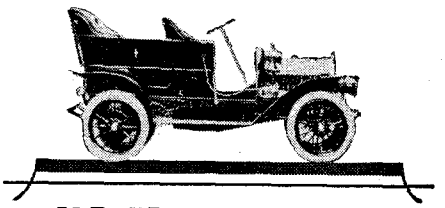
As Lady Macbeth in *Macbeth*

THERE IS ONLY ONE

MARIA CALLAS

As Norma in *Norma*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

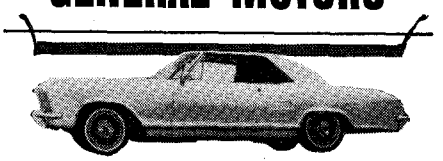


ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.

"knows more about the intricate science of running a large corporation than any living American . . . [His book] is nothing less than a modern Pentateuch of management technique that has revelations for every executive—and everyone who aspires to be an executive." —Time Magazine. With charts, graphs, rare photographs. A National Bestseller, $7.95 at all booksellers.

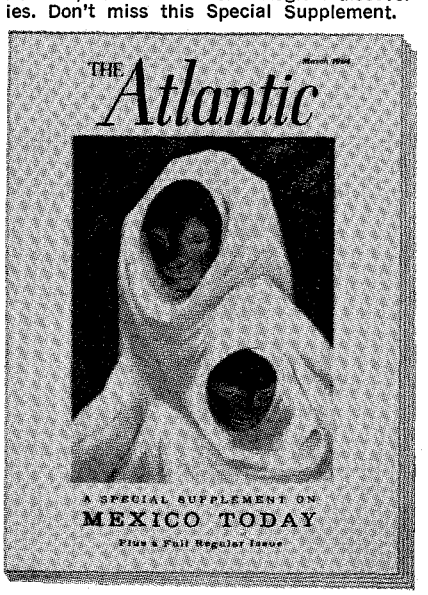
DOUBLEDAY

MY YEARS WITH GENERAL MOTORS



MEXICO TODAY 62 PAGE SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

The March Atlantic takes you to Mexico, to reveal the character and vitality of the Mexican people — through their short stories, poetry, and painting, and articles about their social advances, industrial growth, new art, music and archaeological discoveries. Don't miss this Special Supplement.



NOW ON SALE

The Civil War in Stereo

WHEN last we visited Mr. Frederick Fennell, he had just finished recording Volume I of *The Civil War*, as related in the music of the time, faithfully inscribed by instruments 100 years old in this Centennial year. Now we come upon him, (*The Civil War, Gettysburg to Appomatox*, Vol. II, Mercury LPS 2-902, $11.98; stereo only) as we did in March, 1962, up to his baton in a new batch of wartime quicksteps, polkas, waltzes, gallops, bugle calls, twelve-pounders, Napoleons, bursts of grape and canister, all as painstakingly recorded on original instruments (including Civil War cannon) as in Volume I, which took us from Fort Sumter to Gettysburg and pleased us with its authenticity, simplicity, and honestly reported musical fact. No fuss or production hokum in the second and final volume, either; Volume II is every bit as persuasive as the first, a genuine experience in the indigenous music of the bloodiest war ever fought on the North American continent, precisely a century ago.

Once again Martin Gabel lends his rich voice to a description of the terrible munitions of war as they pour right into your marrow via the most terrifying stereo sounds these old ears have heard. Dear heaven, how any man stood his ground against the brutal cannonading you hear on these amazing recordings is simply beyond a modern man listening in the utter safety of Harvey's best stereo booth. Shattering artillery explodes—on the very field of Gettysburg, then the echo smashes from Cemetery Ridge and you involuntarily duck your head as though the blast were coming right back through the three enormous speakers, tearing into your blood and bones and flesh.

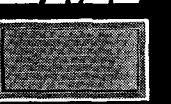
As before, the four sides include band music of Union and Confederate troops, played on original instruments with their over-the-shoulder straight bells and hazardous pitch. The musical sounds of conflict are all there, played from original arrangements that sometimes trick you; yet they have that strangely authentic ring of sheet music. All of the fancy arrangers in the world working all hours of the night cannot do better than an original melody as it first caught on and was sung or played by its creators. The Eastman Wind Ensemble, and Mr. Fennell especially, cannot be credited too highly for sticking to the truth, in instrument and note.

Best of the band music this time are "Twinkling Stars Quick Step," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and our old Irish washerwoman, "Garry Owen." The sung songs include such immortals as "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Marching Through Georgia," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Yet, the songs are clichés by now, something like mercantile Christmas carols drowning you by repetition in a crowded department store. The band music with its authentic instrumentation and score is no cliché at all but a marvelous revelation to a Civil War buff who listens totally absorbed.

The package is, then, complete with this second batch of four sides. Nothing quite like it has ever come our way before, nor is it likely to. The ring of the truly authentic is here and the painstaking genius of Mr. Fennell leaves us all in his profoundest debt.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

If you actually feel the virtuoso's presence in your living room it isn't ESP. It's *EMI*



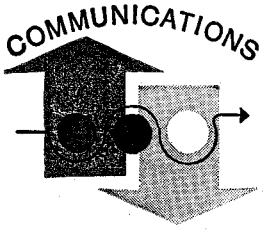
(EMI loudspeakers bring you musical reproduction so realistic that you can actually "physically feel" the presence of each great performing artist.)

See your audio dealer or write for free EMI booklet to: **Scope Electronics Corp.** 235 E. 42 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **121**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **122**

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC: "THE WHOLE WORLD INSIDE"
By Wilson Sullivan **124**

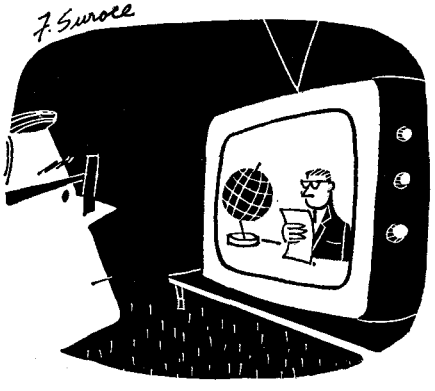
MADISON AVENUE: THE MEDIA MAN
By Peter Bart **126**

THE COMING 3-D REVOLUTION
By John Tebbel **127**

MAXFIELD PARRISH AT NINETY-THREE
By G. Elizabeth Gillett **129**

PUBLIC RELATIONS: CHARTING A NEW PATHWAY
By L. L. L. Golden **132**

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: POSTGRADUATE COURSE
By James F. Fixx **133**



Day of the Documentary

YEARS AGO, when television first began to take root in the news field, almost any newscast could be handled by the relatively small news department which then occupied but one tiny corner at each network. Radio had been a simple operation in which a few good rewrite men, a couple of news tickers, and a handful of top-name newscasters or commentators were all you needed. A staff of half a dozen, including announcers, was sufficient to carry any good local newsroom. Network news feed could supply the rest, and that very cheaply indeed. Television had not yet discovered the mother lode of news and neither had the sponsor. But as TV grew and began to command huge national audiences, newscasting exploded. The old era was gone forever. The news documentary was soon on the rise. TV newscasting had suddenly become big business.

During the past year alone, NBC News supplied its TV network with 1,201 hours of programing. The number of persons employed by NBC News had passed 800. The 1,201 hours of NBC News was, moreover, more total programing than provided by any independent production group at the network, by any other network program department, or by any other network news organization, though CBS News exceeded 800 hours of network programing and ABC News provided more than 400 hours. In a single year the number of hours programed by NBC News on the television network had increased 70 per cent, the number of foreign bureaus had risen from seven to thirteen, and the number of hours of news programing per week had passed forty, on an average.

Five years ago, NBC News had one full-time producer. Today it has twenty-two. The noticeable trend among sponsors attracted to this area of television is the talk of Madison Avenue. The most pronounced trend is, however, the sponsor seeking a single news special, or documentary, an advertiser who wants public identification among executives, opinion makers, educators, and men and women at policy-making levels. An example was Xerox's sponsorship of the original telecast of *The Kremlin* last May, a program that received (and deserved) high critical praise and was repeated several times—once as recently as January 26. Xerox, obviously pleased with its plunge into the television news special, has now agreed to sponsor six one-hour NBC news special programs for the 1963-64 season. Another example is the recently purchased twenty-six prime-time NBC news specials package by Humble Oil and Refining Company, probably the largest by a single advertiser in all of network television. Gulf Oil Corporation continues to be a sponsor of NBC's "instant news specials," and at this writing there have been, all told, 361 of these marvelously topical quickies, all produced by Chet Hagan. The Savings and Loan Foundation will have sponsored twenty-five news specials at NBC by the end of the season. All in all, it's a far cry from Charles Percy's highly controversial Bell & Howell-sponsored news specials on ABC a few years back, at a time when Mr. Percy said he believed it more important that these documentaries be available to the American public than that the ratings break records.

CBS is getting pretty much the same reaction to its documentary-news-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special programs. Such expertly produced documentaries as *The Crisis of the Presidential Succession* and *The Business of Heroin* in January of this year were sponsored by Travelers Insurance in the "CBS Reports" series, which, to many, is the finest single news package on television. Shows like *Chronicle* have found quick sponsorship from Kiwi Shoe Polish, while *Twentieth Century*, one of the pioneers in the documentary field, has long had Prudential paying the freight. CBS News does, indeed, do about as competent a job here as you'll find in TV. In fact, Walter Cronkite of CBS probably has no peer among documentary interlocutors, though Frank McGee of NBC News happens to be a special favorite of ours when it comes to competent ad libbing.

The American Broadcasting Company, pioneer in such matters, had three highly active sponsors in this area last year: Xerox, Upjohn, and Philco. Upjohn sponsored the four programs in the "Saga of Western Man" series. Philco sponsored *Whatever Happened to Royalty?*, *The World's Girls*, *The Festival Frenzy*, and *The Soviet Woman*. Xerox sponsored *The Making*

of the President and *Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment*. The "ABC News Reports" on Thursday nights are among the finest documentaries in technique, production, and mechanical invention, and the Bell & Howell documentary sponsorships are, quite naturally, celebrated ABC milestones by now.

The point about all this is, of course, the sudden rise in importance of the news communicator in the television industry. The day of the news commentator is dead. The day of the documentary is at hand. It is at hand because the public tunes in to this sort of news show as it never has before, and, with good ratings, sponsorships are easy where once they were pioneering. Ever since that excellent old series, "The March of Time," on radio and newsreel, we must admit to long-term partiality for the documentary as absorbing entertainment. We're happy to have company and delighted that advertisers are flocking to a worthy standard. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Hurrah for Fairchild

WILSON SULLIVAN'S ARTICLE on Fairchild Publications [*SR*, Feb. 8] stressed the independence of news coverage from the chain's advertisers. To my mind, this independence is not only outstanding in business journalism but stands as a beacon for news media everywhere.

Like many another ex-Fairchild staffer scattered around the country, I began a career in communications as a Fairchild copyboy and later was moved up to editorial duties. Serving with me in that first job in the newsroom were about a dozen other college graduates, including one from Yale and two with master's degrees.

I don't believe that any of us could have gone to a better "school of journalism." There we found out about crisp, to-the-point writing and clear-headed reporting and editing.

One incident in 1952 comes to mind, after I went to the Baltimore bureau to report for *Retailing Daily*, since renamed *Home Furnishings Daily*. I went to a leading department store to cover what was to be the public debut of the first combination washer-dryer. The large hall to which the store's charge customers had been invited to view this miracle was completely deserted, except for some officials. When the advertising agency representative for the appliance distributor learned I was a Fairchild reporter, he threatened me with dire consequences if I wrote about this apparent lack of interest by the buying public. The next day *Retailing Daily* gave my story prominent display.

For its complete and impartial coverage from bureaus all over the world, Fairchild Publications deserves recognition as "The *New York Times* of the Business Press."

GABRIEL M. GELB.

New Orleans, La.

WILSON SULLIVAN'S "Miracle on Twelfth Street" [*SR*, Feb. 8] was a delight to read. The author has captured some of the "bright and banal" of which he writes, making it doubly interesting and realistic.

MARGARET FLYNN.

Omaha, Neb.

I GREATLY ENJOYED your article on Fairchild Publications [*SR*, Feb. 8]. One thing you perhaps did not emphasize enough is the esprit de corps among Fairchild Publications' far-flung correspondents, even those—like myself—who have never seen the New York office. (Incidentally, there are some 400 of us part-time reporters in addition to the 217 bureau personnel you mentioned.) I think this feeling is chiefly due to the fact that we know Fairchild Publications backs us as its field representatives. It is due, too, to respect for the name Fairchild that we find among those business and industrial figures whom we contact for news. What really makes Fairchild great is, as you suggested, that it is after *news*, without fear or favor.

The Fairchild Publications handbook for out-of-town reporters sounds like a list of "Ideals for the Ideal Journalist"—but they mean every word, and each of us tries to live up to such precepts as: "Never phone if you can call in person. . . . identify your newspaper connection clearly and at once. . . . make clear your callee is talking for publication. . . . be courteous, never take advantage of fact you are a newspaper and have the last say."

And heartwarming indeed in this day of press release, puff, and evasion: "No confidences . . . eliminate the fuzz . . . no closed meetings . . . no 'off the record' deals." But, equally, "protect your news sources. . . . at all times check your principals for confirmation, denial, or refusal to comment."

Other words repeated again and again throughout the handbook: "impartiality . . . learn the truth . . . develop for greater detail . . ." And most heartwarming to the stringer: "If a release is sent to New York, it will be returned to you for a fuller or more detailed story. . . . We do not wish to stop anyone from writing or contacting New York, but we do want our stories from the original source."

If more newspapers observed these precepts, they would be better *news*papers. These are just some of the reasons I identify myself as "a Fairchild reporter" with a sense of pride.

ELIZABETH SHAFER.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Does Mr. Bart Hate Advertising?

WHEN PETER BART WRITES about advertising, which he obviously detests, the anomalous result is akin to what you might expect if Karl Marx were to turn out a daily column for *Wall Street Journal* or the Mayo Brothers were reporting for *Christian Science Monitor*.

Just how eminently unsuited Mr. Bart is to his journalistic specialty can be seen in his most recent threnody on the excesses and shortcomings of advertising [*SR*, Feb. 8]. In this lament—some critics are angered by advertising, Mr. Bart is merely saddened—he bemoans "the extravagant economic claims that have been made for advertising," and he belabors the champions of advertising for having done "what admen all too often do—namely, oversold their product."

In reply, I call attention to something Mr. Bart did in his column that columnists all too often do—namely, slant their re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ports through sly innuendo, half-truths, and verbal chicanery.

For example, Mr. Bart has agency president Norman Strouse deliver himself of a pro-advertising viewpoint "most unabashedly." Mr. Bart then has Professor Harry Johnson, of the University of Chicago, "point out" the anti-advertising side.

As any reader knows, something "pointed out" has much more substance and veracity than something stated "unabashedly."

Later, Mr. Bart quotes Howard Morgens, president of Procter & Gamble, as having "argued" that advertising spurs competition. Not "said" or "declared" or "asserted," but "argued." Clearly, there is something fishy about Mr. Morgens's contention when he has to argue about it.

To nail home the point, Mr. Bart quickly adds that "Mr. Morgens's ideas about competition received a setback recently when the Federal Trade Commission ordered P&G to sell the Clorox Chemical Company. . . ." In other words, Mr. Morgens was wrong because the FTC said so. The possibility that the FTC might be wrong would never occur to Mr. Bart.

Another classic Bartism crops up when he seeks to prove that advertising may well be guilty of increasing the cost of advertised products. "Any supermarket shopper knows," argues Mr. Bart unabashedly, "that the nationally advertised brands almost always carry higher price tags than do non-advertised, private-label goods."

What he fails to mention is that the nationally advertised brands are almost always superior in quality to the non-advertised goods and therefore *should* cost more.

It is apparent from the foregoing that Mr. Bart either knows very little about his subject or dislikes it very much. Whatever the cause, he should seek out another line of work—one with which he is more compatible. Might I suggest lotus-farming in Tibet. Clean. Peaceful. No conspicuous consumption. No forced obsolescence. No insidious advertising. And very damn little of anything else.

M. J. Grayson.

Metuchen, N. J.

Black Macbeth

It is too bad that the Mr. Raabe, whose letter you published [*SR*, Feb. 8], was not yet born or for other reasons unable to see the profoundly moving WPA theater production of *Macbeth* with an all-Negro cast. It was not translated to Haiti or Africa or Jamaica. It was played straight. And, effortlessly, unconsciously, the predominantly white audience "identified" with the Negroes as the people that they were. I remember especially vividly the poignancy of MacDuff . . . a poignancy neither augmented nor diminished by his "blackness," of which, by that time, I was totally unaware. Lady Macbeth was "white" to me because at that moment there was no white or black . . . only a human being.

Austin Morrill.

San Bruno, Calif.

I was most interested in Mr. Raabe's comments [*SR*, Feb. 8] on my letter [*SR*, Jan. 11] about the casting of Negro actors. To suggest that I proposed the casting of Negroes in every role is a distortion. Neither do I suggest the casting of white actors in every role. But that is not really the question. It is obviously far-fetched, in a historical documentary about Washington crossing the Delaware, to cast a Negro actor as George Washington. No one has suggested or embarked on such a course.

But is Shakespeare merely a journalist? Is *Macbeth* merely a chronicle of the day's events, much like the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* every evening? I think not. Lady Macbeth is *not* simply an English queen. If that is all Mr. Raabe gets out of Shakespeare, then I fear he misses the beauty of the work.

To suggest that I would have Negro actors play in whiteface to compensate for the many white actors who played Othello in blackface is crude. My only point in that comparison was to indicate that few audiences considered it "unreal" to see a white actor playing a "Negro" part.

I stick by my basic premise: there are few roles in the many hours of fiction that light up the television screen that could not be accepted as "real" when Negro actors fill them—depending upon our own concepts of reality.

Michael Scott.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Free Press and Fair Trial

I have just read Mr. Brucker's piece [*SR*, Jan. 11]. It is striking for one so distinguished even to headline (if he did) an admission of what we all know—the press does shape the news—but most of us have little means to know the extent or to fashion a remedy.

I am an attorney and have studied the press over the years. First, I resent the way the press tries to capitalize on the lingering aftermath of a great tragedy (the Kennedy assassination) to make its special pleading to overturn Canon 35 of the American Bar Association. The problem arose inside the courtroom after the press (and it was paper and pencil men) made a circus of the Lindbergh case. I resent the attempt to seduce the bar by a public relations, let's-be-reasonable-and-restrain-ourselves approach.

Lawyers have experienced the press at its worst in writings on criminal trials. Out of self-defense, they have sought to control their work place. Often I wonder if an editor considers whether to send the sports, entertainment, or feature reporter to cover a trial.

Lawyers have ethics to guide them. The obvious outrages against legal ethics are punished. On the other hand, members of the journalism "profession" need no credentials—even though an undertaker does.

Furthermore, newspapermen are inclined to equate any criticism with censorship. And many lawyers are aware of the deeper problem newspaper slanting, selecting, and emphasis, *ex-parte* coverage—*outside* the courtroom, but can't do much about it.

It is quite an admission to say that the newspaper reporter is a representative of a questioning public. Who selected, elected, designated, or chose these "representatives"?

May I suggest that we might profit from an examination of the British system of no press coverage prior to trial. The Texas rule is not a way to break Canon 35; it shows that this hole in the dike must be plugged. After all, we are only trying to control the free press excess in the area of fair trial—not assault the citadel of "censorship" or make the news and educational content of public events as publicly reported, affected as they are with a public interest, conform to a norm of fact or truth.

Otho Crawford.

San Angelo, Tex.

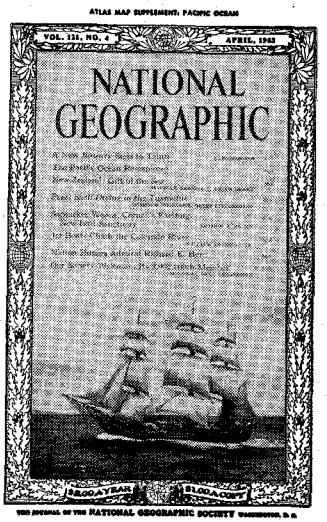
Mr. Brucker is correct in his criticism of the press [*SR*, Jan. 11]. He failed to take to task the reporters and news story writers who bring to trial a person in the newspaper and magazine before the indicted's jury has been chosen or his legal trial held. Can a person have a fair trial after his story has been publicized in minute detail? And can any fair-minded, informed person (chosen for jury duty) say that he is not prejudiced? My feeling is that

(*Continued on page* 130)

"The Junior Chamber of Commerce wants back its 'Outstanding Young Man of the Year' certificate."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Whole World Inside"



By WILSON SULLIVAN

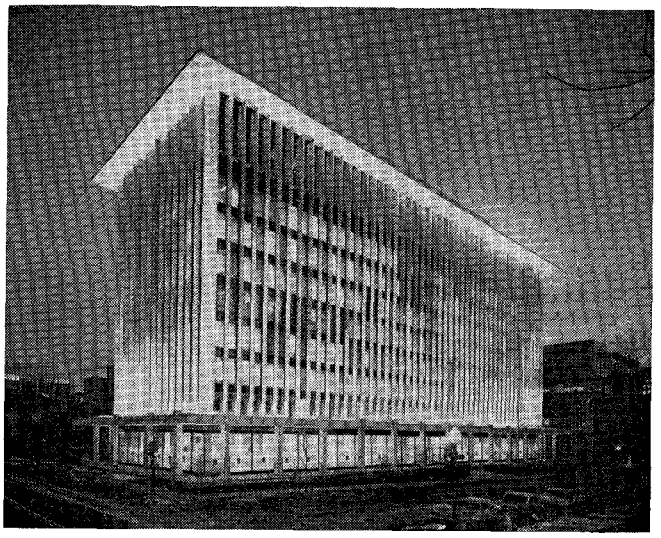
IN 1900, magazine titan S. S. McClure advised a faltering *National Geographic* to adjust to a difficult world. Appraising the scientific journal's frail circulation of 1,000 (his was 370,000), McClure offered the *Geographic* a seven-point plan of success: realize that people hate geography, change your name, get out of Washington, publish in New York, beef up your ads, sell on the newsstands, and discard the notion that you can build circulation by promoting paid membership in a nonprofit educational society.

The *Geographic*'s twenty-five-year-old editor, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, didn't buy McClure's nostrum. Fresh from his honeymoon in Vienna, Grosvenor overrode the initial opposition of his Board of Trustees, hunted down new members, held the fort against huckstering, and stood pat in the capital for fifty-five years. When he retired in 1954, circulation stood at 2,122,686. Since then, under his successors, John Oliver La Gorce and Melville Bell Grosvenor, his son (present editor), *National Geographic* has soared to acceptance by 3,900,000 member families throughout the world. In January of this year alone circulation topped last year's by 471,010. The estimate for 1964: well over 4,000,000.

Editor Melville Bell Grosvenor has no doubt about who has earned prime laurels for this astonishing achievement. Like everyone at the magazine from receptionist to executive (the reverence is real), he credits Gilbert H. Grosvenor, who started the show with "two rickety chairs and a small table," addressed every magazine by hand, and carted them all off to the post office. "His perseverance," says the younger Grosvenor, "made the magazine a success and thus made possible the Society's contributions to exploration and discovery." A recent *Geographic* contribution to both was sponsorship of America's victorious assault upon Mount Everest. To give *Geographic* family readers a firsthand view, the magazine's own staff man, Barry Bishop, sustained severe frostbite to send story and pictures from the top of the world.

To say that Gilbert Grosvenor started alone on the old *Geographic* in a single office and now shares three large buildings with 1,432 people is to suggest a pattern of progress considerably more complex than Horatio Alger's. The *Geographic* has succeeded because it has retained what must be called an idealistic vision of purpose, informed by astute awareness of what people will read and buy. It has achieved a fine balance between editorial accuracy that has won the respect of scientists and editorial clarity that has won the interest and allegiance of lay subscribers.

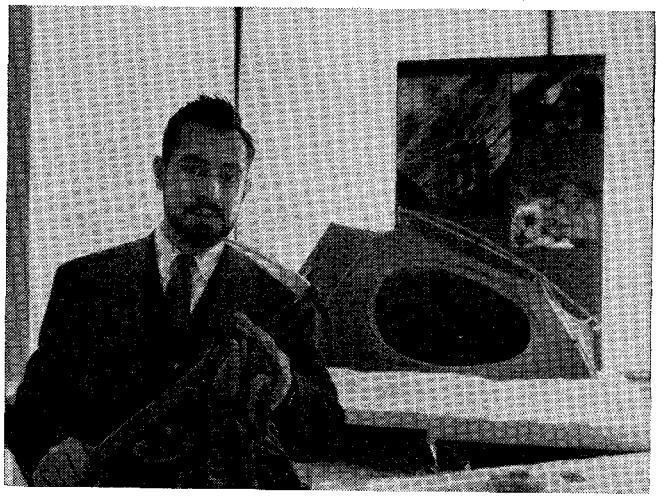
The source of this balance is clear. Gilbert Grosvenor's concept of the "geographic" world squared neither with cloistered academicians' nor with that of the cash-counter mass media. For him, "geography" was best defined by classical Greece: "a description of the world." "It thus becomes," he observes, "the most catholic of subjects, universal in appeal and embracing nations, people, plants, animals, birds, and fish." It was a definition of geography beyond (and yet archly within) latitude and longitude—calculated to include pretty much everything about which people cared, short of politics. The world was to be the *Geographic*'s oyster, writ large enough to include even "unusual industries" and "notable festivals and folkways." It was to be a world in which human controversy would defer to the continuing majesty of land, sea, and sky. Darwin, Herodotus, Slocum—these were to be Dr. Grosvenor's models in content and style. "Each," Dr. Grosvenor says, "is a vivid eyewitness account; each contains simple, straightforward writing that seeks to make pic-



—*Photos by National Geographic Society.*

Left, new National Geographic Society headquarters in Washington, D.C., designed by architect Edward Durell Stone; right, with his wife, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor of *National Geographic* from 1899 to 1954.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Left, Alexander Graham Bell (center) at Norfolk in 1900 to observe eclipse for the National Geographic Society; right, *National Geographic's* Barry Bishop holds ice axe and rope he used in climbing Mount Everest in 1963.

tures in the reader's mind." To sustain his firm concept before commercial temptations, Dr. Grosvenor had, in the beginning, the firm personal support of a father-in-law named Alexander Graham Bell (a Society president) and the almost canonical words of Society founder Gardiner Greene Hubbard. "We desire," said Mr. Hubbard, "to promote special researches by others, and to diffuse the knowledge so gained among men, so that we may all know more of the world upon which we live."

Those familiar with the *National Geographic* cannot deny that it has promoted research and diffused knowledge. Whether sledding in on reindeer breeding in Alaska, pursuing sun and moon in a solar eclipse, or clocking countdowns at Cape Kennedy, the *Geographic* has held remarkably fast to its special kind of geography. In its seventy-six years it has sponsored or supported 200 explorations and research projects: Peary at the North Pole, Byrd at Antarctica, Cousteau under the sea, archeological studies at Hell Gap, Wyoming—with Harvard's Peabody Museum. Its coverage of Tel-
r, recent space shots, and the opening
Tutankhamen's tomb was stunning,
only in terms of copy but also in terms of photographic color reproduction that is the talk of the trade.

In the realm of more human geography, it has recently presented full-color photographic closeups of the White House and Capitol. In a memora-
le issue prefaced by the lush prose of Carl Sandburg, the magazine recalled, step by anguished step, the battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg. A recent issue on the old and new Athens by Senior Editor Kenneth Weaver made no compromises to the ephemeral in a sensitive, historically documented study of time's
sion of grandeur. Memorable, too,
the *Geographic's* issues on underwater photography, plastics, world flags and coins, cosmic rays, treasures of the Nile, and ethnology. "From the teeming pavements of New York or London to equatorial jungle or polar wastes" (the phrase is from its letter of instructions to contributors), the *Geographic* is in fact a most persuasive "description of the world."

HOW has the *Geographic* done it? How has it appealed to 4,000,000 members without serious compromise of scientific depth? Dr. Melvin M. Payne, executive vice president, thinks he knows. "We have tried," he says, "to maintain a balance of factual accuracy and reader interest. We don't equate scholarship with obscurity. Our job is to transmit facts, and we think facts can be transmitted, with no sacrifice of truth, in clear prose. We don't share the view that scientific knowledge is something to be hoarded by specialists; its principal insights, we think, can be shared. In publishing material, our absolute Rule No. 1 is this: if you can't support what you say, we won't print a line of it. We want absolute evidence of data. And every word, every line of our articles is checked out by two research staffs."

"What we *don't* do," adds Senior Assistant Editor Franc Shor, "is just as important as what we *do*. We print all the information we can about how people live, eat, and build homes—and what makes them laugh. We do *not* tell these people *how* to live, and we do not tell our members what to think about them." Derogation of personalities is scrupulously avoided. "If we can't say anything nice about someone," says Senior Editor Andrew Brown, "we say nothing. We leave conclusions to others." Within this rubric, the magazine carefully avoids political partisanship. Nine Presidents of the United States—of both parties—have lauded the society and presented its Hubbard Medal to such worthies as Earhart, Lindbergh, Byrd, and Dyhrenfurth of Everest.

That the *National Geographic's* content and policies appeal to its members is eloquently confirmed not only by its burgeoning circulation but by the fact of its formidable 90 per cent rate of subscription renewal. It is also confirmed by the magazine's financial growth. Professionals have traditionally insisted that the *Geographic* has more money than it needs, that its editors *start* at enviable salaries, and that money is generally no object on this editorial Olympus. For its part, the *Geographic* declares a gross of $40,000,000 per year, $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 of which comes from membership dues alone and the rest from sale of publications and services. "Whatever we earn in excess of costs and services," says executive vice president Melvin Payne, "we invest. Most of our investments are in U.S. government bonds and reliable blue chip accounts. We shun speculative stocks."

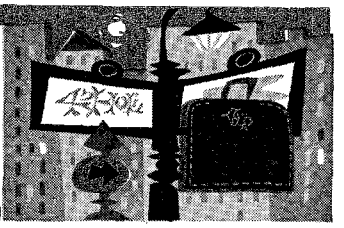
Certainly its new $8,500,000 building on Washington's 17th and M. Streets—a ten-story, 250-office, white marble structure that looks like a national monument—does not indicate that the *Geographic* is close to bankruptcy. And the Society looks far beyond its immediate operational requirements. In 1963 it spent $1,000,000 on research and public service grants: to Cousteau and to lesser-knowns for research in such projects as coral reef ecology, a survey of a Viking site in Newfoundland, and a technical photographic study of chimpanzee behavior in Tanganyika. It also publishes books, maps, and atlases, manufactures globes, and maintains a news service bureau for direct releases to national media. The Society's school service division publishes weekly bulletins for junior readers.

Two other things stand out about the

(*Continued on page* 134)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison Avenue



The Media Man

IN ADVERTISING agencies, as in armies, a relatively small proportion of total personnel is actually on the "fighting line." Agencies maintain vast numbers of "service troops" who perform specialized chores that are never noticed by the public at large—market planning, research, etc.

Among all these behind-the-scenes specialists, none plays a more influential—and misunderstood—role than the media director.

The basic job of the media specialist is to decide how the advertisers' dollars are to be divided among television, radio, magazines, newspapers, and other outlets. He decides whether a new campaign will run in *Life* or *Look*—or both.

The media director does not always make these decisions unilaterally, to be sure. The client occasionally has his heart set on a particular TV show. Some clients may even have a bias that rules out all media but one—Alberto-Culver's long-standing love affair with television is an example.

But where a decade ago the crucial media decisions were almost always made by the client or even by the agency account executive, today's media director has come to exert the dominant influence over this sphere. Indeed, the media structure has become so complex that the job of media selection has become an esoteric discipline unto itself.

All this has brought new status to the media men and also has placed them in a fierce crossfire between the warring media. The magazine salesmen dun him on one side, the TV men on the other. Reception rooms outside the offices of media directors at the top agencies are SRO with media salesmen, and their luncheon calendars are booked months in advance.

And with good reason. For the opinions or prejudices of a few highly placed media directors can decide the future of a budding TV personality or the fate of a magazine. Since the top twelve agencies channel about half of all the national advertising dollars spent in magazines, for example, their influence is obviously to be reckoned with.

This influence was vividly reflected in the precipitous decline of the *Saturday Evening Post* a couple of years back. A key cause of this decline was that the top agency media directors, acting independently, to be sure, concluded that the *Post* had become a "tired" magazine appealing mainly to elderly readers rather than to the heavier-spending younger market. Once the media directors had thus made up their minds about the *Post*, its advertising started to plummet.

The leading media specialists at the big agencies are keenly aware of their responsibilities. Most are surprisingly young (late thirties and early forties). Most, in intellect and bearing, show a marked contrast to their predecessors of a decade ago.

The old-line media man was basically an order-placer rather than a strategist. He knew the key contacts at the newspapers and radio networks, and he spent abundant time basking in their hospitality. A client would tell him to place a radio spot campaign and he would dispatch the orders.

Today's media specialist in all likelihood spends more time nursing his agency's electronic computer than dining with media salesmen. He has a working knowledge both of the science of statistics and the economics of the media. He spends more time holding a slide rule than a martini glass, and his desk is usually awash with demographic data. He is, in short, something of an egghead.

YET, with all this technical know-how, the media director still comes in for sharp criticism. He is accused, on the one hand, of being too coldly scientific and, on the other, of not being scientific enough.

The clients, who can account for the productivity of virtually every dollar spent in every other area of corporate activity, are increasingly impatien
the media director's inability to p
the productivity of each advertisi
vestment. "You can't blame 'em," ac-
knowledges one media director. "We may sink $5,000,000 of their money into a TV show without really having any idea whether it will make it or flop. They see us as gamblers, not scientists."

Ironically, while the clients dun media specialists for more data, the advertising media often complain bitterly that the agency media men are "intoxicated" with numbers.

"All the media boys want to know is the size of our audience," scoffs the editor of a well-known maga
"They have no interest in whethe
editorial product is any good or w

"You realize, of course, both of us can't be top dog."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er any of our subscribers actually read us and are influenced by what we print. They just want numbers, numbers, numbers."

The installation of electronic computers at leading ad agencies has heightened these complaints. "You can't computerize quality," the editors charge.

Some of the more thoughtful media directors acknowledge there is an element of truth to these charges. "Unfortunately, I'd guess that only about 20 per cent of the media people actually read the magazines in which they place their advertising," says Herbert Maneloveg, media vice president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. Mr. Maneloveg himself tries hard to do his homework. He receives 156 magazines each month at his suburban home—much to the disgruntlement of his local mailman.

Warren Bahr, media vice-president at Young & Rubicam, says he often seeks out editors to question them about their editorial product.

While some media men try to make judgments about editorial quality, many others simply throw up their hands at this task. "You just can't measure these qualitative factors," says one. "You are better off sticking with your audience data."

Some media men believe it may eventually be possible to position publications or TV shows with the help of electronic computers. Data could be fed into the computers describing how much time the average reader spends with a given magazine, how much he remembers of what he has read, the frequency with which he acquired the brands advertised, how carefully he read the ads, etc. The computer theoretically could balance these factors against total size of audience, cost per thousand readers, and other quantitative measurements and then produce an ultimate media schedule.

Few believe this lofty ideal will come to pass. The basic decision-making job will continue to be made by man, not machine, most specialists believe. And media men will have to find a way to come to grips with qualitative considerations.

"We have learned a lot, but what we still don't know is appalling," one young media director observed. "Take the question of environment. Little is known about how the environment of an ad affects its impact. Little is known about the degree to which, for example, editorial quality rubs off on advertising effectiveness." Numbers, he notes, don't tell the whole story.

The only point of unanimity is that the science of media selection is still in its infancy. —PETER BART.

The Coming 3-D Revolution

BY JOHN TEBBEL

A MAJOR breakthrough in the graphic arts was unveiled last month and, except for the trade press, it was greeted with the polite apathy usually accorded significant innovations. Three-dimensional printing, however, seems likely to win recognition far more rapidly than most inventions, thanks to the technological age that produced it.

The unveiling took place in the February 25 issue of *Look* magazine, where a modest 4″-x-4¾″ picture, part of a feature on Thomas Edison, was displayed in 8,000,000 copies as the first three-dimensional printing ever to be achieved on automated equipment in multimillion press runs for viewing without special glasses.

To most of *Look*'s millions of readers, and to other laymen, the result must have appeared unimpressive. There in the admittedly primitive picture was a bust of Edison surrounded by five of his inventions—electric lamp, stock ticker, home motion-picture projector, phonograph, and fluoroscope. At some angles and in some light, this collection of memorabilia looked merely out-of-focus. But by tilting the insert a little, the three-dimensional illusion was suddenly apparent on the flat printed page.

Those who had a closer look at the mechanics of the pictures in *Look*'s offices were reminded by the magazine's executives that it should be viewed in the same spirit as the gapers at Kitty Hawk watched the brief flight of the Wright boys' contraption. The jets, they said, would be along later and comparatively much sooner.

The art of three-dimensional reproduction is, of course, not new. It goes back at least to the seventeenth century, when an experimenting French painter produced the illusion on a canvas that can be seen today in a Brussels museum. The parallax panoramagram, as the current invention is known technically, has its roots in this experiment, and the result is not unlike it.

By the 1800s, the 3-D picture had become a fascinating novelty. The latter part of the nineteenth century produced that familiar parlor entertainment called the stereopticon, whose double-picture slides viewed through a hand-held set of lenses gave the 3-D effect. It was wildly popular for more than a decade.

More recently, motion pictures have toyed with the illusion as a novelty. Films were made requiring the audience to wear special glasses to produce the effect of objects emerging from the screen toward the viewer, and to provide the sense of depth. Several years ago a French magazine tried the same idea, with glasses attached to each issue. Excited by this prospect, Gardner Cowles, editor and president of *Look*, and his former wife, Fleur, tried to find a way to introduce the French system into their magazine, but government mailing regulations precluded its use.

THE idea had been planted, however, and Marvin Whatmore, vice-president and general manager of the publishing firm, set the research wheels in motion. That was in 1950. If fourteen years seems a long time to achieve the present result in our fast-moving times, it should be remembered that the process represents no more than the fourth major breakthrough in printing technology since the fifteenth century.

Whatmore and *Look*'s technical director of photography, Arthur Rothstein, began their experimentation with something they had already proved—that the best illusion of depth was produced by printing a viewing screen over an image with some material like plastic or varnish. In five years the magazine had a press running with an experimental device that applied such a special coating. Whatmore had become convinced that it was possible to produce any printed picture in three dimensions.

In 1960, Whatmore learned that he and Rothstein were not alone in their experimentation. Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak, had also been working quietly toward the same goal, trying to develop a suitable coating material as a viewing screen and setting up the requirements for a press that could apply and emboss the coating. Executives of the two companies decided to pool their resources and work together.

Before long Eastman scientists found a plastic material that would adhere to paper, that had the correct optical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

qualities, and that possessed into the bargain melting and solidifying properties enabling it to be handled cheaply on automated equipment. That material, it may be added, was the only relatively inexpensive item in the new process. A special 3-D camera had to be built and entirely new techniques of photography worked out to operate it. The special press required for the printing was engineered by Harris-Intertype, one of the world's leading press builders. Only one press was built, and it was sold to the Cowles organization.

How 3-D printing is accomplished is not easy to explain, but Whatmore has reduced it to the simplest possible terms. "In this process," he says, "a screen is put in front of the film when a photo is taken. The screen divides the picture into hundreds of tiny, vertical, parallel strips. The photo is developed, and press plates are made in the conventional manner. In the process, a viewing screen is applied by coating the printed surface. This screen focuses on the tiny strips in the picture and provides the viewer with the illusion of depth."

The actual mechanics are another matter, and *Look*, Eastman, and Harris-Intertype are sitting tightly on their hot new property. It is easier to discover the secrets of the Kremlin than to find out how the camera works, or how the press operates, although Eastman has made no special secret of the hot-melt coating it developed after ten years of research to provide the viewing screen. It is a special plastic known as Epolene®, for which patents have been applied. It has a polyester fibre cousin, Kodel®, which will be used in April when *Look* runs the first four-color 3-D advertisement, in which Suzy Parker will be seen in all her formidable dimensions. The difference between the February and April pictures is the difference between the Wright brothers' machine and the aircraft of the Twenties. Those are jets you see on the distant horizon.

FOR two years, probably, *Look* and its partners will keep their secrets and develop their process. Sometime after that it will be licensed, and in five years, according to predictions, 3-D photography will be a commonplace in print media and will have wide applications in book production, counter displays, calendars, and package printing.

At the moment, in its primitive first stages, 3-D photography and printing are time-consuming and painfully expensive. Pictures must be programed, like computers, and it takes two days to take one—a day of planning and a day of shooting. For April's color shot, Miss Suzy Parker, a nondrinker, was able to endure hours of posing in ten-degree temperatures only with the frequent aid of brandy. She emerged from the ordeal numb and happy.

Costs are enough to numb even the most affluent space buyer. An advertisement the size of the Edison picture, in four-color, currently costs $200,000, plus the space price. It can be done in duotone for $192,500, and $187,500 in black and white. Visual Panographics, Inc., the wholly owned subsidiary that is making the pictures, uses a studio in the New York Port Authority Building. Studio charges are $3,600 for the two days it takes to make a picture, and $1,800 for every additional day required.

With a rate card like this in his pocket, a 3-D space salesman obviously is not going to make many sales for a time. But panography, as the new art has been christened, is certain to bring the costs steadily down until eventually 3-D may be no more expensive than any other kind of advertising.

It is in advertising that the art holds most promise for magazines. The third dimension will make editorial layouts more "alive" and consequently more lifelike to the reader, but in advertisements it will mean a new and potent weapon for magazines in their perennial battle with television for the advertising dollar.

When color television was first introduced, it was greeted with howls of dismay in some magazine quarters, where the black-and-white tube had already made considerable inroads. It was predicted that the advertiser, compelled to spread his dollars over high-cost black-and-white television and high-cost magazine color advertising, would be likely to make an agonizing reappraisal when he was confronted with color television, which would cost even more but would, in effect, animate the color magazine advertising he had been buying.

Color television has been an unconscionably long time coming, and it, too, is some distance from technical perfection, but it is rapidly making good on its predicted threat. Fortunately, the magazine business turned a significant corner last year, and for various complicated reasons is demonstrating an astonishing, perhaps even historic, comeback. It is in a state healthy enough to prove the doomsayers wrong and to resist the inroads of television, with or without 3-D. Panography, however, is going to revolutionize magazine advertising, just as color itself can be expected to transform television. The still 3-D photograph may never be properly equated with the colored moving image on the picture tube, but it nevertheless offers revolutionary prospects for the print media on its own merits.

It will take a little time, though, Mr. Edison, the Wright boys, and Samuel Morse would understand that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maxfield Parrish at Ninety-three

AT MANHATTAN'S St. Regis Hotel, dominating the street-floor bar, is a large, long mural depicting, of all things, bespectacled Old King Cole, his fiddlers three, and various servants bearing his pipe and bowl. Every figure is realistically clear, color-filled, and thoroughly jaunty. One may well wonder what a huge illustration of a child's nursery rhyme is doing on the wall of a sophisticated bar in a midtown hotel these days.

But no one wondered about it in 1933, when the painting was installed at the St. Regis. Nor did they wonder when it was originally hung in the Knickerbocker Hotel, well before Prohibition began in 1920. For the artist, Maxfield Parrish, was then America's most successful commercial illustrator. Those who can recall Parrish paintings probably keep memories of them stored away, untouched, like an old U.S. gold piece in an attic bureau drawer—pleasing when rediscovered, but puzzling when measured by present value standards.

What happened to this talented man?

Maxfield Parrish, who painted the famous *Dinkey Bird*, illustrations of *Mother Goose*, *Collier's* magazine covers, and exotic ads for Edison Mazda bulbs, is today a spry and peppery ninety-three. The creator of murals like *The Lute Players* at the University of Rochester's School of Music still lives at his handsome hillside estate in New Hampshire. A widower since 1953, he stays in the smaller of its two homes, a green, three-storied building that contains his studio and machine shop.

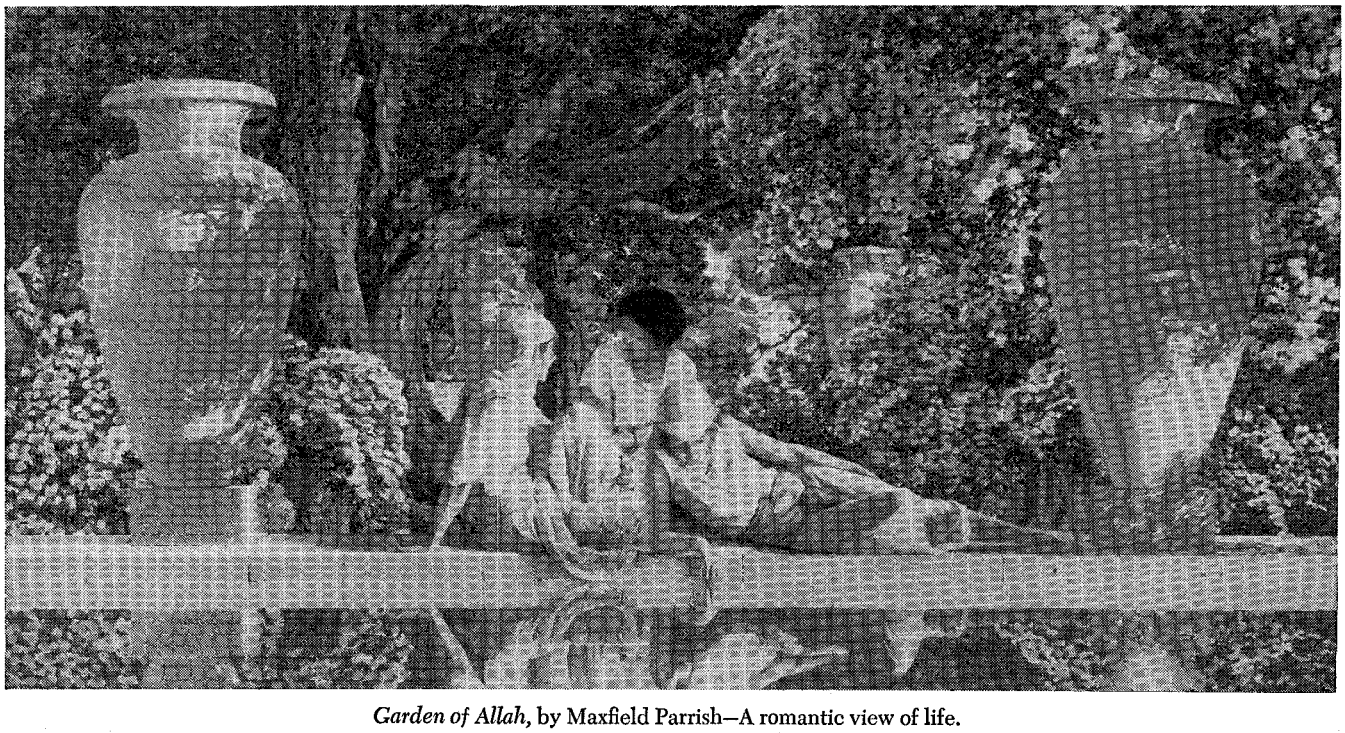
Self-labeled years ago as a "mechanic who paints," Parrish still moves knowingly about both studio and shop. Only his resident housekeeper and a son who lives nearby attend him. He may patch a painting or occasionally repair one of many furnishings he has made, such as a huge grandfather clock, wooden wall-panels, fancy brass lamps and fireplace fixtures. Both studio-house and the larger Parrish home next door, now closed, were built by the artist himself with a few friends—mostly before World War I.

The way he has reconciled art with the Industrial Age is an object lesson to those anxious about advancing technology. Parrish recognizes that machines allowed his paintings to be mass-produced and marketed widely at a profit. In his workshop, he has maintained the latest tools, lathes, and drills—to help make props for his painting-compositions as often as for any other purpose. An able do-it-yourselfer fifty years before that role became an American fad, he is not dismayed by the decline of the simple life. "Some of those old, handmade things were pretty poor, even vulgar," he says.

Though he has completed no new art work for about two years, Brown & Bigelow of St. Paul continues to send Parrish substantial royalties annually for his earlier landscapes. For the last thirty years, his calendar paintings have sold steadily to a wide, loyal market that "will accept no substitute," says B&B Art Director Clair Fry. But the painting "mechanic" rebelled some time ago at the rigid requirements of greeting cards. "I hate doing them," he growls, smiling. "Rubber-stamp work." Even so, few people in any age have made art so financially successful over a long lifetime as Parrish.

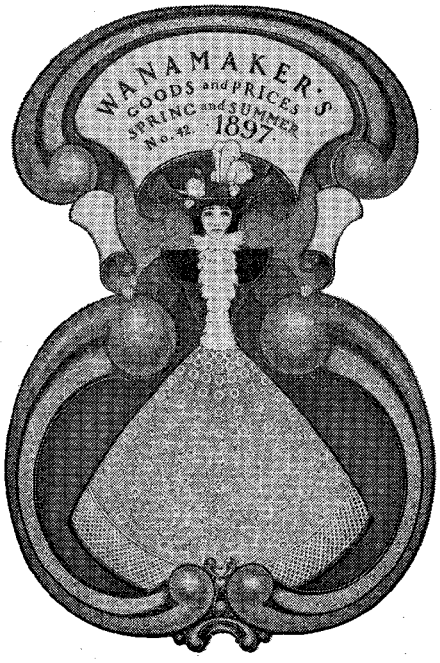
A short, stocky man with thick white hair, hawk nose, and alert blue eyes, Parrish today reminds one of St. Nicholas in his North Pole workshop—except that squirrels, chickadees, and what he calls "pottridge" abound instead of reindeer. The similarity grows whenever he starts to hum cheerful melodies at a pause in conversation. A cordial, charming host (though forgetful of names), he speaks readily with visitors who make the pilgrimage to his mountain retreat. But he is still miffed at being pressured by his children into giving up his driver's licence about a year ago—at the age of ninety-two.

Fully aware—and occasionally critical—of his own range of talent, Parrish has a healthy disdain for the limits of other people's artistic judgment. Though he admires Andrew Wyeth's lucid detail, he has no use for abstract art by anybody;



Garden of Allah, by Maxfield Parrish—A romantic view of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An old Parrish catalogue cover.

always a meticulous craftsman, he snaps, "Only God can make a tree, but I'd like to see him paint one."

Those who have never seen a Parrish landscape, fairy-tale scene, or pretty girl perched in a rugged setting can do so by traveling this May to Vermont's Bennington College, where the Austin Purves collection will be on exhibit. But why should anyone want to see his work? Why did millions buy everything he could produce for nearly half a century?

Literary Digest named a basic reason in May 1923: the essence of Parrish's work is "vivid blue skies, yellow sunshine, and the joy of life." His heavenly blues, he tells visitors, came originally from a specially imported pigment containing lapis lazuli—no longer available. Some viewers think his skies reflect the abandoned dreams of everyone's youth about life as it could and should be. Many tried to copy his drapery that flows and swirls; skies of graduating hues; tall, majestic trees; dramatic spots of sunlight; benevolently cumbersome giants and dragons; playful children; graceful girls, columns, urns, reflections, flowers, mountains. But to art critic J. H. Irvine of *The International Studio* (1906), only Parrish was "poetic without being maudlin."

His was the heyday of romantic illustration—from before the turn of the century through the Teens, Twenties, and Thirties. A frequent prize-winner during this period, he made his entry into the big time with *The Sandman*. He produced quantities of magazine covers and logotypes for (among others) the old *Life, Scribner's Magazine, Harper's, Ladies' Home Journal;* ads for tires, soap, cereal, and baking powder; murals on commission, like *The Pied Piper* in San Francisco's Sheraton-Palace Hotel and *Sing a Song of Sixpence* in Chicago's Hotel Sherman; book illustrations, including *Arabian Nights,* Edith Wharton's *The Duchess at Prayer,* Eugene Field's *Poems of Childhood,* Kenneth Grahame's *Dream Days;* landscapes for the card and calendar trade; and paintings, for himself, of available models—his children (three sons, one daughter) and friends.

From the Forties onward, however, a revolution in taste occurred. American popular art altered radically with World War II. Shocking scenes of bomb-shattered countries turned the commercial art field away from romantic representations and toward naturalistic photography or fractured scribbles and smears called abstractionism. These evolving techniques became the vogue. Today's ads, often striking and even highly romantic, depend mostly on photos or photo-fragments. New buildings are decorated almost entirely with pattern-murals, or nonrepresentational forms in paint or metal. These projections more accurately manifest America's mid-century preoccupation with facts of the moment, including modern anxiety—especially in the abstract decorations.

B&B's Fry warns that "to discount the able, perceptive expression of a man such as Parrish . . . because his work does not follow current fads in technique, composition, and subject matter is a mistake . . . history will prove it so. Parrish uses a universal language, couched in simple terms, that can be understood by the most illiterate; and, on the other extreme, it is subject to the profound respect of those who have attempted to create comparable effects."

Americans today seem to have grown "too old" for ninety-three-year-old Parrish. Have they also outgrown a healthy imagination and reasonable hope for the future? They are apt to be bored today by his humorous giants, adventurous children, and vibrant fair ladies; his glistening lakes, sculptured mountains, and trees that seek the sky. As used by the artist, these symbols assert a child's right to happy dreams rather than nightmares. They represent a man's right to hope realistically for a beautiful, peaceful world, rather than a man's decision to resign himself to chaos.

But Parrish's glowing visions are not necessarily "corny," superficial, or even obsolete. They do announce a sense of life so rapturously confident that it is generally held unattainable today. Perhaps, someday, when the shadows of today's anxieties have passed, more Americans will again feel free to enjoy the eternally clear, blue skies of Maxfield Parrish.

—G. Elizabeth Gillett.

Letters

Continued from page 123

he cannot. While the press must be free to report all the news, it must also be careful not to jeopardize the rights of others, *e.g.,* their right to a fair trial by jury.

It is also the duty of the press to stick to news in a news story and not to editorialize on other than the editorial page. One does not like to have the opinion of the author interjected into a news story. This is slanting the news unfairly.

Louise H. Nelson.

Decatur, Ill.

Coming on the heels of the Pope's pilgrimage, Herbert Brucker's article was most propitious.

It would seem that reporters on a story, like some motorists when they get behind the wheel, abandon all civility and sense of proportion. Worst offender is the TV reporter, but only because of the nature of his medium. He unflinchingly mobs a distraught mother to ask, "What was your feeling on hearing that your son was run over by the steam roller?" or he selects the most illiterate Joe Blotz on the curb to query, "What do you think should be done about Panama?"

Surely any reporter knows better. But after all, he is just another guy with a job trying to get ahead. He shares the blame with publisher, editor, the public, and often the protagonist himself. But the press has stretched the concept of freedom about as thin as gangsters have stretched the Fifth Amendment.

It is trite to say that freedom demands responsibility. But what sector of life hasn't had to have its freedom limited? Will the press rise to it? With good will it should not be too hard to establish self-regulation along the lines Mr. Brucker suggests. But, alas, Mr. Brucker is not typical in this age of overkill and overcover. When has self-regulation succeeded, if at all, except under coercion?

I fear (and regret) that self-regulation will always wait for the threat if not the act of authoritative intervention. Let us save freedom of the press but let us save some of the freedom of others from the press.

Henry P. Clark.

Allendale, N.J.

When Newspapers Dropped Ads

Your correspondent Stan Phillips of Denver [*SR,* Feb. 8] reports that he did not see or hear of *one* American newspaper that cut back its advertising for *any* edition over the tragic weekend of President Kennedy's assassination.

A bit of inquiry in his own home town would have given him ample evidence of the American newspapers' all-out, ignore-the-cost effort to cover the story. I read some twenty U.S. newspapers and some from abroad daily. Every one of them spent countless dollars and manpower over and above income to give readers everything available.

For instance, the *Rocky Mountain News* jumped its Saturday edition four pages, held editorial and mechanical staffs to long

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overtime assignments, issued a total of seven editions. It sold some 22,000 extra papers that day, a small return for the great costs of production.

The Cleveland *Press* scrapped 125,000 copies already off the press. Next day it added four open pages to its Saturday edition. Some papers arbitrarily dropped advertising as edition after edition went to press.

Other papers published Saturday editions with *no* advertising. They included the Fort Worth *Press* and the Houston *Press*.

Mr. Phillips's concept of "free" television amazes me. He is naïve if he believes he doesn't pay for it. He should break down the cost of Mrs. Phillips's lipsticks to find out how much television is "free" and how much he pays for.

J. B. Stephens,
Executive Editor,
Cleveland *Press*.

Cleveland, O.

In Fairness to the Voice

You printed a letter [*SR*, Jan. 11] from a Dr. Howard L. Smith charging the Voice of America with accusing "right-wing radicals" of the assassination of President Kennedy and, inferentially, of being guilty with others of ignoring the political beliefs of the alleged assassin.

These charges are untrue. . . . Voice programs for the first three days clearly label the accused assassin as being a self-professed Marxist and a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

Out of the 800,000 words the Voice broadcast around the clock for three days following the assassination, only one sentence has been questioned. That line, which read "Dallas, of recent months, has been the scene of extreme right-wing movements," was included in a single newscast in English and Arabic that went on the air at 2 p.m. EST. Within minutes it had been seen by a senior news editor and was immediately deleted because of the implications it might leave. Neither this line nor any similar line was used again in English or at any time in any of the thirty-six foreign language broadcasts of the Voice of America.

Herb McGushin,
Deputy Director,
Office of Public Information,
United States Information Agency.

Washington, D.C.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Vergil: "The Aeneid." 2. Tennyson: "Crossing the Bar." 3. Jonson: "Every Man in His Humour." 4. Dickens: "David Copperfield." 5. Mark Twain: "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." 6. Gelett Burgess: "The Purple Cow" and "Cinq Ans Après." 7. Johnson: "Dictionary." 8. Charlotte Brontë: foreword to "Wuthering Heights" (Emily). 9. Poe: "The Philosophy of Composition" and "The Raven." 10. Lowell: "A Fable for Critics."

Banning Bias in Public Accommodations

THE most controverial part of the Civil Rights Bill of 1964 is Title II, the section dealing with discrimination and segregation in places of public accommodation.

Title II makes discrimination and segregation unlawful in establishments that serve the public, if their operations affect commerce or if the discrimination and segregation are required by state law or supported by state action.

The title covers hotels, motels and lodging houses, except those that rent less than six rooms and have an owner living on the premises. It also covers most restaurants, lunch rooms, lunch counters, soda fountains, movie houses, gasoline stations, theaters, concert halls, sports arenas and other places of "exhibition or entertainment." It does not cover private clubs.

"All persons," the bill says, "shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the goods, services, facilities, privileges, advantages and accommodations" of the covered establishments "without discrimination or segregation on the ground of race, color, religion or national origin."

It is unlawful, under Title II, for anyone to deny these rights or interfere with them.

IN MAKING equal access to public accommodations a national right, Title II would supplement the public accommodation laws which are already on the statute books of 32 states, including Colorado. Many of these laws reflect the old common law principle that inns and way stations must be open to all people who behave themselves.

In states where these laws do not exist—and in some states where they do—the evidence is abundant that discrimination and segregation in places of public accommodation are a daily source of humiliation and hardship to American Negroes.

Negro vacationists sometimes have to drive hundreds of miles to find a rest room or a night's lodging or a place where they can buy their children an ice cream cone or a soft drink. Negro truck drivers cannot be sent on overnight runs in some sections of the country because of the lack of accommodations.

By discouraging Negro travel and Negro participation in interstate activities, discrimination and segregation tend to impose a burden on interstate commerce of the kind Congress has traditionally been willing to remove through legislation.

Congress can act in the field of public accommodations both under its power to regulate commerce and under the Fourteenth Amendment, which is especially suited to strike at discrimination and segregation enforced by state laws.

The late President Kennedy summed up the legal argument for the public accommodations provisions in these words:

"No property owner who holds his premises for the purpose of serving at a profit the American public at large can claim any inherent right to exclude a part of the public on grounds of race or color.

"Just as the law requires common carriers to serve equally all who wish their service, so it can require public accommodations to accommodate equally all segments of the general public."

For businessmen—whose wages, hours, sanitation, ventilation, light, record-keeping and business practices are already regulated by various federal, state and local laws—the requirement that they must serve the public impartially does not constitute any radical new precedent in governmental interference.

TITLE II would operate through enforcement provisions which would allow aggrieved individuals or the U.S. attorney general to seek injunctive relief in the federal district courts when public accommodations rights have been denied or interfered with.

Where state or local public accommodation laws were in effect, the attorney general would be required to notify state or local officials and give them a chance to enforce their own laws before taking action himself.

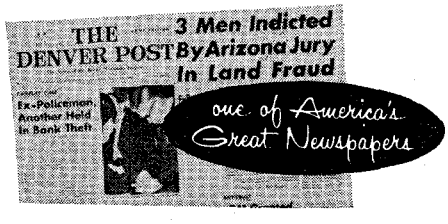
In any case, he might use the services of federal, state and local agencies to help persuade the violator of the law to comply voluntarily. But he could seek an injunction immediately, if he certified that delay would "adversely affect the interests of the United States" or make the compliance ineffective.

A person who persisted in violating the law after the court ordered him to stop could be tried for contempt. But if he were tried for criminal contempt without a jury and sentenced to a fine higher than $300 or imprisonment beyond 45 days, he could obtain a new trial before a jury.

The enforcement provisions leave enough room for conciliation and persuasion and provide ample protection for the rights of the accused. They help to make the Civil Rights Bill a fair and constructive piece of legislation. Title II is an essential part of the civil rights package.

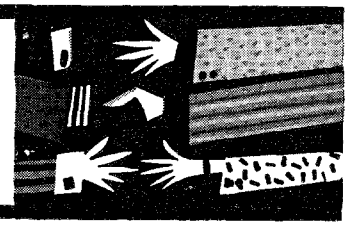
Second in a series of eight editorials on the Civil Rights Bill that appeared in The Denver Post.

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher


THE DENVER POST
3 Men Indicted By Arizona Jury In Land Fraud
Ex-Policemen Another Held In Bank Theft
one of America's Great Newspapers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



Charting a New Pathway

PUBLIC RELATIONS men, particularly in the agency part of the business, are generally so busy running that they have far too little time to reassess their objectives. Often their responses to problems of management are the same as they were thirty years ago when business not infrequently seemed to think its highest purpose was to fight the politicians in Washington.

There are, however, some far-sighted public relations practitioners who have wondered whether a continuous hammering at government, developed during President Roosevelt's New Deal days, has any validity today. They have questioned whether anybody is paying any attention to their loud screams into the wind and whether very much is accomplished by unremitting top-of-the-voice attacks. Listening to some PR men might make one assume that a Washington Administration has no special problems, that politicians are just perverse creatures waiting to pounce on business, stiletto ready for the kill, without any good reason.

One of the wisest of PR men—and an elder statesman in corporate public relations—is Harold Brayman, PR director at E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Company. A short time ago he spoke out on the old antagonisms between big government and big business. His advice, if followed by management and public relations people, would make for a better day in government-business relationships that could benefit both.

At the last annual meeting of the Public Relations Society of America, Mr. Brayman made a number of points of far-reaching interest to consumer, businessman, and politician alike—not just PR men. Mr. Brayman begins with the idea that public opinion is a new, dominant power; that with vastly improved communications and a higher level of public education people in many parts of the world have found a new instrument of authority in their hands—influence over governments. It is clear to him that the public will wield this authority inexorably to get what it wants. Just as obviously, he thinks that "today in the United States public opinion dominates the government, because public opinion determines who shall govern us, and it is no new and untried theory that 'he who pays the piper calls the tune.'"

Mr. Brayman says: "Not only has popular control of governments become much more direct, but governments are also getting larger and larger, stronger and stronger. They have more influence over the lives of people and corporations. This trend is established and is unlikely to be quickly changed, no matter how strongly those argue who say it should not be so. Therefore, the problem of challenges to the freedom of enterprise takes on a new character. It is not a problem of government. It is not a problem of law. It is not a problem of foreign ideology. It is a problem of public opinion."

Mr. Brayman asks for a better understanding by business and professional people of public opinion, of how it is formed, and of communicators. These he breaks down into three groups: newspaper, magazine, and book writers; radio and television commentators and writers and movie script writers; and the academic group that influences the classrooms, future leaders, and governments through consulting work and social science research projects.

But Mr. Brayman does not suggest that management simply find out what public opinion may be at any given moment and follow it. He suggests, instead, that it must "adapt to the world we live in so that we can fight effectively for the principles we believe in. This means not that we give up our ideas, but rather that we reconsider them carefully, make certain they are in line with the public interest, revise them where revisions are necessary—yes, even abandon where abandonment is necessary—but go ahead with renewed determination to bring about the acceptance of those ideas that are sound and those that are fundamental."

Mr. Brayman, a public relations director at Du Pont since 1944, after fourteen years as a Washington correspondent, is obviously no tyro when it comes to understanding the realities of public attitudes. By pointing out that there is great room for improvement in the relations between government and business, he has focused upon a problem in need of serious attention by the profession.

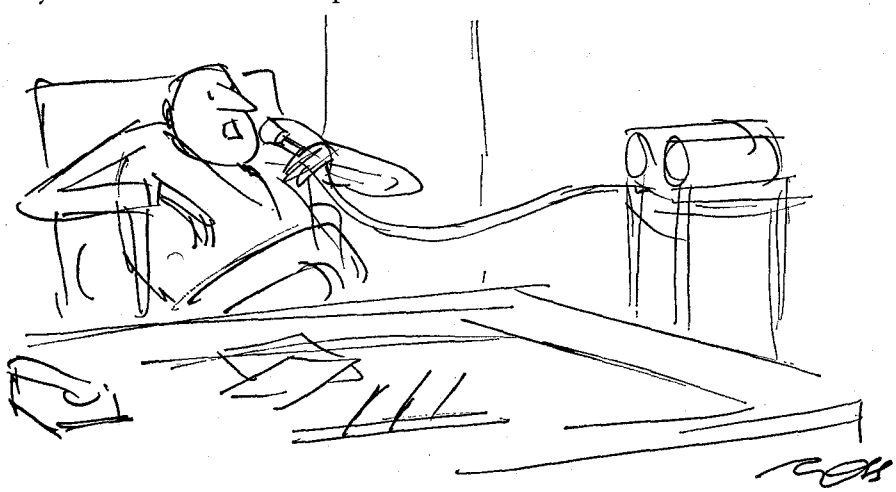
Mr. Brayman first went to Washington in 1928 as a correspondent for the old New York *Evening Post*. A former president of both the Gridiron Club and the National Press Club, he has always carefully observed the American political scene. To him, "too often, government is looked upon as the enemy of business, and too often there has been justification for this attitude. Too often, business has been looked upon as the enemy of government, and too often there has been justification for this attitude."

Instead of war between business and government, Mr. Brayman insists that the mutual hostility "must necessarily be supplanted by a more modern, cooperative attitude." A large portion of government revenue comes from profitable business activity. Business depends on government, which sets and enforces the rules of conduct, determines the business climate, and has final control over business operations.

Mr. Brayman clearly is not expressing views divorced from the beliefs of the management of Du Pont. Other carefully managed corporations are acting out of the same concept—that government and business need not be enemies.

But the big question still remains: how many public relations practitioners will follow the Brayman line? Will they continue to frighten management by insisting that the same old bogeymen are still there, under the bed?

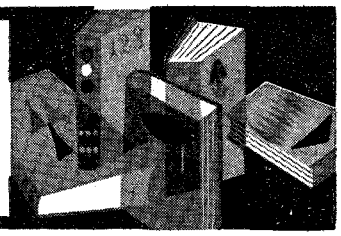
—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



"Is the boss angry? Is he going to fire you? Tune in tomorrow and find out!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books
in Communications



Postgraduate Course

FOR ONCE, a book's dust jacket—that traditional sanctuary of shameless hyperbole—is right. The book in this rare case is Lillian Ross's *Reporting* (Simon and Schuster, $6.50), and the jacket's claim is that it demonstrates "reporting as an art." In a good many of the other volumes by journalists that reach this department, such an assertion would be incautious at best and could be easily if somewhat impolitely punctured simply by quoting a paragraph or two. (More than one book has served as its own worst enemy.) In the case of *Reporting*, however, there is no such temptation. It is a vivid and valuable example of the journalist's art and deserves to be recommended to any reporter interested in a postgraduate course in his craft.

Lillian Ross is a writer for *The New Yorker*, and this book is a collection of seven pieces published in that magazine from 1949 to 1960 (with a later introduction to one of them). The subjects are a bus trip to New York by a group of high school students from Indiana; the unsuccessful attempt of a Bronx girl to win the Miss America contest; a New York jeweler's involvement with a large diamond; a Junior League ball; a bullfighter's career and attitudes; a trip by Ernest Hemingway to New York City; and the making of the film *The Red Badge of Courage*. Although each is, in its own way, a remarkable piece of work, it is when they are seen together that certain common characteristics become clear. And it is in these characteristics that the peculiar force of Miss Ross's writing lies.

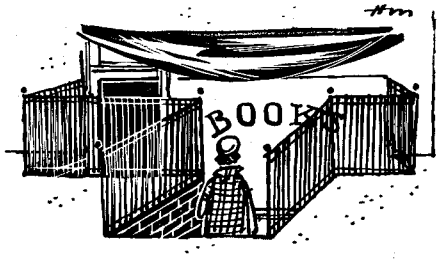
Her style of reporting depends, in the first place, largely on facts. There is a notable absence of the kind of interpretation usually found in magazine writing, yet the facts are made to stand for considerably more than they do, for example, in the ordinary daily newspaper. In a sentence, Miss Ross can suggest the forlorn and bewildered mood that will dog the Indiana high school students during their brief stay in New York: "The little Bean Blossom group, soon to be lost in the shuffle of New York's resident and transient summer population, had no idea how to elicit any hellos—or, for that matter, any goodbyes or how-are-yous." In her astonishingly versatile handling of the facts she gathers, Miss Ross somehow makes commonplace things interesting, but she never overdramatizes, never gains falsely heightened effects through dishonest juxtaposition or phony cuteness. The result is an uncommon steadiness of tone that seldom lets her writing sink either into banality or into that shrieking, supercharged prose that, in the hands of some journalists, makes the reader wonder whether life could ever have been all that exciting. Miss Ross's style is, in fact, a manner of reporting that all but eliminates the reporter.

Consider, for example, the first piece in the collection, "The Yellow Bus." The students have arrived in New York, have checked into a hotel near Times Square, and are now eating in a cafeteria. The conversation, as Miss Ross records it, goes this way:

> "My ma cooks better than this," said Albert Warthan, who was sitting with Mike Richardson and Larry Williams. Albert, the eldest of seven children of a limestone-quarry worker, plans to join the Army and become a radar technician. . . .
>
> "I like the kind of place you just set there and decide what you want," said Larry, who is going to work on his grandfather's farm.
>
> "My ma and pa told me to come home when it was time to come home, and not to mess around," Albert said. "I'm ready to chuck it and go home right now."
>
> "The whole idea of it is just to see it and get it over with," Mike said.

There, in a few lines, is all the chill aloofness of the stranger's New York, reflected in the words of a few Indiana high school boys. The impression conveyed is that no reporter has got in the way, that Miss Ross is merely telling, precisely and without embellishment, what was said, and that no particular selection of material has taken place. But anyone who has ever tried to write that way knows it's not that easy.

Or consider the account of Hemingway's visit to New York. What actually happens? Hemingway arrives at the airport with his wife and is met by Miss Ross. They go to the airport cocktail lounge for several drinks and then take a taxi to the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, where Hemingway orders caviar and champagne. Marlene Dietrich arrives. Next day after lunch, Hemingway goes to Abercrombie & Fitch, buys a coat, a belt, and a pair of folding bedroom



slippers (which he stuffs into his pocket). On the following day, he goes to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and later meets his publisher. Nothing exceptional there, certainly. Yet out of Hemingway's conversation, his gestures and mannerisms, and his private jokes ("How do you like it now, gentlemen?" he keeps asking no one in particular) there emerges a portrait clear enough to capture a man's complexity. It's no mean trick.

The other pieces in the book are also interesting as examples of Miss Ross's special style of reporting, and interesting in themselves, too. Perhaps most remarkable, however, is the fact that this gifted writer has the capacity to involve a reader profoundly in people and events he never suspected he cared about. —JAMES F. FIXX.

HEMINGWAY POURED HIMSELF another glass of champagne. He liked to write in longhand, he said, but he had recently bought a tape recorder and was trying to get up the courage to use it. "I'd like to learn talk machine," he said. "You just tell talk machine anything you want and get secretary to type it out." He wrote without facility, except for dialogue. "When the people are talking, I can hardly write it fast enough or keep up with it, but with an almost unbearable high manifold pleasure. I put more inches on than she will take, and then fly her as near as I know to how she should be flown, only flying as crazy as really good pilots fly crazy sometimes. Most of the time flying conservatively but with an awfully fast airplane that makes up for the conservatism. That way, you live longer. I mean your writing lives longer. How do you like it now, gentlemen?" The question seemed to have some special significance for him, but he did not bother to explain it. —*Lillian Ross in "Reporting."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

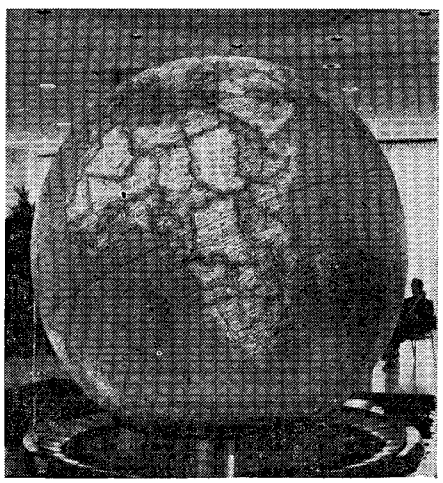
National Geographic

Continued from page 125

Geographic: its splendid reproduction in printing and photography and its uncompromising selectivity in the choice of advertisers. It can be maintained that in terms of makeup and choice of type faces (particularly on increasingly busy covers) the *National Geographic* needs a good dram of adrenalin; it can be stodgy and dowdy. On balance, however, it is a striking book, particularly in view of the fact that it is published at an amazing 22,000 copies per hour on a rotary letter press. To accommodate growth, the *Geographic* has commissioned Cottrell, Inc., to construct a press with a per-hour capacity of 26,000 net good copies. The excellence of the magazine's cartography is internationally acclaimed.

In advertising policy, Dr. Grosvenor's successors obey his interdict against the acceptance of liquor, beer, wine, tobacco, and patent medicine ads. Also taboo in advertising are politics, religion, controversial issues, promotion of securities, or specific real estate. The *Geographic* excludes "advertising copy which ties in the advertisement to the editorial content of the magazine." It will not "endorse, approve, or recommend a product" and allows *Geographic* quotations in ads only with written permission. No advertiser, therefore can claim: "You read it in the *Geographic;* it must be a good product." No reader can demand: "I read it in the *Geographic*; how come it isn't a good product?" In addition, the *Geographic* grants no rate reductions and permits no commissions for sale of the magazine.

Future plans? More, no doubt, of the same slick description of the world, "from the ant to atomic energy," but more, too. The *Geographic* hopes to close in soon, without precedent, on a hibernating grizzly bear and her five cubs, take the mother bear's pulse, and tell readers all about it. It will descend on Costa Rica, where reports abound of man-made spherical stones eight feet in diameter. When they talk about such ventures, even the executives, to whom Nairobi is as familiar as Washington's Lafayette Park, have an unmistakable sparkle of adventure in their eyes. They love their work, all of them, and they communicate their excitement.



Free-standing globe measuring eleven feet from pole to pole and thirty-four feet around the equator is set in gleaming black marble in the Society's Exhibition Hall.

Clearly, beyond a world bound by mountain heights and river sources, the *Geographic* is aware of bright new dimensions and is determined to be equal to them. "Our eyes are increasingly on the sky and under the sea," one senior editor said. And unmistakably, the *Geographic* is readying its editorial gear for new explorations.

But for this writer, the greatness of the *Geographic* remains personal, the initiative of a man and his family. Associate Editor Frederick G. Vosburgh puts it this way: "We have grown, but, after all, many magazines have grown. I think the reason for our progress has been the leadership we have had. That globe of the world by the window just behind you was Dr. Melville Grosvenor's own idea. It's free-standing. You can hold it in your hands like a ball and take a good look at Antarctica. Dr. Grosvenor had to get down on his hands and knees one day to look at New Zealand, decided it just wasn't right, and designed a new globe. That's leadership. And that is why, really, it's a privilege to work here."

But above all, it is the shadow of a man and his wife, Gilbert and Elsie Grosvenor, that gives greatness to the *Geographic*. It is a shadow of beginning days and early vision, perhaps the pride we feel in that quintessence of American enterprise—the success of imaginative men and women against corporate odds. As big as the *Geographic* gets, one senses it will never excel the derring-do of Gilbert Grosvenor sailing a Nile felucca, Elsie Grosvenor riding a South African ostrich, or both of them climbing Mount Fuji and making the first married couple's flight between San Francisco and Hong Kong.

Chairman of the Board at eighty-eight, Gilbert Hovey Grosvenor, Doctor of Letters, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Science, is still very much in evidence around his magazine's luxurious new offices. He can smile with unassailable pride at the request of a small boy in East Orange who knew what he liked. The lad had spoken up well before *National Geographic* added color pictures to its cover, but his words capture a purpose:

"I want those yellow books that are all alike on the outside, but are all different and have the whole world inside."

SR's Check List

Continued from page 39

French Foreign Legion. By Charles Mercer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

The Netherlands in the Seventeenth Century: Part II, 1648-1715. By Pieter Geyl. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

History of Nigeria. By Sir Alan Burns. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Literary Criticism

Alain Robbe-Grillet and the New French Novel. By Ben F. Stolzfus. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

E. E. Cummings: The Growth of a Writer. By Norman Friedman. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

Exploring James Joyce. By Joseph Prescott. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

Wait Without Idols. By Gabriel Vahanian. Braziller. $5.

Wallace Stevens: Images and Judgments. By John J. Enck. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

Music

Richard Wagner: A Pictorial Biography. By Walter Panofsky. Viking. $6.50.

Personal History

Beyond Time. By Michel Siffre. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Drury and St. Paul's: The Scars of a Schoolmaster. By Roger Drury. Little, Brown. $6.

E. E. Cummings: The Magic Maker. By Charles Norman. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

The Negro Church in America. By E. Franklin Frazier. Schocken. $3.50.

Nature and Grace: Dilemmas of the Modern Church. By Karl Rahner. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

Notes on the Lord's Prayer. By Raïssa Maritain. Edited by Jacques Maritain. Kenedy. $3.50.

Palestinian Judaism in the Time of Jesus Christ. By M. H. P. Bonsirven. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.50.

Religion and Social Conflict. Edited by Robert Lee and Martin E. Marty. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.

The Right to Life. By St. John-Stevas. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.95.

Will in Western Thought: An Historico-Critical Survey. By Vernon J. Bourke. Sheed & Ward. $5.

Sociology

The Miracle Ahead. By George Gallup. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Too Many Americans. By Lincoln and Alice Day. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

Theater

More Stately Manisions. By Eugene O'Neill. Shortened from the author's partly revised script by Karl Ragnar Gierow and edited by Donald Gallup. Yale Univ. Press. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $1.95.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stalingrad

Continued from page 29

me at the time and this is repeated in Konstantin Simonov's latest war novel, *Men Are Not Born Soldiers* (now appearing serially in *Znamya*), Stalingrad could never have been held but for these guns and *katyushas*, which made the city such a hell for the Germans. Another curious little piece of distortion: in 1943 Chuikov told me that both Malenkov and Khrushchev were in (or near) Stalingrad throughout the battle; now only Khrushchev is mentioned.

The book by Walter Goerlitz, the German military historian, says very little about the fighting inside Stalingrad, and, unlike Chuikov, who speaks with such warmth of his officers and men, the author gives little thought to the ordinary German soldier. He is chiefly concerned with the squabbles that went on among the top Nazis and the German generals at the time of the Stalingrad encirclement. Speaking of Manstein's attempted breakthrough, he makes it clear that both Manstein and Paulus dithered for four days at the thought of doing anything without Hitler's express orders—until it was too late to do anything at all. But he doubts whether even during those four days Paulus could have broken out of the Stalingrad Cauldron. Even so, he sharply criticizes Goering for having misled both Paulus and Hitler himself by "guaranteeing" to supply encircled Stalingrad by air. Most of the "airlift" was simply shot down by the Russians.

Much of Goerlitz's story has been told before; what is new is the light it throws on Paulus himself. Although during his last years, till his death in 1957, Paulus lived in Eastern Germany and became a staunch advocate of Soviet-German friendship, he was not, before that, the rather noble anti-Nazi figure that Soviet propaganda has made him out to be. An embittered veteran of World War I, he took part in the Kapp Putsch of 1920 designed to overthrow the Weimar Republic, and later developed a great admiration for Hitler, taking an active part in planning both the invasion of Poland and that of Russia. With remarkable resignation he accepted Hitler's orders to sacrifice both himself and his army at Stalingrad. Hitler was to show him nothing but the blackest ingratitude (even though the fight the Germans put up at Stalingrad did help the troops in the Caucasus to pull out with a minimum of loss); Hitler even expected him to commit suicide. When finally, after the July 20, 1944, attempt on Hitler's life Paulus turned against him, the Nazis arrested his wife and other members of his family. But it would appear from this book that all that Paulus—and so many other German generals—ultimately had against Hitler was that he failed.

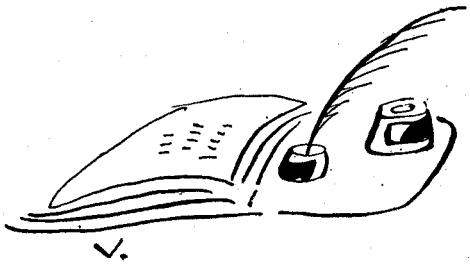
Death by Order of the Dictator

The Tukhachevsky Affair, *by Victor Alexandrov, translated from the French by John Hewish (Prentice-Hall. 201 pp. $4.95), claims that the brilliant Russian officer was framed and purged by Stalin for his opposition to the Nazi-Soviet pact. Marvin Kalb is diplomatic correspondent in Washington, D.C., for CBS News.*

By MARVIN KALB

VICTOR ALEXANDROV'S unadorned and tightly written account of the sudden arrest and execution of Russia's most brilliant soldier during the "great purges" of the 1930s makes fascinating reading. The author's settings are real and his characters are authentic. His sources, while obscure, are apparently reliable and obviously untapped. But his book depends for its swift pace upon long conversations, which proves to be a mixed blessing. It makes the book read like a fictional tale of spies and counterspies, agents and double agents (and even triple ones); but it raises doubts about its over-all authenticity, doubts that the author has anticipated.

In his prologue Alexandrov argues that a little bit of fiction never hurt any history. "Where I have taken to narrative it has not been to embroider the truth but to make the story easier to follow." The conversations, he acknowledges, are "necessarily not verbatim in all cases." Alexandrov concedes that the reader might be "astonished" by the wealth of eyewitness details provided about Tukhachevsky's arrest, "even down to the words exchanged with the officer," and distrustful of them. "In 1937," he explains, "this man [the arresting officer] was sent to Sofia as NKVD representative at the embassy; he told the story to the ambassador, Raskolnikov, from whom I obtained it."



By his own admission, then, Alexandrov is citing secondhand information as the basis for factual reporting. Moreover, how can the word of Raskolnikov be trusted, or that of an NKVD agent?

Questions such as these raised doubts in the minds of many European publishers about Alexandrov's book after its completion in 1959. They considered it an "improbable fantasy," to quote its author. Ironically, it took a comment by Nikita Khrushchev, speaking before the Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in October 1961, to dispel the doubts and bring respectability to the author's central thesis: that Tukhachevsky had been the victim of the "greatest frameup of all time." Never a Nazi agent, always a Soviet patriot, he had been arrested on trumped-up charges and summarily executed, merely to allay Stalin's psychotic fears of betrayal.

Alexandrov takes both Walter Duranty and Isaac Deutscher to task for believing that Tukhachevsky was plotting a coup against Stalin with the help of the German General Staff. In defense of his case, Alexandrov stresses Tukhachevsky's loyalty to Stalin and his devotion to communism.

The son of a czarist officer, Tukhachevsky was captured by the Germans during World War I while commanding a Russian brigade. He escaped and returned to Russia in 1917. He joined the Red Army, where his outstanding abilities rushed him to the pinnacle of power: at the age of twenty-five he was a general, a little more than ten years later a marshal, the youngest in Soviet history.

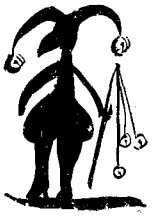
It was as Vice-Commissar of Defense, under Klimenti Voroshilov, that Tukhachevsky began to arouse Stalin's suspicions. He was, after all, a patrician by birth who spoke French as well as Russian; and he was thinking about a preventive war against Nazi Germany in 1936 at the very same time that Stalin hatched the idea of a Nazi-Soviet pact and leaked it to the Germans. Brooking no opposition, even in the realm of military strategy, Stalin decided to get rid of Tukhachevsky by forging documents "proving" his complicity in a Nazi conspiracy against the Soviet Union.

On June 11, 1937, Tukhachevsky and his colleagues, Yakir, Uborevich, Kork, Eidemann, Primakov, Feldmann, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Putna, were executed—four years before the Nazis were to break their pact with Stalin and invade the Soviet Union. "In rejecting Tukhachevsky's plans for preventive operations against Hitler and in delivering him and his comrades to the firing squad," Alexandrov concludes, "Stalin laid up a future of suffering and sorrow for his people. He cost the Soviet Union incalculable damage and the lives of some eighteen million of her people."

Wittingly or not, Alexandrov makes it appear as though Stalin's choice was limited to preventive war or a cynical pact to buy time. Having opted for the



pact, he had to eliminate the author of the alternative scheme. Clearly, Stalin's choice was actually broader. But, this criticism notwithstanding, Alexandrov has succeeded in doing something more than providing another spy thriller, based on real characters and events; he has restimulated interest in a central figure of Soviet military history.

Moscow's Hidden Persuaders

Soviet Foreign Propaganda, *by Frederick C. Barghoorn (Princeton University Press. 329 pp. $6), scrutinizes the means employed by the USSR to influence opinion on nations and issues. Harry Schwartz of the New York Times is author of the recently published "Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."*

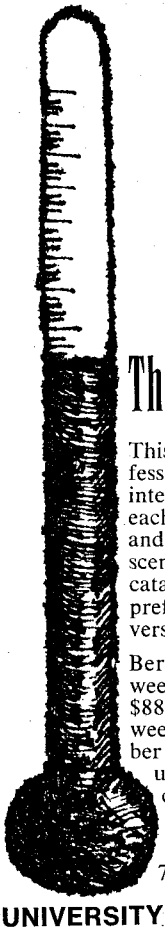
By HARRY SCHWARTZ

WHATEVER else this book does, it should lay to rest any notion that Frederick C. Barghoorn is a spy in the sense that Soviet authorities used the term when they arrested him late last year. This volume is the work of a man who has spent many years of his life assiduously taking notes in libraries, filling up uncounted cards with references to books, magazines, and newspapers he has read. Research like this is often informative and useful, but it is hardly the kind of pursuit any self-respecting espionage agent would engage in. And if Moscow suggests that this study merely provides a cover story for Professor Barghoorn, it can be reminded that his earlier books reveal the same sort of arduous library activity.

Professor Barghoorn is concerned in this work primarily with the main themes of Soviet propaganda about the outside world and the means and organization by which that propaganda is spread within the USSR and abroad. He traces in some detail the evolution of Soviet propaganda on peace and war, on the United States, on the USSR as the model of success and progress, and on the tricky subject of nationalism. He discusses many different aspects of the Soviet propaganda machine, from the way in which instructions are given to *Izvestia* to the Soviet techniques for employing front organizations. In all this a good deal of useful information is presented since Professor Barghoorn is not only well informed but has a sensibly moderate approach which appreciates the weaknesses as well as the strengths of Soviet propaganda.

Internal evidence suggests that the bulk of this volume was written between the time Gary Powers's U-2 was shot down in 1960 and the period of the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962. In that interim this book's implicit assumption that the United States and the Soviet Union were locked in a political war to the death was certainly reasonable. What Professor Barghoorn fails to take into account at all adequately, therefore, is the impact of President Kennedy's American University speech a year ago, the limited nuclear test-ban treaty of last summer, the recent ferocious political and propaganda battle between Moscow and Peking, and the like. Thus there is little in *Soviet Foreign Propaganda* to help the reader understand what lies behind the Chinese charge that the United States and the Soviet Union are really allies aiming at joint domination of the world.

Professor Barghoorn's own arrest was, of course, evidence that the kind of Soviet fanaticism and anti-Americanism he assumes in this book is far from completely gone. But his prompt release after President Kennedy's statement gave evidence of the important changes the new international situation has created in the Kremlin.



The California Climate is Refreshing

This summer, study for credit with the pace-setting professors at the University of California. A stimulating intellectual climate* and a wide spectrum of courses at each of four campuses (Berkeley, Davis, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara) are enriched by superb cultural, scenic, and recreational attractions. For applications, catalog and full information write (specify campus you prefer): Dept. A, Dean of Educational Relations, University Hall, Berkeley, California, 94704.

Berkeley and Davis campuses / Two sessions of six weeks each: June 15-July 24 and July 27-September 4. $88.50 per session. Los Angeles / Two sessions of six weeks each: June 22 - July 31 and August 3 - September 11. $88.50 per session. Santa Barbara / One regular session of six weeks: June 22 - July 31. Intensive courses in foreign languages in a five-week post-session: August 3-September 5. $85 per session.

*July mean temperatures: Berkeley, 61.6°; Davis 75.0°; Los Angeles, 70.7°; Santa Barbara, 66.1°.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SUMMER SESSIONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mt. Athos

Continued from page 46

along with the aid of two stout walking sticks. He looked neither to right nor left, and his eyes had a wild gleam which told me that he had been "kissed by God," as the monks say of those who are mentally deranged. There are quite a few like him, old men who spend their days wandering the remoter paths, clad only in ragged cloaks, sleeping wherever they happen to feel like lying down, existing on husks of dried bread supplied by sketes and monasteries.

Early in the evening I arrived at New Skete, a pleasant house down by the sea, with cypress and orange trees all about. Four hearty monks made me welcome and served a huge meal of three different kinds of fish, fresh fruits, excellent wine, and other delicacies—a striking contrast to the usual Athos fare of cold vegetables in oil. It was all the more surprising because at this time the Holy

Mountain was supposed to be observing the Christmas fast. But the reason for these unusual liberties soon became apparent: these men were not ordinary monks but artists, icon painters who enjoyed the privileges of artistic freedom.

There was little freedom in their work, however, most of which followed hidebound rules and sentimental conventions. I spent several hours in their studio the next day, watching them at work. The patriarch of the group was a ninety-five-year-old with clear, humorous eyes, a rosy complexion, and a steady hand. He worked all morning on a large painting of Christ and showed no sign of fatigue. He told me that he had come to Athos as a boy of twelve. His program for a long life was: "No coffee, only herb tea, no smoking, wine in moderation, a lot of fruits and vegetables, little meat, to bed every night at nine, up every morning at four," and finally the clinching point, "I haven't seen a woman for eighty-three years!"

When I left them at noon my pockets were stuffed with oranges. In an hour I was at St. Paul's, a progressive monastery, rich in timber lands, where three heavy-duty Chevrolet trucks were hauling logs down to the dock. These were the only motor vehicles I saw on Athos.

The monasteries along this coast are about an hour's walk apart. Soon the massive stone walls of Dionysiou appeared ahead of me, with tiers of monks' cells suspended on balconies directly over the sea, which surged on the rocks far below. I left my sack in the guests' quarters and went immediately to see the famous wall paintings in the refectory. The door was locked but an obliging novice jimmied it for me.

There were rows of wooden benches and tables where the monks eat together. (Dionysiou is cenobitic, which means that meals are taken in common, private property is not allowed, and rules for fasting and prayer are strict; in the easier idiorrhythmic houses, monks may have their meals in individual apartments, which often are well-furnished and comfortable, and attendance at services is not compulsory.) Sunlight pierced the gloom in bright shafts from the high windows. All around, on every wall, surrounding the brothers at every meal of their lives, were magnificent fifteenth-century murals of the Cretan school, depicting the saints and martyrs of the Eastern Church.

An American accent roused me from a reverie of admiration. "Well, hullo there!" it said, from the shadows behind me, "You American? Good! What I want to know is, how am I going to get some Planter's Salted Peanuts and chocolate almond bars? M-m-m, they're good!"

The speaker issued from the shadows; he was a short, grey-bearded monk. After introducing himself as Father Hilarion, he explained about the peanuts, "You see, I used to run a candy store in Atlanta, before I came here in 'thirty-five, and what I miss most here at Athos are those good peanuts and candy bars I used to eat every day in my store. You can't get them here, you know."

I immediately assured Father Hilarion that I would send him a box from Athens (a promise that was fulfilled in my first day there, a week later).

"Well, that's fine. Come to my room for coffee. I call it 'the Cabin of the Queen Mary,'" he told me, as we climbed a dark flight of stairs. "You'll see why when we get there. It's like being in a ship at sea."

Indeed, his little room did give that illusion, for it was suspended high above the sea, and no sound reached it save the sea's murmur on the rocks far below, and there was no view except that of endless blue water.

Over cups of strong Turkish coffee he told me how he came to be spending his last days as a monk. "I was fifty and alone. Had spent many years in America—went there from Crete before the First War—and had many friends and liked it there. But I was getting old, and it seemed to me that a monastery might be the best place to go."

He made the long trip to Greece and traveled up and down the Athos peninsula, settling finally on Dionysiou be-

For high I.Q.'s only: a travel book for you

Take along this indispensable guidebook, tailored to the tastes of the intelligent traveler. Your pleasures will be "first class" in any corner of Europe.

MYRA WALDO'S TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE

revised and greatly enlarged edition

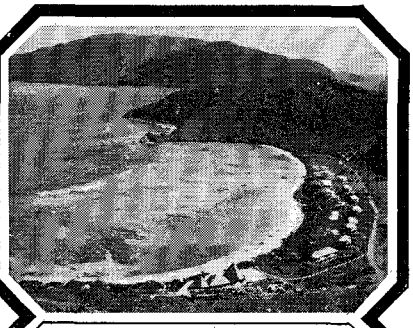
Some useful special features: Complete auto routes (not in any other guidebook) with mileage between points. Where to sleep and eat en route. Hotels and restaurants graded in quality and cost. Full information on tipping, currency, health, water, electrical current, and other practical, everyday matters.

With the most complete, up-to-the-minute coverage in any guidebook of Greece, the Eastern Mediterranean, Scandinavia. **$5.95**

Fits travel bag or pocket **Flexible binding**

MACMILLAN

60 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011



Undiscovered

This new resort is off the beaten path, on a British Virgin Isle. Mark the name—*Little Dix Bay*. Swimming from great beaches, big game fishing, exploring. Rates from $22.50 in spring, $15 in summer (per person dbl., all meals). See travel agent or call:

New York CI 5-8055
Chicago 922-4139
Boston 423-4888
Dallas RI 7-0932
Washington 347-4951

LITTLE DIX BAY

VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What to see! What to miss!
You'll know when you travel with
OLSON'S
Travel Guides for '64

OLSON'S
COMPLETE TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE
ABOARD AND ABROAD
1964 Edition. Famous for a decade, this popular guide includes the British Isles and Israel as well as every country on the continent.
Illustrated. $6.95

OLSON'S ORIENT GUIDE
This new guide covers every aspect of travel in the Far East, including custom-planned itineraries, with trips of various lengths and routing.
Illustrated. $6.95

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia / New York

TRAVEL FOR LESS

Monthly air departures to 8-country Orient tour, from $1498. Exciting annual tour to 11 South American countries, 41 days, from $1495. Choice of two European trips—11 countries, 47 days, from $1156—17 countries, 64 days, from $1481. Go Round The World for $2595—54 days, 16 countries, including Russia.

Special all expense trips for students and young teachers. Enjoy travel with others your own age who share your interests. Escorted. "Go now, pay later" plan—example: only $115 down, $65 a month for 47 day European tour. For free details, complete itineraries, write to

AMERICANS ABROAD, INC.
TRAVEL SERVICE
60 University Station, Minneapolis, Minn.

IT IS NOT HOW *MUCH* YOU SPEND BUT HOW *WELL* YOU SPEND IT!
One of Europe's oldest Tour Operators offers a wide variety of escorted Value tours.

FIRST CLASS GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE 28 days from London	$719
HIGHLIGHTS OF EUROPE TOUR 28 days from London	$457
ECONOMY TOUR OF EUROPE 25 days from London	$336
MOTORCOACH TOUR OF SPAIN 15 days from London	$210
SCANDINAVIAN TOUR 15 days from London	$409
MOTORCOACH TOUR OF RUSSIA 18 days from London	$274
BLUE DANUBE TOUR (8 Countries) 14 days from London	$198

MANY OTHER TOURS FROM 1 TO 12 DAYS IN BRITAIN & ON THE CONTINENT
WRITE FOR COLORFUL BROCHURES TO:
FRAMES' TOURS N.Y. Ltd. Est. 1881
114 EAST 32 STREET, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
But Bookings ONLY through your Local Agent.

cause he liked its location and traditions. During the Second World War Father Hilarion and other monks helped many Allied soldiers and airmen to escape from the Germans. One of them remained for months and later wrote a book about his adventures, in which Father Hilarion is one of the principal figures.

Now seventy-six, he looks much younger and is quick-witted, bright-eyed, and healthy—another instance of the surprising longevity of Athonian monks. He is content with his "good job" as church custodian. He radiates peace, good will, and good humor.

Father Hilarion took me to meet the Abbot. This impressive patriarch greeted me cordially and gave me permission to see some of their treasures, appointing Hilarion as guide. In the library I was shown a seventh-century *Gospels* beautifully illustrated with color pictures of the Evangelists; a thirteenth-century *New Testament* with a wood-carved cover; and a thirteenth-century Byzantine Liturgy. But the pride of Dionysiou is the magnificent silver reliquary in the shape of a five-domed church in which repose the bones of Saint Niphon. This holy man, who was Patriarch of Constantinople in the fifteenth century, exchanged his throne for a cave on Mount Athos, where he worked as a woodsman and muleteer. He revealed his true identity only on his deathbed.

In order to view this precious object, we had to go into a corner behind the altar in the main church. By lantern-light Father Hilarion fumbled in a cupboard where the reliquary was kept. Grunting under the weight of the "silver church" (it was about two feet wide, three feet long, and must have weighed at least sixty pounds), he managed to get it onto a table where I could admire it.

When the time came to return the treasure to its shelf, difficulties arose: it got wedged in sideways and wouldn't budge. The poor old man was beside

INCOME COVERS ALL EXPENSES AT DEEP BAY IN
ANTIGUA
We'll build your home adjoining new beachfront hotel, arrange long term mortgage, rent it 10 months each year to cover mortgage and all other payments. Vacation the other two months "free". Lifetime hotel privileges. Live all or part of each year in a Caribbean paradise. For brochure: Deep Bay Estates, 345 E. 81 St., N. Y. 28, N. Y. UN 1-4599.

Try It for Quiet
For Silence and Sleeping Mack's pillow soft Earplugs. Quality soft, stays pliable, covers the ear opening only, offers pillow soft comfort. Ideal for Reading, Sleeping, Shooting, etc. Guaranteed.
At drug or dept. stores or send $1 postpaid to: McKeon Products Co., Dept. S, 23220 Ithaca, Oak Park, Mich. 48237

CASSELL'S
the foremost name in foreign language dictionaries
FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
ITALIAN
LATIN
$7.50
thumb-indexed $8.50

At all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS
360 Lexington Ave., New York City 10017

BUY YOUR
VOLKSWAGEN
AT
BRISTOL
MOTORS SERVICE, INC.
DELIVERIES
HERE & ABROAD
AUTHORIZED
SALES & SERVICE
442 East 92 Street, New York— Dept.SR
ENright 9-6160

Largest operator of WORLD TOURS
AROUND THE WORLD with SITA
31st Year
☐ 30-80 Days incl. air. Round trip fr. $1988
Weekly Departures. Fully Inclusive.
☐ EUROPE 22-80 Days $790
☐ ORIENT 20-30 Days $1523
☐ AFRICA 20-53 Days $1853
☐ SO. PACIFIC 8-58 Days $844
☐ HOLY LAND 23-24 Days $1327
☐ SO. AMER. 18-45 Days $1020
☐ HAWAII 8-44 Days $282
☐ MEXICO 15-18 Days $309
☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.
Ask Your Travel Agent
SITA WORLD TRAVEL
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. R New York 20
Check folders desired.
Name
Address
City State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself with anxiety, groaning and mumbling about what a catastrophe it would be if anything happened to the reliquary. Together we tried jockeying it to and fro. No use. Finally I suggested that he should hold the lantern while I tried to dislodge it. This approach proved successful, and once more the bones of Saint Niphon were resting peacefully on their shelf. We sighed with relief, and the old monk murmured a prayer of thanks.

On the last morning in December I said goodbye to Athos. I wanted to stay on, but Father Hilarion added his warning to that of others about approaching winter and the possibility of getting marooned for several weeks. The winds had died enough to allow me to catch a motor boat to the tiny village of Trypiti, on the other side of the Athonian border, where a bus would be waiting to take the handful of passengers (muleteers and charcoal burners going home after spells of work for the monasteries) to Ierissos and the outside world.

The mist-veiled peak of Athos receded behind us, and I was full of regrets. There is something appealing about the monastic life: its simplicity and austerity, the spiritual peace that the aged monks radiate. Apparently their life is healthy, too; never had I seen so many vigorous old men. They seem to have eliminated inessential things, to have got at the core of life. One could well understand why kings, statesmen, and patriarchs used to give up everything to end their days in solitude on the wind-blown slopes of the Holy Mountain. The monks have freed themselves from the crushing burden of material things for which the rest of us strive, sweat, and struggle for all our lives, only to abandon at death. These men are not susceptible to the world's bribes and baubles. In more than two weeks on Mount Athos I had met only one person, Father Hilarion, who expressed a desire for something he didn't have. And all he wanted was some salted peanuts.

The Catalogue Tells You What You are Interested In

By Hollis Summers

FROM the Sears catalogue you may order
A hospital bed, a wheel chair, a walker.

They are offered with three precise illustrations
Including surroundings and three conceivable patients.

In the hospital bed the patient, a lone woman,
Graciously laughs into a telephone.

A man laughs in the wheel chair, a collapsible model,
As he laughs in the walker of steel and brown enamel.

The hospital bed may be used as a regular bed.
The chair may be broken down and folded.

The walker may also be stored in a small space.
Each will serve as a conversation piece.

You are given pictures but no directions
For what to do with the multi-purpose tractions,

The metal buckled Patient Restrainer, the trusses,
After their immediate usefulness is past.

Still, such special accessories are followed
With vitamins and minerals for the entire family,

And Bibles and pencils and cameras and drawing kits
And language records—everything to equip
The patient for taking his very own report
Not necessarily sustained, restrained, or supported.

Later among the housing pages comes
The mirror that adjust itself, being hung.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES. 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MEMO TO WRITERS: Helpful, honest advice, from authors and editors plus market lists showing where to sell manuscripts, monthly in THE WRITER magazine, $5 yearly. Send $1 for 3-month trial subscription. THE WRITER, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE. 175 pages, 10,300 titles subject indexed. Mailed everywhere. 50¢. New York Book Shoppe, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BOOKS FROM BRITAIN—any publications—at U.K. prices at Standard conversion rate. Pay by your own dollar check against invoice to Stobart & Son Ltd, 22 Upper Thames Street, London, E. C. 4.

METAPHYSICAL BOOKS by Ann Ree Colton. Box 1138, Glendale, California 91209.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand and rare books at low English prices. Stock of over 4 million volumes. You may pay by check in dollars. W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2, England.

CHRISTIAN MORGENSTERN'S delightful, "untranslatable" Galgenlieder (Gallows Songs) have now been translated into English! See for yourself: Dept. JRS, University of California Press, Berkeley 4. ($4.00, bilingual.)

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

(Continued on page 140)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 139)

OUT-OF-PRINT

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

BOOKHUNTERS! Send Wants! Atlantic Book Service, 10K Cedar, Charlestown 29, Massachusetts.

LOCATE BOOKS! California Booksearchers, Box 668. San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 4 Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

FROM STOCK! Good Books—At Fair Prices—With Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio 43609.

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

CAMBRIDGE BOOKFINDERS. Any book located, nationwide contacts. Fast service at reasonable prices. Box 386, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts—wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 S. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

ART

FROM INDIA and the East. Unique collection of ancient sculpture and miniature paintings. Carlisle's Bookshop and Gallery, 827A Lexington Avenue (63rd), NYC.

BRITISH MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS—1,000 original Elizabethan, armored knights, religious, noble couples, families. Sizes to 10'. $5 to $25. Picture House, 86-01 Northern Boulevard, Jackson Heights 72, N.Y. Catalogue.

8 BEAUTIFUL, full color prints from 16" x 20" to 20" x 30" by noted artist, Pete Anderson. $7.95 set. Prosser Galleries, 799 N.W. 62nd Street, Miami, Florida.

ORIGINAL JAPANESE PRINTS—1850-1960. Private collection. Details on request. Merlo, 1434 Garden, Santa Barbara, California.

AFRICAN WOODEN SCULPTURE: Bobo, Senufu, Dogon, Bambara, Baule, others. Authentic pieces, museum quality. Private. Thomas McNemar, 324 East 50th Street, New York 10022.

IVORY ELEPHANT—tiny, handcarved by India's master craftsmen, in red capsule. 50¢. Darrell Floyd, U.S.U., Box 322, Logan, Utah.

RECORD MART

LESSING NATHAN DER WEISE, Deutsche Grammophon, original German cast: Deulsch, Haack, Schafheitlin, two LP set, textbook, $13.50. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

FREE. THE FINEST mail-order record catalogue available. Hundreds of bargain LPs. The Record Center, Dept. SRW, 821 Broadway, NYC 10003.

RECORDS, classical, operatic and instrumental. Victor, early 1900's. Box F-976.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

SUBSCRIPTIONS to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS — Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins. Danvers, Mass.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

GUITAR KIT $24.95 (F.O.B. NYC). Fine spruce and maple wood. All materials and detailed assembling instructions supplied. DO IT YOURSELF and save (Extraordinary Value!). Hargail, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

WANDA LANDOWSKA'S CHOICE: metal frame harpsichords. Write to Sabathil & Son, Vancouver, Canada.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

RUTH SLENCZYNSKA—NYC piano teaching studio. ENright 9-1093.

PIANO TUNING

JOHN H. DARTON, NYC. Piano tuning and repair. ALgonquin 4-4189.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 88 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88-page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 10 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 734-A, Los Angeles 90025.

SCHOOLS

SUMMERHILL INSPIRED—Lewis-Wadhams School. Coed; Boarding; Ages 5-12. Openings available for Spring term commencing 17th April. Write W. Blakeley, Headmaster, R.D. Westport, N.Y.

COLLEGES

SCHILLER COLLEGE, GERMANY—Stimulating one-year course for American college students in Neckar Valley castle near Heidelberg. Full credit. September 25th to June 3rd. $1,650. For information write 1564 Forest, Highland Park, Illinois.

LANGUAGES

LEARN A LANGUAGE, LEISURELY—$3.98. Learn French, Spanish, German—other popular languages, plus many exotic ones. 35 different courses, including children's. On 12" records with instruction manual. For FREE catalogue write: Conversa-Phone Institute, SR-4, 132 West 32nd Street, New York 1, N.Y.

FOR THE GOURMET

VOLUPTUOUS VICTUALS! "Look's Atlantic" Maine Lobster Newburg! Impetrate your purveyor ineluctably! Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

GOURMET FOODS for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

HOBBIES

FABULOUS INTRODUCTORY GRAB BAG 25¢. Sensational approvals. Crown Stamps, Virgil 614, Ontario.

BUTTERFLIES—20 beautiful imported specimens. $2.95. Marden House, Box 3213, Seattle 14, Washington.

FOSSILS—400 million year old Ordovician seashells, marine snails, beautiful brachiopods, bryozoans. Specimen bag full $1.98. Fossil Tidepools, Box 263, Lebanon, Ohio.

PERSONALS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

CULTURED FRENCH FAMILY will accommodate limited number American pupils in lovely XVIII century modernized home near Limoges. Available: All French public and private schools; specialized schools art, music, housekeeping; professional studies law, medicine, etc.; home tutoring, trips, culture. Enrollments open for '64/'65 school year; also '64 SUMMER programs. Write Thevenin, Solignac, Haute-Vienne, France.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76th St., NYC 21.

TAILOR-MADE-RECORD — Send 4-minute tape, $3. Mail-a-Disc, 225 West 46th, NYC.

FANS REPAIRED—All kinds of antique fans. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

FURNISHED IN EARLY AMERICAN? Send 25¢ for new big 900-picture catalogue. Reproduction furniture; lamps; fireplace equipment; old-pattern glass; pewter; ironstone; books; pictures; clocks; handwrought hardware; finishing supplies. Hundreds of unusual gifts. Everything at country prices from our shop in famous Sturbridge. Catalogue also contains an exclusive article on "New Ways to Use Color and Contrast in Decorating"; plus authoritative articles on Pewter, Ironstone, Early-style Chairs. Send 25¢. STURBRIDGE YANKEE WORKSHOP, 334 Brimfield Turnpike, Sturbridge, Massachusetts.

STRINGS—STRINGS—STRINGS. 300 varieties for all instruments. We specialize in the finest quality, in return-mail delivery, and, happy day, we save you money. Send for our string supplement catalogue and see! Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, New York 25, N.Y.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

HARPSICHORD — Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 14.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

ARE THERE REASONS why humanists should join the American Humanist Association? We need members who are reluctant to join organizations. Introductory literature. Dept. SR7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

THE ACTIVIST—an independent student quarterly of political research and commentary, educational affairs, literature and the arts. Each issue is sparked with searching inquiry and dissident opinion. Published by undergraduates at Oberlin College, THE ACTIVIST is timely and scholarly, controversial and lively. Subscriptions $2 a year. Send to THE ACTIVIST, Dept. 3, P.O. Box 292, Oberlin, Ohio.

31ST WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 19th-July 31st. Outstanding staff: George Lanning, Short Story; John Frederick Nims, Poetry; William O. Steele, Juvenile; Leonard Gross, Nonfiction; Novel, William Lederer. Write John H. Wrenn, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

PERSONAL AND GROUP STUDY. Education, Business, New Frontiers of Thought. Conferences to fifty. Windsor Institute, Windsor, Massachusetts.

MEDITATION? Practice produces understanding and insight. A one-year bimonthly meditation training course without fee. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 1244, Greenwich, Connecticut.

SCANDINAVIAN SEMINARS—Nine months living and learning in Denmark, Finland, Norway or Sweden. College students and other adults. Scandinavian Seminars, SR, 62 West 58th, NYC 19.

WORLD FAMOUS CLASSICAL GUITARS AND LUTES: Fine collection of the leading masters of Spain and Western Germany shipped on approval. Most reasonably priced. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in England," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch. Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 3-4-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

FOOT COMFORT, free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 35,000 summer jobs (also 7,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for "Summer Jobs." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Institute, 173 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

RONALD BONETT—MOVERS. Quality Moving, Packing, Storage. Call WAtkins 9-0552 NYC. Anytime—anywhere.

COLLEGE COED, 21, seeks good summer job. Interested in Anthropology, Music, sports, people. Speaks Russian. 2005 Milvia Street, Berkeley, California.

PERSONALS

MAKE YOUR OWN SUMMER CLOTHES from Carol Brown's interesting cottons. Handwoven Irish tweeds, summer and winter weights. Putney, Vermont 05346.

LIKE FRESH FLOWERS, May Cove's flower fragrances are beautiful worn singly or combined. Create your very own "bouquet." Brochure 8, May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

MAPS. TERCENTENARY ROMANCE MAP of New Jersey —5 colors heavy paper, 18" x 24", 125 pictures, historical and current information. Postpaid $2.00 each. Quantity prices on request. Romance Map of New Jersey, Box 1, Ridgewood, N.J.

GENUINE, IMPORTED tall teak bookends with metal base make elegant gifts. $3.50 a pair ppd., no C.O.D.'s. Andre Brauen, P.O. Box 958, New York 10023.

GREENWICH VILLAGE NOSTALGIA in Kay Magenheimer's "Love's Stigmata." $2.80 postpaid. Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES . . . a magazine for those who cannot be in Erin, but yearn to know how it is. It contains articles, stories, poems, full color photographs and drawings on events, crafts, traditions; on history, architecture and the arts; on sports and fascinating places to visit. Here's the full scope of Ireland, as seen through the perceptive, witty or scholarly eyes of such renowned contributors as Padraic Colum, Brendan Behan, Sean O'Faolain and Sir Compton Mackenzie. Ireland of the Welcomes comes to you six times a year. A two year subscription costs just $3.00 postpaid. Send name, address and remittance to: Irish Tourist Office (attention of Sean O'Malley), 33 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

DELIGHT CHILDREN—exquisite color, imaginative design—these bird and animal prints brighten playroom, nursery. Five, $1 postpaid. Abel, 2222 Parker, Berkeley 4, California.

RARE DOCUMENT issued Edward VII. Particulars: 680 McConnell, Memphis, Tennessee.

OIL PORTRAIT of your Pet. Send snapshot, samples of coloring. Box F-951.

NEED A STRINGER in Europe? Writer bound for Greece, Spain, seeks assignments. Box F-995.

STUDENT SEEKS summer employment. Experienced lifeguard. Good with children. Box F-636.

LIBRARIAN, mature woman, scholarly experience, wants research, bibliographic, translation— French, German, Italian. Willing to travel. Box F-740.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, B.F.A. June, female, seeks position. Box F-908.

OPHTHALMOLOGIST and/or Otolaryngologist badly needed for lucrative, established medical practice. Modern large office. Community of 70,000. Advantages of small town, with Pittsburgh only fifty miles south. Lousy climate. Wonderful people. Box F-901.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN, college degrees, desires summer position involving travel. Has lived abroad and traveled extensively. Box F-999.

SWARTHMORE COED seeks interesting summer employment. Box G-1.

TRAINED CASEWORKER will travel as governess, Europe, Tokyo, Fall. Rosamund Curci, 13605 Terrace, Cleveland, Ohio.

MALE STENOGRAPHER, B.A., linguist-tutor desires travel employment. Box G-9.

COLLEGE ENGLISH TEACHER (wife, two children) needs summer income. Box F-789.

YOUNG EUROPEAN MAN, 35, excellent background, widely traveled, linguistic. Presently California, seeks challenging position. Box F-967.

COLLEGE JUNIOR desires summer job—mother's helper, likes children—experienced. Manhattan. LEhigh 5-3192.

MALE—background in press relations and publicity, handling campaigns, drives, personal promotions, desires assignments. C. A. Dobbs, 612 Marlboro Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

YOUNG WOMAN, R.I.S.D. fine arts grad, seeks stimulating work here or abroad. Languages, typing, two years' teaching. Box F-975.

PERSONALS

14-YEAR-OLD PAYING GUEST! Filmmaker, widower, seeks Manhattan family as occasional home for charming son, Lycee Francais student, during father's professional trips. TRafalgar 3-8553 before 9 A.M.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN desires congenial male to tour Eastern United States. Your ideas welcome. Box G-13.

SECRETARY, highly skilled, seeks opportunity to exercise brains. ACademy 2-6387 NYC.

EPISCOPAL PRIEST, 35, married, B.D. Union, S.T.M. (May); ΟΔΚ. Scroll and Key; pastoral experience, clinical training; desires college position, preferably allowing pursuit Ph.D. Box G-15.

YOUNG WOMAN, ex-teacher, seeks business opportunity NYC. Box G-19.

SEEKING A CHALLENGE: Bright, disciplined, college educated woman, 30, married, wants second career NYC to support first—Art. Has theatre experience and has held responsible positions as teacher, legal digester, social worker, gal Friday. Box F-1000.

PRINCETON SOPHOMORE, fluent French, travel experience, tutor math, English, history, swimming, tennis. Albert S. Fehsenfeld, Jr., 232 Brown Hall, Princeton, N.J.

STUDENT, will attend Radcliffe next fall, desires interesting summer job NYC. Library experience, typing, French, avid reader. Box G-14.

TRAINED EXPERIENCED Continuing Education Consultant available June-August. Box F-988.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ASSISTANT ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR, woman, four year woman's college. Also capable, mature secretary. Small eastern college town. Send full curriculum vitae, salary. Box F-920.

COUNSELORS—Pennsylvania camp. 19+. Drama, all sports, arts and crafts, dance. Box F-916.

ADVERTISING AGENCY (NYC): Writer on book accounts needed. Must know how to sell in print—also some client contact. Please write, state experience and salary needed. Box F-970.

POSITION requiring M.A., some dignity and a sense of humor. Assistant Dean for women's two-year college in New England. Resourceful woman wanted who enjoys young people and is anxious to use her capacities in their behalf. Box F-980.

WANTED: Professionally trained and experienced copy editor for Christian magazine of high literary standards in midwest. Give full details, experience in first letter. Box F-973.

"FLORIDA FINDER" lists jobs, business opportunities. Three monthly issues $1.00. Kohr, Box 111-AJ, Clearwater, Florida 33517.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

NEW HOPE, PENNSYLVANIA—living and income. Newly renovated duplex. Asking $25,500 — reasonable offers considered. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

CHARMING ADOBE. All conveniences. Superb setting, climate. Knoxton, Tubac, Arizona.

EXQUISITE small Colonial home in charming New England village. Beautifully detailed 5 rooms, 1½ baths, garage, on 2 acres with lovely gardens, brook and view. $25,000. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

For Rent—Furnished

ISLAND COTTAGE for eight, Naples, Florida. Waterway to Gulf. Photos. Box F-702.

COUNTRY COTTAGE. Furnished, quiet. Private brook. B. B. Walsh, Brandon, Vermont.

(Continued on page 142)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 141)

For Summer Rental

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION—Rogers Rock Club-on-Lake George, N.Y. Near Ticonderoga. Fully furnished housekeeping cottages, rental season, half season. Swimming, tennis, mountain trails, mile and half shoreline. Golf nearby. Children welcome. Box F-903.

COTUIT, CAPE COD. 3 bedrooms, modern kitchen. 5 minutes from beach. $1,200 season. $650 monthly. Box F-974.

EAST MARION, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.—2 bedrooms, sleeps 6, week, month, season. $80 week. LExington 2-4369 NYC.

CRAFTSBURY COMMON, VERMONT. Furnished house, 5 master bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 maids' rooms and bath, large garden. $1,200 season. Box G-4.

EAST HAMPTON COTTAGES near water. Sleep 3. Season, $400. PLaza 1-3482 NYC week nights.

EARLY BIRDS have first choice of several exceptional Berkshire summer rentals. No lake cottages. References advisable. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

SOUTHERN MAINE—Charming white farmhouse. Ideal vacation place. Season. Box F-989.

WADING RIVER, LONG ISLAND. 300' from beach. 2 bedrooms, fireplace, view. $1,000 season including gardener. MAin 5-0435 NYC.

HOUSE WANTED

SR STAFF MEMBER and wife seek summer rental near beach within 75 miles of NYC. Must be reasonable. July-August, or longer. Box F-977.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION TRAD-A-HOME. Accommodations available between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

APARTMENT FOR RENT OR SALE

RENT OR SALE. Modern Cooperative 2 bedroom apartment, Stamford, Connecticut. Phone day, 212-CA 6-1090, evenings, 203-762-3768.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

VERSAILLES completely furnished apartment. 4 bedrooms, July 15th-September 15th. $240 month. Write Celier, 85 Avenue de St. Cloud, Versailles, France.

APARTMENT WANTED

EXURBANITE BUSINESSWOMAN yearns to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Reasonable. Box F-671.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen acres bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for summer, winter or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

HIGH BAR HARBOR. Private Club Plan Development. Large waterfront lots $2,800. Homes start at $6,950. $350,000 Yacht Club under construction. Renters have Club privileges. Box 73, Barnegat Light, N.J. Phone 494-2785.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CONTRACTS AWAITING (purchase-sale). Financing offers reported. Finder's fees available. Get free copy. Business Opportunities Digest, 519 Center (N1), Racine, Wisconsin.

FLORIDA—ST. PETERSBURG: Sell established General Dental practice. Box F-968.

CAMPS

A CREATIVE EXPERIENCE at Camps Orin-Sekwa in the Berkshires. Dynamic Drama • Arts • Science • Music • Journalism—all with professional instruction. Skiing, sailing on our private lake. Special teenage program. 1 Vernon Drive, Scarsdale, N.Y. 914-SC 5-2705.

SALTASH MOUNTAIN CAMP (One of the Farm and Wilderness Camps). Rugged, primitive camping for 40 boys, 11-15, on wilderness lake. Challenge to muscle, imagination, self-reliance. Campcraft, canoeing, conservation, forestry, hiking, swimming. Friendly, informal atmosphere. (Also Indian Brook for girls, Timberlake for boys.) Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Boys 9-16, two groups. Flagship trips, forty-two land, water activities. Olympic size outdoor pool. Gyms. Approved summer school available. Catalogue. Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Maine. "Where French is Fun." Imaginative program. Girls 5-18 learn fluent French the conversational way. Swiss chalets. Riding. Sports. Ballet, art, drama, music. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

SPAIN! EXPLORERS CAMP. American. Children 7-13. $184 each 4 week summer period. Languages. Apartado 8142, Madrid.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

NEW TEENAGE PROGRAM improves self-confidence, work habits, leisure use. Shaker Village, P.O. Box 1149S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

CAMP for boys and girls 7-12 years. Natural history, conservation, animal chores, vegetable gardens, haying and farmwork. Swimming, games, singing and a life with beauty and discipline. Eight week season only. George F. Dillman, Otis, Massachusetts.

THRESHOLD. Summer therapeutic living experience on college campus for emotionally disturbed children. Box F-971.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

HAWLEY MANOR INN — Comfortable country living. Completely modernized. Newtown, Connecticut.

RETIRE: Best climate this hemisphere. Romantic city; culture and beauty abound; low living costs; medical plan. Modern, functional 1-bedroom brick homes $5,495 with 10 year terms. Box G-3.

COURTLAND HALL. Place of distinction for discriminating, elderly people. Attractive single rooms, balanced meals, spacious grounds. Rates from $35 to $55 per week, room and meals. Telephone 947-0637. Middleboro, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont.

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

CENTRAL FLORIDA is great in summer too, if you spend it on a Kayot houseboat. Cruise, write, fish, swim on Kissimmee Valley lakes. Brochure. Pontoon Marina, Star Route, Box 25, St. Cloud, Florida.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Skiing, skating and tobogganing.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on Captiva Island off Fort Myers, Florida at 'Tween-Waters Inn—directly on both Gulf and Bay. Well off the beaten tourist path, quiet informal atmosphere, comfortable cottage accommodations, delicious food, excellent fishing and swimming, world famous shelling beach, national bird refuge. Write Box 196S, Captiva Island, Florida. GR 2-3911.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

18-HOLE GOLF, surf bathing, appetizing meals feature fun-filled vacations. ATLANTIS HOTEL, Kennebunk Beach 13, Maine. Brochure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Reopens March 27th. 35th year.

PHYSICIAN'S HOME, Sarasota, Florida, for rent May 10th-June 8th. 3 bedrooms, 1 acre, separate pool, maid, maintenance, utilities. $700. Box F-993.

CONVERTED SCHOOLHOUSE accommodates 120. Perfect for low low cost summer conferences. Chateau Ecole, Pittsford, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

LOS PINOS RANCH in the glorious pine scented mountains of Northern New Mexico. Accommodates 14 in a relaxed atmosphere. June-September. Magnificent riding country. Write (winter address): Tano Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

INFORMAL, RELAXED TRAVEL—Europe by station wagon, train. College, high school groups of 8, 16. Some include month of language study. Vacation stops, biking, festivals. STUDENTS ABROAD, Gertrude Lange, Director, 200 East End, NYC 28, ENright 9-1395.

ITALY FOR SUMMER STUDY AND TRAVEL for girls 17-20. Individually tailored programs, relaxed living, careful supervision. Six weeks study in Florence living in stately private home with American widow, fluent in Italian, special background in helping adolescents. Two weeks relaxed, private tour. Limit 4 girls: $1,500, Europe fare extra. Write: Casa Fiorenza, 40 East Elm, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

LIVE AND STUDY art in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America, or Around the World! Live with French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Madrid, learn the language and culture! Teenagers, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Department SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

COMPREHENSIVE EUROPEAN SUMMER TOURS, work and recreation camps, study at European Universities, $446 and up, flight included. Dr. Berg, Saint Mary's College, California.

STUDENTS 16-17. Nine weeks in France. Live six weeks with vacationing French families, plus two week holiday with French students. 18-19. Combine 1 month family living and 1 month French Alps, skiing, skating, hiking, or French student center southern France. Daily lessons. Special arrangements for older students. Language Holidays Abroad, 300 Central Park West, NYC 24. SUsquehanna 7-1888.

YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO: live in native villages, learn Spanish and travel; live with group or family. To WEST: live on ranch, visit colleges, Indian Reservations, scenic areas. Coed 14-18. Dr. Alex Lazes, 47 Stephenmarc Lane, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 516-GE 7-7514.

TRAVEL

FOR STUDENTS 15-19. Special travel programs that emphasize doing, rather than just sightseeing, and close contact with people of other lands. Travel with European teenagers and live with a European family; speak French in France all summer; visit a Soviet Youth Camp; study Spanish in Mexico—or choose from varied list of trips planned to help you know a part of Europe well. For full catalogue write: George R. Shumlin, Director, The European Travel-Camp, Putney, Vermont. (13th year.)

BORN IN CHINA, Episcopal priest, world traveler, leads Holy Land Tour May 18th-June 8th. Visit Egypt, Athens, Rome! Finest accommodations. Scandinavian Air Lines. Write Father Sherman, Box 86, Warren, Ohio.

FOURTH CLASSICAL WORLD TOUR, June 14th—August 15th, 1964. Italy, Dalmatia, Greece. Professor James S. Constantine, Box 3441, University Station, Charlottesville, Virginia.

TRAVEL

COMING TO NYC for the World's Fair? Stay in lovely private home — professional family — residential area. 1-2 bedrooms and private bath available. Long or short stay. Excellent transportation. Accessible to many attractions in NYC. References exchanged. Box G-22.

SEMINAR TOUR, Israel and Soviet Union. July 1964. Round trip jet. One month. $1,125 total. Write Dr. Samuel Freeman, Adult Education Council, Room 616, 145 East 32nd Street, NYC.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

MAUPINTOUR'S TOUR DIGEST. Describes Maupintour's complete selection of 1964 escorted tours and Host Holidays: Western Europe, 3, 5, and 8 weeks; Scandinavia, 3 weeks; Middle East/Holy Land, 24 days; Greece/Mediterranean, 15 to 30 days; Spain, 15 to 22 days; Morocco, 22 days; Around the World, 3, 4, and 7 weeks; South Pacific de-luxe cruise, 44 days; Cities of Central Asia, 50 days; Alps of Europe, 27 days; Russia by Motor Coach, 17 days; Eastern Europe Adventure, 53 days; Companion Economy USSR/Scandinavia, 28 days; Balkans/Southeast Europe, 29 days. For your free copy, see your nearest Maupintour office or write Maupintour, Box 612, Lawrence, Kansas.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Escorted Cruises and Tours—for single men and women. Travel with your own age group to Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, California, World's Fair, Orient, Around-the-World. Free 32 page catalogue. Contact Department SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17, Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

ABOARD THE BLUE TRAIN, South Africa's luxurious streamliner between Johannesburg and Cape Town, enjoy the varied scenery of the Transvaal, the vast Karoo desert, towering mountains, lush Cape vineyards. See all South Africa at less cost per day the longer you stay! Beautiful literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

JAPAN, ORIENT, EUROPE, including SPAIN. Fourth Annual Tour Around the World with Dr. Joseph W. Ballantine, U.S. Consul-General (Ret.). Experienced host and linguist. Privileged meet-the-people features, sophisticated native entertainment for mature, interested travelers. By jet—July 3rd, 1964. Transmarine Tours, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036, OXford 5-4460.

CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA TOUR, July 5th to August 23rd, 1964. Visit Samarkand, Bukhara, Ashkhabad, Dushanbe, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Sochi, Kabul, Tehran, Isfahan, Shiraz, Persepolis, Istanbul, plus Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Irkutsk. $2,788 from New York by Sabena jet. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

LOW COST STUDENT TRAVEL that college and pre-college students can afford. Itineraries include Western and Central Europe, Scandinavia, Israel, Greece, Spain and Around-the-World. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRA, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016, or 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

TRAVEL

YACHT CRUISING BY CHARTERED YACHT. The Windward & Leeward Islands of the CARIBBEAN year round except August and September. A large selection of yachts of all sizes. Also in the GREEK ISLANDS, which are a sunny, friendly and welcoming cruising ground. **APPLY AIRMAIL TO:** V.E.B. NICHOLSON & SONS (ANTIGUA) LTD., St. John's, Antigua, West Indies.

SUMMER IN EUROPE? Challenging, unrushed tour; ages 19-33. Box F-366.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath, television and air-conditioning. Singles from $7, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. The modernized and gracious Tudor offers special family rooms featuring two baths. Write Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street. Phone 212-YU 6-8800.

YOU, TOO, can sail around the world! Visit four continents (including Australia and New Zealand!). Travel aboard spacious Dutch passenger liners "Oranje" of Nederland Line, or "Willem Ruys" of Royal Rotterdam Lloyd. Enjoy Continental cuisine and attentive service. 76 day voyages for as little as $13 a day. 8 sailings annually from Port Everglades, Florida. Some calls at New York. See your travel agent or write Dutch World Services, Holland American Line, Pier 40, New York 14, N. Y.

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS—Latest edition of seldom listed but modest and comfortable hotels in 140 cities covering 19 countries. Most extensive list available of inexpensive European hotels. Gives prices, addresses, telephones. Send $1 to: BON VOYAGE, Box 24684SR2, Los Angeles 24, California.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION of International Cultural Exchange. All-inclusive tours. Around the world, 45 days, $2,195. Europe, 55 days, $1,495. SPICE, University of Miami, P.O. Box 8111, Coral Gables, Florida.

ALPS OF EUROPE TOUR. See the resorts, magnificent vistas, cosmopolitan cities, hidden valleys, international spas of the 7 Alpine nations. 27 days. Departures: June 17th, July 15th, and August 12th. $810.60, beginning Geneva. A few of the places you will visit include Chamonix, Courmayeur, Sion, Brig, Locarno, Lenzerheide, St. Moritz, Tarasp, St. Anton, Lindau, Garmisch, Innsbruck, Zell-Am-See, Cortina, Villach, Bled, Graz, Vienna. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

FLY TO EUROPE AND TOUR RUSSIA by motor coach—eighteen days—New York and return—$595. EMPIRE STATE TRAVEL, 201 West 46th Street, New York 36. LT 1-1400.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, weekly $26 up, singles daily $7 up, doubles $11 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

WANTED: Congenial persons for informal European tour, including Greece—sailing June 20th, Mediterranean route. Dr. Stallman, 519 Glenwood Drive, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

RUSSIA, EAST EUROPE—College, secondary. Dr. Crist, Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

CAN'T GET AWAY? Relax with bird songs, wild and free, and meticulously recorded in a natural setting. "Spring Morning" brings you 31 New England birds —alone on one side, identified on reverse. Postpaid just $1.25 from Droll Yankees® Inc., Providence, Rhode Island 02906.

EXPLORE THE GREEK ISLANDS and remote Mediterranean ports. Charter auxiliary yawl. Surprisingly inexpensive and flexible. Russell Sweetland, 621 N.W. 79th, Seattle, Washington.

SHAKESPEARE QUATERCENTENARY TOURS. Five summer departures visiting Shakespeare sites in U.K. Festival performances, Elizabethan dinner included. Some groups include Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen. Folder "S". Alliance Travel, 366 Fifth Avenue, NYC 1, CHickering 4-7100.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1562

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Tailor's tool which is one of many Petruchio accuses of lying, in his tirade about Kate's new gown.	36 13 179 4 65 113 110
B. A piece of drapery.	2 154 49 177 118 53 62
C. Assurance of something more to come, slightly less binding than a pledge.	90 138 55 148 161 98 19
D. Disparagement, as by mocking praise.	166 83 32 57 126 22 157
E. Indistinct.	17 68 26 139 82 164 43
F. Construct or devise anew.	162 145 131 18 48 64 135
G. Rawboned; ungraceful.	59 160 101 34 172 80 28
H. Give an account (of).	155 74 175 140 158 12 25
I. Kettledrums.	81 182 129 106 44 165 143
J. Describing a veiled statue, the sideboard dressed with a runner, and similar things.	76 50 123 117 92 14 33
K. Last of the dozen, for at least the butcher and candlestick-maker.	99 20 132 35 142 156 128
L. "This universal frame began" from the heavenly variety of this, acc'g to Dryden.	125 115 86 146 174 60 39
M. One category which could include both our U.S. Supreme Court and the Nine Muses.	51 122 104 150 111 72 31
N. To grow together.	46 15 114 124 3 149 56
O. Contorted.	153 71 103 136 66 102 120
P. Envelop in an integument of some sort.	180 79 109 8 27 173 147
Q. Having an acute accent on the last syllable.	93 41 176 181 78 159 97
R. Hung loose; became unsteady in one's course.	11 112 108 47 88 37 105
S. Well-informed.	107 119 7 96 144 152 24
T. Harbor outside the limits of customs jurisdiction.	29 89 42 170 130 116 1
U. Bear up against.	30 137 54 40 38 69 121
V. Merchandise from other countries.	67 169 95 16 94 134 58
W. The oblique stroke often called a shilling mark, among other terms.	75 5 151 87 61 171 163
X. Excessive dryness and a dusty look in human hair.	133 23 6 70 91 100 178
Y. One of two or more species of the same element, differing chiefly in atomic mass.	52 9 10 85 168 73 141
Z. *Used in hunting.*	45 21 84 63 127 77 167

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 T	2 B	3 N		4 A	5 W	6 X	7 S	8 P	9 Y		10 Y	11 R	
12 H	13 A	14 J		15 N	16 V	17 E	18 F	19 C		20 K	21 Z	22 D	23 X		24 S	25 H
26 E	27 P	28 G	29 T	30 U	31 M		32 D	33 J	34 G	35 K	36 A	37 R	38 U	39 L		40 U
41 Q	42 T	43 E	44 I	45 Z	46 N	47 R	48 F	49 B	50 J	51 M		52 Y	53 B		54 U	55 C
56 N	57 D	58 V		59 G	60 L	61 W		62 B	63 Z	64 F	65 A	66 O	67 V	68 E	69 U	
70 X	71 O	72 M		73 Y	74 H	75 W	76 J	77 Z	78 Q	79 P	80 G	81 I	82 E		83 D	84 Z
85 Y	86 L	87 W	88 R	89 T	90 C	91 X		92 J	93 Q	94 V		95 V	96 S	97 Q	98 C	99 K
100 X	101 G	102 O		103 O	104 M	105 R		106 I	107 S	108 R	109 P	110 A		111 M	112 R	113 A
	114 N	115 L	116 T	117 J	118 B	119 S	120 O		121 U	122 M		123 J		124 N	125 L	126 D
127 Z	128 K	129 I		130 T	131 F		132 K	133 X	134 V	135 F	136 O	137 U	138 C	139 E		140 H
141 Y	142 K	143 I	144 S	145 F	146 L	147 P	148 C	149 N		150 M	151 W	152 S	153 O	154 B	155 H	156 K
	157 D	158 H	159 Q	160 G	161 C	162 F	163 W		164 E	165 I	166 D		167 Z	168 Y	169 V	170 T
171 W	172 G	173 P	174 L	175 H	176 Q		177 B	178 X	179 A	180 P	181 Q	182 I				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madurodam is a miniature city built at a scale of 1 to 25. Windmills turn, trains and autos move, bells toll. At night 44,000 tiny lights twinkle. Children, like little Margreetje Kooyman (above), are simply enthralled by it.

"Come to Madurodam and see Holland in an hour"

Madurodam, located in The Hague, gives you a Lilliputian's-eye view of Holland's architecture and scenery. Come see it. But stay and see the real-size Holland. The Flower Pageant is in May. The Queen's Procession in September. Cheese markets are open through October. And the Dutch people await you.

Madurodam is the smallest town in the world and it will give you a fascinating lesson in Dutch history. The perfect tiny buildings, the ships, the farms, represent Holland from the year 1000. Princess Beatrix is honorary mayor of this wonderland.

Madurodam is in The Hague. Just west of it is Scheveningen, Holland's most popular summer resort.

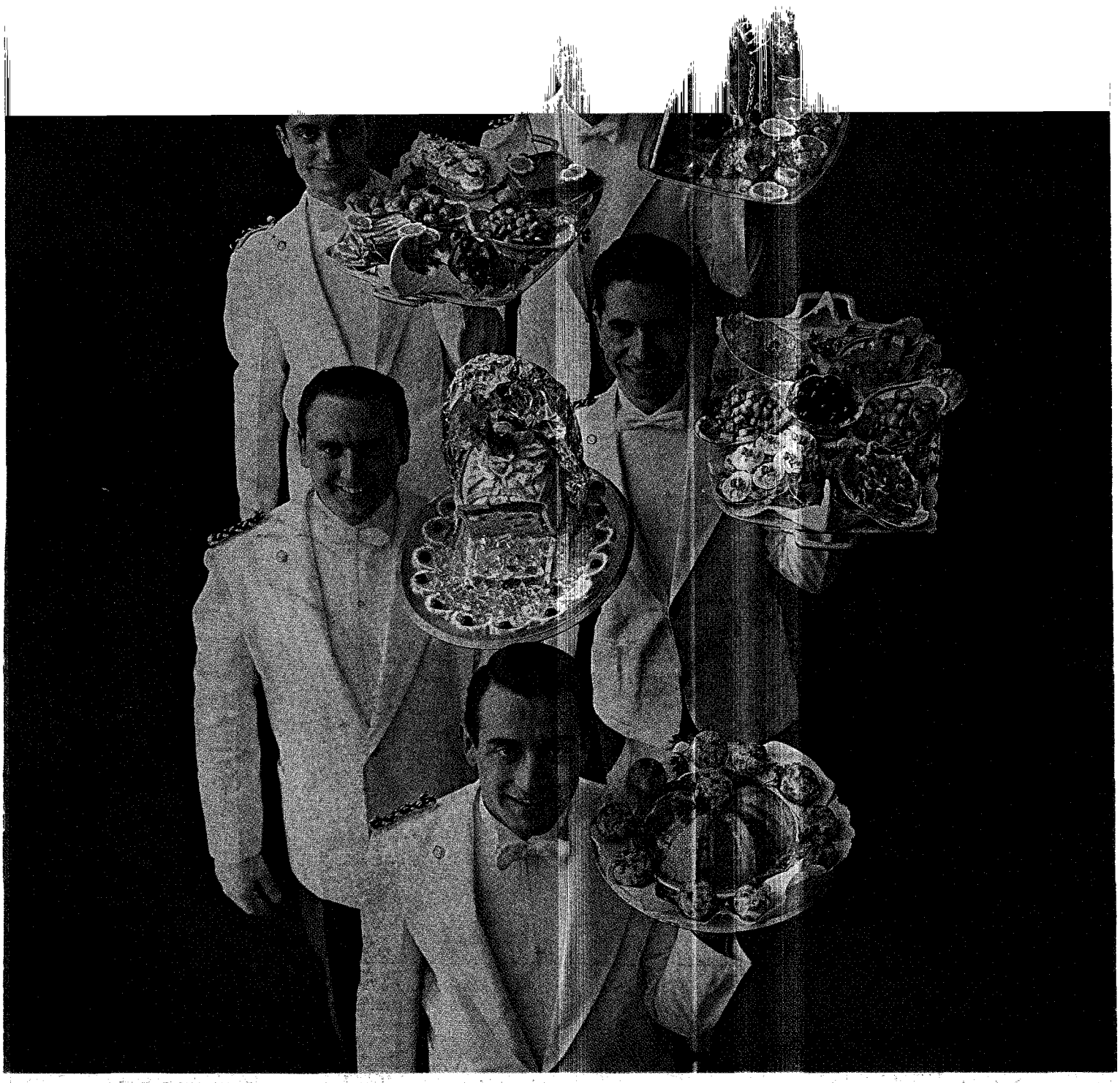
To the east is Gouda, famous cheese city. To the south is Rotterdam, Europe's largest port. To the north is Amsterdam, with its antique shops, diamond merchants, its canals and fine restaurants and hotels. All are within 50 miles of Madurodam.

Wherever you go in Holland, there's a special treat in store for you. The Dutch *like* Americans, and they make you feel comfortable.

Come visit the hospitable Dutch. Come on a Dutch carrier, by air or by sea. More fun that way.

For further information, talk to your travel agent, or write the Netherlands National Tourist Office, A. N. V. V. 605 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Midnight snack on Italian Line: why a leading travel magazine described our food and service as "lavish"

When 12 o'clock strikes, and you pass up a cup of hot milk for a slice of galantine of pheasant, you know you're unwinding your way to Europe in Italian Line style.

And the 61 chefs, 5 pastry cooks, and 5 bakers on each of our ships couldn't be happier.

They are pleased, of course, to offer you more than 300 international and regional dishes during the 3 *regular* meals a day.

But our kitchen brigade really cuts loose for the midnight snack! Cold Sardinian lobster, Parma ham with fresh figs, orange duckling, a dozen different cheeses—and lots more. Raiding the refrigerator will never be the same.

You can also have that cup of hot milk—served as elegantly as champagne. You soon take Italian Line service for granted.

You take the sun for granted on Italian Line, too. That's because we sail within the fair-weather system called the Bermuda High. It's warmer in winter, less humid in summer, and the sea is calmer all year around.

No wonder our ships are designed for outdoor living. With more outdoor pools, proportionately more open deck-space, than ships sailing less placid routes. There's also plenty to do indoors. Dancing, partying, movies, games, Italian cooking and language lessons on television. Something for everyone.

There are shorter routes to Europe by air or sea. But Italian Line offers you more of everything you travel for. That's why so many experienced travelers prefer our ships.

This year, we'll have the newest, most modern fleet to Europe. To learn more about it, ask your travel agent for illustrated color brochures, or write us directly. Italian Line, Dept. C-34, One Whitehall Street, New York 4, N.Y. —Tel: 797-7000.

Mediterranean Festival Cruises from New York: CRISTOFORO COLOMBO May 6, Oct. 14, Dec. 22; LEONARDO DA VINCI Dec. 12; SATURNIA Dec. 28 (leaves Boston Dec. 29) • Regular transatlantic sailings from New York on LEONARDO DA VINCI, CRISTOFORO COLOMBO, SATURNIA, VULCANIA • And, coming soon, the two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO

UNWIND YOUR WAY TO EUROPE

Italian Line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED